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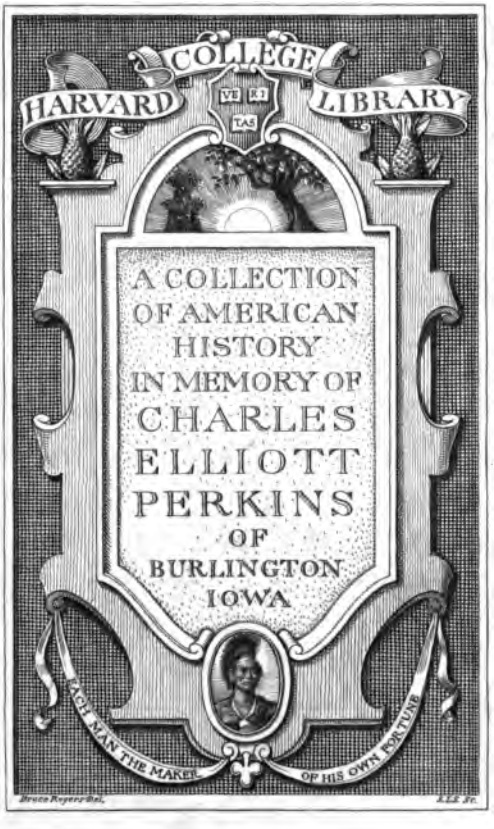
THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND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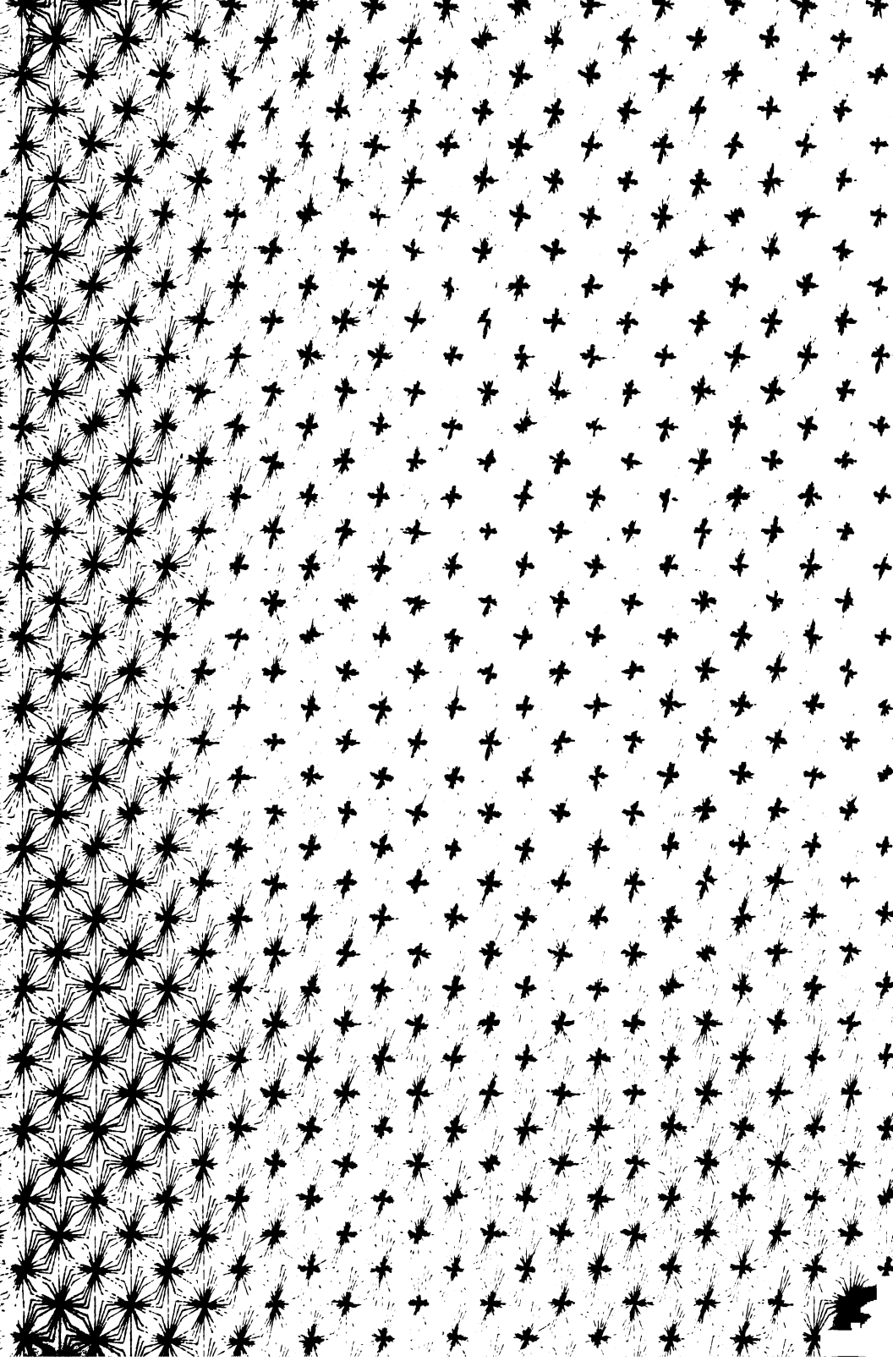

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MRS. LOUIE B. FELT,
General President Primary Associations.

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND

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WINNING THE BIG INITIAL.

"Say, boys, Clinton is the right kind, isn't he?"

"No milk and water about him."

"My, doesn't he make us work?"

Such were the comments of a group of lads who were assembled in a field on the border of the village. Evidently, from the way they frequently turned their eyes toward the town, they were waiting for some one. Presently, a tall, strongly built youth was seen coming along the road, toward them. He took the fence with a leap, barely touching one hand to the top rail. Then he waved his hand, and all the lads ran toward him.

"Hello, boys!" he shouted. "Get down to business now." And soon he had them formed into line, and a football game had begun, with the tall fellow as coach. He gave two or three boys pretty short orders, laughed occasionally at the awkwardness of some of the youngsters, and in a few minutes had them all working like machines, and going through their parts finely.

After an hour or so of practice, the lads lifted the tall youth to their shoulders and laughingly carried him off to town. When they had set him down, and he had waved them good-by and walked off, the eyes of the boys followed him admiringly, until he turned a corner. Then they broke out afresh in his praise. "It isn't every Princeton student who would bother with us small chaps. He gives it to us as fine as if he were getting his team ready to meet Yale."

"They say he's the most liked of all the men at Princeton."

"Works his own way there, too."

"Wish we could do something for him; get up a purse, or make him a present."

"My, what could we do?"

"Say, didn't he make us cut out the swear words quick? Hear him yet roaring: 'None of that, boys, or I quit. We are gentlemen, here; nothing else goes.'"

"There he comes again. Let's ask him what we can do for him."

"Say, Clinton, we fellows feel mighty thankful for what you are doing for us. We would like to give you something to show you that we appreciate it."

Clinton stopped and smiled. His finely developed figure towered over the younger boys. "I don't want you to spend any money on me; keep it for your outfit." He noted a disappointed look on the faces about him, and he went on: "But I will tell you what you can do to please me a whole lot. I want every one of you to be a decent chap, to do right all the time from the ground up, and stick to it. That will please me more than anything else. I want the boys here to be the right sort. I want to think of you when I'm away from here as growing up to be real men. Cut out all that is not fair and square. Be above board with everything, and don't think you know everything. Keep a level head, and a grip on the good things. Work hard at books and play. No bad habits, none whatever. You cannot afford them from any point of view, and they're not right. God has no use for them. Pass them by, and don't speak of them. You hear? And say, boys, don't get smart about church, and Sunday school, and religion. You'll need all the anchors you can throw out, when you get into the world. Don't let them laugh you out of being decent. Tell them that you know what's what and intend to stand square for the good. Build up your bodies, minds, and souls, and fight a good, strong round for the right. Keep among the best, for they, after all, are the people who wear the sweater and the big initial. If you start that way, and stick to it, it's all I ask and it will please me better than anything else you can do for me."

"We'll do it, Clinton," a chorus of voices replied. And Clinton walked off.

"I guess we want to be his kind," said a twelve-year-older.

"That's right," said the rest.

Clinton, the Princeton boy who was home for vacation, and who was coaching the younger lads in various other games, had talked to the boys several times about his ideas of things. The boys took to them as much as they did to his drill in athletics. So, one day they asked him for another talk. He thought a minute, in what seemed to the boys to be about the way Socrates must have done his thinking, then he told them that if they would come around to his home almost any hour, when it suited their parents, he would be glad to give them another talk.

They arranged to drop in on him that very evening, about seven o'clock. There were about thirty of them ranged on the pavement when the hour arrived, and the door opened at the ring of the bell. Clinton was on the lookout for them and opened the door for them himself. He thawed out the ice of embarrassment by shouting to his mother that he was going to take the drove into his den, and for her to have a "smoker." He did not refer to tobacco, but to a luncheon, which his mother would bring in after a while; it would not be much, only sandwiches, or something of that kind.

When the big fellow threw open the door of his room, and ushered the crowd inside, their eyes pretty nearly popped out of their heads. What a room it was! Balls, bats, clubs, tennis rackets and the like, everywhere. The pictures on the wall were of college mates and rowing teams. Then Clinton showed them, at their request, the prizes he had captured in athletic contests; and they felt as if they were in the presence of about the greatest man on earth. He strewed the boys around on couches, and chairs and cushions, as best he could.

We cannot tell, in a little space, of all the good time they had there and then, and about the way they enjoyed the luncheon while all talked at once. We must take these things for granted, and give something of what Clinton said after the boys had reminded him that he had promised to talk to them.

He began slowly, looking about on the boys like a big brother. "You fellows," (It always thrilled them when he called them fellows, as he did occasionally; it made them feel as though he recognized them as on a par with his college mates) "have heard me chatter a great deal about college heroes and their doings, about great oarsmen, half backs, broad jumpers, and so on, and you may begin to get it into your heads that down our way we think of nothing else, and have no other kind of heroes. But the flat truth is, that notion is wide of the mark. To be sure, there are some foolish ones who think that way, but the men who have the fiber and the real stuff in them, like the sport, but do not live for it, by any means. They look away up above all that.

"The truth is we have a hero, and a real one. You have heard of Him, and in fact know a great deal about Him. You never saw Him, though, nor have any of us, that is, with our eyes. But I want to tell you fellows straight that He is the biggest hero of them all, and I want you to know it, and to bank on it in every game you ever play in all your life. I want you to understand that he is the strongest of us all, to begin with. You understand, I mean all kinds of strength. First, He had the bodily strength. How do I know? For he walked all over His country for years. He never rode but once after his childhood, so far as we know. But He walked everywhere. Now any man who keeps on his feet for long distances year after year must be a strong man. This man thought nothing of climbing mountains, and spending nights out in the open. That was the way He lived. He could do without food, too, for many days. He was so strong that we read His very look was piercing, and at times awful.

"Then, He was strong in mind. He said things that have lived for ages. He said things that have influenced the lives of millions of people. He said things that have become the principle of life to whole nations. He took the biggest truths and put them into clear words, and into pictures that have charmed mankind. He shed light on all the big problems of man's life. So we will take it for granted that He was strong in mind.

"Then He was strong in that he refused to do wrong of any kind.

He lived a white life right through, from start to finish. The money and pleasure that rot into so many men never affected Him any more than an angel. He fought every temptation, and whipped it.

"Then, He not only kept from wrong, but He filled every day with positive right. He did things. He did the best things this world ever saw. He put His strength under weak people and lifted them up. He made new people, and the right kind, out of outcasts and sinners. He put heart into them, and set them going, and kept them on the right way. He never knew what fear was; other people shrank from lepers, and were afraid to touch them, but He put His hands on them. Other people were afraid of being criticised if they were friendly with wicked folks, but He put aside every thought of His own reputation, and ate with sinners, and made friends with them in order to do them good. He had the strength of tenderness, too; He sympathized with everybody, and took the sins and sorrows of the whole world upon His own heart. Most of us try to forget as much as we can of the suffering about us, but He thought of, and felt it all, as if it were His own.

"Then, while most of us can win some little glory for ourselves, or our school, or our town, by outrunning or outrowing a few other boys, and never take any more risk than a sprain or a broken bone, He gave His life for man. He lived for men and then He died for them. It is true that lots of soldiers die for their country, but they get honor, and are remembered. But He let men put Him to a shameful death, after having spit on Him and mocked Him. He was forsaken by every friend, for the time. He was crucified between two thieves, and covered with every shame that men could heap upon Him. He did all this, because He loved mankind, and knew that out of His work and sufferings good would come to all.

"Now, that is what I call a really strong man. He walked straight through this world doing good and never doing wrong. He found every evil thing in sight. He lifted up every man who put trust in Him.

"Now you know I have been talking about Christ. I have been talking of Him from the college boy's point of view. There is lots more to be said, of course. But I want you chaps to understand Him, to know Him as a strong friend. I want you to know He is the real Hero. I want you to know He makes everybody stronger who does as He says, and follows Him. He makes us stronger students, better oarsmen, better at every game, for He keeps us from the things that weaken, and He leads along the ways of strength. Now, how many of you want His initial on your sweater?"

All the hands went up and Clinton pledged them to the strong Christ. The boys were quite a little awe-struck by this talk of Clinton's, and were a little more subdued than was their wont. But the talk told on their lives. Every one of them fought a braver battle and lived a stronger life because of it.—*Calvin Dill Wilson.*

THE STORY OF A BIRTHDAY GOWN.

Elsie was the gladdest little girl that ever wore brown bobbing curls and blue butterfly bows. And when, one morning, she discovered Miss Cornelia's runaway dog sound asleep on her own front porch, some of her gladness bubbled right over in her voice.

"O, Fritzie," she cried, "O, Fritzie Turner. I am so glad you've come. Miss Cornelia won't worry—she never does any more when you run away, 'cause she knows you'll come back home when you get ready. And I need you 'specially. 'Cause tomorrow is my birthday—my very own birthday, Fritzie."

Fritz wig-wagged his tail until his whole body wig-wagged too. He frisked and capered and Elsie skipped and danced, and somehow or other they got down the front steps to the lawn. "I suppose," said Elsie, panting, "you don't quite altogether understand what a birthday is, Fritz. I don't see how you could—even as smart a dog as you are. It's just the loveliest thing. 'Specially this one. 'Course I don't know for sure-certain"—Elsie lowered her voice—"but I think maybe I'll have my new blue dress!"

Elsie drew a long breath and sank down on the grass. Even mother didn't quite know how much Elsie wanted that gown. It was three whole years now since she had first asked for it—"a really, truly, new gown, mother, without any neck and the teeniest sleeves, just exactly like Babe's, only blue."

It was about all Elsie's pretty little mother could do to find enough gowns anyway—gowns she really needed—blue ginghams for every-day and white ones for Sundays and other dress-up days—without buying party gowns. So two birthdays had come and gone without bringing Elsie her heart's biggest wish.

This year, somehow, Elsie felt hopeful. Her best little white gown really wouldn't let out or let down any more. And when, a few days before, Elsie had said wistfully, "What shall I wear to Tony's party, mother?" mother had said: "Just you wait till party time and see." And her eyes had been twinkly and her cheeks dimply.

All these good signs Elsie told Fritz. Meanwhile she fastened dandelions in his collar until he looked like a courtier in the time of good Queen Bess.

After lunch mother went to the city. "You won't mind staying alone, dear?" she asked, as she kissed Elsie. "Fritz is around somewhere, and he's good company. Mother'll be back early."

Elsie didn't mind staying with Fritz. She dressed her six dolls in their best gowns so they'd be ready for the birthday. Then, carrying them all in her arms, she went into the house to find Fritz.

He wasn't in the hall nor in the sitting room, nor in mother's room. Elsie called and whistled. There was no answer. Then a telltale dandelion on the lowest stair and another on the third one up, showed Elsie that Fritz had gone upstairs for his afternoon nap. Carefully Elsie laid

the dolls down. Then she went upstairs. Another wilted dandelion lay in front of the best bedroom. The door was open just a crack. But Elsie went on to her own little room. Here, on the corner seat, or in the chair, or even on the bit of a bed, she would surely find Fritz. But there was no Fritz anywhere.

"It's like a game of hide the thimble," said Elsie to herself, "only Fritz is the thimble, and the dandelions tell you when you're getting warm. Friz," she called again. "Where are you, Fritzie?"

In the best bedroom Elsie heard a thud as Fritz jumped from somewhere. She ran toward the hall. She reached it just as Fritz did.

"Why, Fritz," Elsie began. Then she stopped short. She stared at Fritz. Held carefully in his mouth, dragging upon the carpet, was a dainty little gown, lace-trimmed and beruffled. Proudly he carried it across the hall. Proudly he laid it at her feet.

"O, Fritz!" said Elsie. There was a half sob in her voice. It was bad enough, surely, to have your birthday present thrust upon you in this way. But that wasn't all. The little silken gown, which lay in a soft, shimmering heap at Elsie's feet, ruffles, ruchings, ribbons and all, was pale rose color. And Elsie had wanted blue.

Perhaps in all the world of little girls never one so loved blue as did Elsie. A blue flower a bit of blue ribbon, the least touch of it in anything, from her baby days until now, had always attracted and fascinated her. "It's ever so much easier to be good, mother," she often said, "when you wear a blue dress." From a far-away auntie had just come a pair of the dearest blue slippers.

And a letter which came with them said: "Does Elsie still love blue as much as ever?" Even father remembered and bought her blue-bound books. And in her every dream of her little new gown, she had never seen it anything save blue—softly, wonderfully blue like the morning sky. And now—how could mother of all people in the world have misunderstood?

Elsie picked up the little pink gown. Through tears, she saw that, strangely enough, Fritz had not hurt it. She carried it back to the best bedroom. She laid it on the bed. Then she stole softly out and tip-toed down the stairs. Fritz followed and sat down with her on the front porch.

Elsie thought and thought. Now and then a big tear stole down her cheek and splashed on her hands. By and by, out from a number of thoughts, a big one came and stood alone by itself. Mother had worked so hard to get and make that birthday gown. She must never know that Elsie was disappointed—never, never, never. Elsie must seem to like the pink gown. Maybe, in time you could get to like pink as much as blue. Roses were pink.

Never before had Fritz found Elsie so poor a companion. He sniffed, he sighed, he poked her gently with his paw. He even licked a salty drop from her hand and sneezed violently, but she didn't notice. So, after awhile, he went back upstairs. He pushed open the door of the best bedroom. With his head in the rosy folds of the birthday

gown, he tried to go to sleep. A fly bothered him. He sat up stiff and straight on the bed. By and by he began to sniff at the little gown. Something about it seemed familiar. He jumped down, took the gown carefully in his mouth, and started off toward home.

When mother came she found a very quiet little daughter. No, she wasn't sick and she wasn't tired; neither was she hungry. But she choked down her bread and milk. Earlier than usual she went to bed in the pretty bed with its blue-flowered curtains.

By and by Elsie heard mother come softly into the room. She heard the crisp rattle of paper, and softer rustle of silk. Dark as it was, Elsie shut her eyes tight. Mother was hanging the little birthday gown just where Elsie would see it the first thing in the morning.

After a long time, Elsie went to sleep. She had a dreadful dream about a world where everything was pink—even the trees and grass. And there were pink dandelions and pink dogs. She was glad to open her eyes and see the dear old sunshine coming in through the dear old blue and white curtains. A path of sunbeams led straight across the blue matting to the little blue curtained chair. There in the soft bright-ness hung the birthday gown. Elsie sat straight up in bed. She rubbed her eyes. Then she shut them. Was she still dreaming? She rubbed her eyes hard and opened them again—as wide as she could. The little gown, there in the sunshine, ruffles, ruchings, ribbons and all, was blue—softly, beautifully blue like the morning skies of a summer day.

"Blue?" "Why, of course, dear," said mother, when in answer to Elsie's crys of joy, she came in. "Mother'd as soon think of a blue rose as a pink Elsie."

"But mother," said Elsie, "it was pink yesterday."

Then as fast as she could, Elsie explained. Mother listened and laughed. "That was babe's new gown," she said. "I borrowed it, for I wanted yours just like it—only blue."

"Only blue," repeated Elsie happily, caressing the silken folds.

"It's a wonder that dog didn't hurt the dress," said mother, hurrying to the best bedroom just to make sure with her own eyes that no harm had been done. Next minute she called back: "Where did you put it, Elsie?"

"Why, back on the bed," said Elsie. She gathered up the dear blue birthday gown and went into the hall.

"It's gone," cried the mother.

Almost before anyone could think what might have happened, Babe's voice called from the foot of the stairs, "Mother says thank you, Mrs. Maynard, for sending my dress home. We must all have been gone yesterday when you came. But it was all right there in the porch chair."

Mother and Elsie stared at each other. "Who took it back?" gasped mother.

Mother laughed. And Elsie laughed, too. "It—was—Fritz," they said together, but Fritz only wagged his tail and barked.—*Alice E. Allen.*

GIRLS' DEPARTMENT

ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

A girl should learn to make a bed,
To bake good biscuits, cake and bread;
To handle deftly brush and broom,
And neatly tidy up the room.

A girl should learn to darn and mend,
To watch the sick, the baby tend;
To have enough of style and taste
To trim a hat or fit a waist.

A girl should learn to value time,
A picture hang, a ladder climb;
And not to almost raise the house
At the sight of a wee, small mouse.

A girl should learn to dress with speed,
And hold tight lacing 'gainst her creed;
To buy her shoes to fit her feet,
And be above all vain deceit.

A girl should learn to keep her word,
To spread no further gossip heard;
Home or abroad to be at ease,
And try her best to cheer and please.

A girl should learn to sympathize,
To be reliant, strong, and wise;
To all the helpless gentle be,
And always truly womanly.

—*Our Youth's Friend.*

TUMBLER CONSERVATORIES.

A pretty miniature garden is made of sweet peas. Fill a common tumbler with water, tie over it a piece of coarse net, and cover it with peas, pressing them down into the water. Keep it in the dark for two or three days, then bring it out into the light. Pretty soon you will perceive the roots piercing the net. As the vines grow up they may be twined about the window, or a still better plan is to twist wire about the glass, then let it run up in pieces that curve outward, so as to form a sort of globe above. If the vines are twisted up these wires, a very pretty effect will be produced.

Another tumbler garden is even easier to construct. After the glass

has been filled with water, cut out a piece of cotton batting or soft flannel to fit the top exactly, and allow it to float on the water. Then scatter it with mustard, flax or grass seeds, and take it out of the light. In a few days the roots will be seen through the glass and the green tendrils above. The water in these glasses will need to be replaced. two or three times a week by a teaspoon or syringe carefully inserted beneath the top. Always keep the grasses warm. Children find great pleasure in the tumbler garden, for not only the grass, but the roots as well can be watched from almost the first moment of growth.

YOUR IDEAL GIRL.

Have an ideal that is your own age. When you are twelve, dear girls, do not spend your time in planning what you will do and be when you are twenty. Think, rather, of what a girl of twelve should be to win your admiration.

You cannot at first understand a problem. Would your ideal girl grow impatient, or would she carefully think it out? The girl in front of you has it all worked out, and you can see her paper without anyone's knowing it. What would the ideal girl do?

Your snug little bedroom has not been arranged for the day; the bed is not made; but here come the girls to ask you to take a walk. "Oh, mother will straighten the room;" and off you run. Does the ideal girl go with you? Mother calls you in the morning, but you are so sleepy and another nap is so delightful. When you again awaken, breakfast is ready and the family have all assembled. There is no time to braid your hair over, so a brush is hastily passed over the front of it, and you rush down. After breakfast you must rush to get to school, and everything is a little behind, making you irritable all day. How would your ideal have begun her day? Study her carefully, never losing sight of her; she will sweeten and strengthen your life.

Take her to Primary with you. She has studied her lesson and pays attention courteously to the teacher who, she knows, has spent much time and thought in preparation. When you sometimes join with the others in a general giggle and allow your eyes and mind to wander from your teacher to the new hats and dresses, how does your ideal behave? What a comfort she must be to your teacher, if she listens all the time.

Is your ideal more patient than you? Does she ever lose her temper? Is she more unselfish than you with her companions? Of one thing I am quite sure: she never puts on unpleasant airs because she thinks she behaves better than you. Do not let her life be more beautiful than your own.

By your "ideal" I do not necessarily mean any living girl. I mean the girl you would like to be.—*Jennie Campbell Douglas.*

BOYS' DEPARTMENT

WHAT A BOY CAN DO.

These are some of the things a boy can do;
He can shout so loud the air turns blue;
He can make all sounds of beast and bird,
And a thousand more they never heard.

He can crow or cackle, chirp or cluck,
Till he fools the rooster, hen, or duck,
He can mock the dog, or lamb, or cow,
And the cat herself can't beat his "me-ow."

He has sounds that are ruffled, striped, or plain;
He can thunder by like a railway train,
Stop at the stations a breath, and then
Apply the steam and be off again.

He has all his powers in such command
He can turn right into a full brass band,
With all of the instruments ever played,
And march away as a street parade.

You can tell that a boy is very ill
If he's wide awake and is keeping still;
But earth would be—God bless their noise!—
A dull old place if there were no boys.

—Nixon Waterman.

A JUMPER COASTER.

Any boy who loves winter and winter sports—and what boy doesn't?—will be glad to know of these very simple ways and means of "getting at" the spirit of the good old-fashioned days when it was possible for a boy to get more fun than enough out of a good "freeze" and a snow-storm.

Skating, coasting and ice-boating are still the standard winter amusements, of course, and it would be more or less difficult to invent much improvement on the old methods; but to prove that these sports are within the reach of all boys, and may be varied to suit almost any locality, is more or less of a novelty.

In country places where the land is flat, snow-shoe traveling and skee-sliding are splendid fun; in hilly or mountainous regions nothing quite equals coasting, bob-sledding and tobogganing.

To slide on the hills and inclined roads the boys make a single-runner sled, which they call a "jumper coaster." They sit upon it,

keeping balance with the feet, and you would hardly believe the rapidity and ease with which they coast down long hills on these queer-looking things without toppling over. They maintain that a "jumper coaster" is as far ahead of the ordinary sled as ice-skates are ahead of rollers.

The "jumper coaster" is so simple in construction that any boy can make one. The runner is of some hard wood, two inches thick, forty-two inches long and four inches high. The upright is of wood the same width and thickness and eleven inches high. So that, allowing one inch for the thickness of the seat, and four inches for the width of the runner, the "jumper coaster" is altogether sixteen inches high.

For the seat cut a board twelve inches long by eight inches wide and attach it to the upright.

Make the upright eight or ten inches wide, and with a compass-saw cut the lower end flaring, so as to make more of a bearing on the top of the runner.

Cut brackets (from one-inch wood) four inches long, and screw them fast to the sides of the upright, and the seat which they support.

From thin tire-iron or stout strap-iron a blacksmith will shape you a runner which is curled up in front like an old-fashioned skate. The rear end of this runner is turned up and over, and is held firmly to the wood with a screw.

Four or five flat-headed screws countersunk in the iron will hold the runners in place, and after a few trips it will become smooth.—*Selected.*

BEING MASTER.

Every boy likes to master things. Strength is a joy to a lad's heart. It ought to be. That is the way boys are made. The boy who does not want to be strong and gain mastery is a pretty poor specimen. The Bible recommends us to acquit ourselves like men and be strong. But some boys, who would like to be fearless and powerful, are timid. They are like the great Henry of Navarre, who, though he longed to be a conqueror, was exceedingly timid by nature. In his first battle he ran away. How did he gain strength? Simply by saying to himself over and over, "I will and I can conquer this shameful fear." So, when the next battle came and he began to tremble from head to foot, he shouted out masterfully, "Down, traitorous body!" and plunging his spurs into his horse, pressed forward into the very middle of the fight. The biggest victory he ever won was this early victory over his own cowardice. He fought for the mastery, gained it, and kept it. Peter the Great, we are told, was another timid boy. He was so scared when he crossed a high bridge over a stream that he had to pull down the carriage curtains so that he could not see the water. But Peter was bound to be master. "I can and will overcome my weakness," was his resolve; and so the lad that

feared to cross the stream ended by crossing the sea and working in an English shipyard, so that he gave Russia her first fleet; he is forever associated with the very element of which he was afraid.

Being master of one's self is an accomplishment, not a gift. A boy can be master if he fixes these two phrases in his mind, "I can," and "I will." The mind is the place for them. The body must obey the mind, if the mind is once made up. In the matter of a bad habit when the mind once says to the body, "You shall not," the habit is mastered. "I can't help it," is a coward's plea. No lad who wants to be strong will ever allow himself to utter it. Mastery over others follows mastery of self. Until Henry of Navarre and Peter the Great could make themselves do what they shrank naturally from doing, they could not hope to rule others; but they became great leaders and masters of men by practicing on themselves. The boy who rules himself gets knowledge of the science of ruling. He learns to get a grip on the mind of his comrades.—*Observer.*

PARTIES AND GAMES

Good games will be in requisition these holiday evenings—games which require no preparation, and in which folks of all ages can join. The following are a few very good sports which are sure to be enjoyed equally by the youngest member of the party and by grandpapa:

MAGIC MUSIC.

New "Magic Music." The new "magic music" can be arranged for in a moment, and is most exciting. For it get together as many chairs, lacking one, as there are to be players, and turn them back to back, as in the old game. Now tie to the chairs wee bows of red and blue ribbon alternating the colors. Give each person present a bow of red or blue, distributing an equal number of bows in each line. Bows are attached to coat-lapels or corsage, and prominently displayed. The players now form in line as in the old game of "going to Jerusalem," or "magic music," and the piano strikes up a lively tune, playing gaily for some minutes. During these minutes the pilgrims march rapidly around the chairs, beating time with their hands. Suddenly the music ceases. Now begins a mad scramble for the chairs, a scramble which is infinitely more thrilling than the old one because of the rule which decrees that only a person wearing a blue bow can take a chair marked

with blue. To drop into one marked in red means a point lost or a forfeit. If it is desired to make a prize contest of the game, the music plays half a dozen times, ending each time with a chair rush. The player who succeeds in getting a chair oftenest, receives the prize. If a suitable prize is not at hand, and the affair is impromptu, change the game to one of forfeits, making each person who fails to obtain a seat undergo some ludicrous penance.—*Selected.*

Toad Game. Several children group themselves some distance apart in a crouching position on the floor.

Suppose there are seven children on the floor. Each child represents a toad.

No. 1 hops to No. 2 and says, "Toadie, toadie, how art thou?"

No. 2 answers, "Very well, I thank thee now."

No. 1 says, "How's the neighbor next to thee?"

No. 2 says, "I don't know; I'll hop and see."

No. 2 then hops to No. 3 and says, "Toadie, toadie, how art thou?"

No. 3 says, "Very well, I thank thee now."

No. 2 says "How's the neighbor next to thee?"

No. 3 says, "I don't know. I'll hop and see."

No. 3 then hops to No. 4 and the same dialogue takes place and then No. 4 hops to No. 5.

Continue this way until No. 5 hops to No. 6 and the dialogue is finished. When at the words, "I don't know, I'll hop and see," all the toads hop to No. 7, and in concert they say, "Toadie, toadie, how art thou?"

No. 7 says, "Very well, I thank thee now."

All say, "How's the neighbor next to thee?"

No. 7 says, "I don't know. I'll hop and see."

At this all seven toads hop back to their seats.

This game is a favorite with the wee ones. It teaches them politeness and is a good game for a rest after a lesson where close attention was given.—*Selected.*

PARENTS' DEPARTMENT

A HOME PICTURE.

Oh! the happy little home when the sun shone out,
And the busy little mother got the children all about;
And Johnny fetched the water and Tommy brought the wood,
And Billy-boy tied both his shoes, as every laddie should—
And Dannie rocked the cradle with a clatter and a song,
To make the little sister grow so pretty and so strong.

Oh! the sweet peas and the morning-glories climbing 'round the door,
And the tender vine of shadow with its length across the floor.
Oh! the "pinies" and the roses, and the quiver of the grass,
And the cheery call of friendship from the neighbors as they pass!
Oh! the scuffle and the shouting, and the little mother's laugh
As a rabbit starts up somewhere, and her "great helps" scamper off.

Oh! the happy little home when the twilight fell,
And all along the meadow rang the old cow bell
With a tinkle that is music through the rushing of the years—
And I see the little mother in the tremble of the tears.
And I hear her happy laughter as she cries: "The boys have come!"
And we know she's getting supper in the happy little home.

Oh! the happy little home when the moon gleamed forth,
And Billy-boy would have it that it "rised in the north."
Oh! the raptures and the whispers near the little mother's chair,
As the white-robed little figures are flitting here and there,
And we're just as near to heaven as we mortals ever roam,
When we kneel and say our prayers in the happy little home.

—*Louise R. Baker.*

MOTHER'S RELATIONSHIP WITH GROWN DAUGHTERS.

Too many mothers do not realize that there are any problems in their relationship with their grown daughters. The training of little children is discussed as an all-important topic. Why should not the delicate questions which must arise in every household where two or more women of strong personality live in constant and close contact receive just as careful consideration?

It is after the school days that the troubles begin. The mother who has clung to her little girls fails to recognize the needs of the growing woman, and is hurt by any independent action on the part of the daughter; while the daughter, in her eagerness to grasp at the best in the new life, forgets the deference which is due to the mother. Out of these conditions small clashings ensue, to end too often in complete discord.

It is just at this time that the mother must bring all her love and diplomacy to bear. She must endeavor to know her daughter's nature, and to understand its possibilities and limitations. She will find that her problems are not the problems of her mother nor of her grandmother, for the girl of today is not like the girl of yesterday, and she must be studied from a different standpoint.

The most unpleasant of all things American is the dominant daughter. Brilliant, restless and discontented, she demands all things as her right rather than as a privilege. The time-honored tale of the mother at the washtub and the daughter at the piano is verified in the mental attitude of many households. There are two things that the mother of such a daughter should cultivate—a quiet dignity which shall force the girl's respect and a sympathy which shall win her heart. She must be interested in that which interests the younger mind. And she must not be dominated. Her self-assertion need not and should not be radical, but she must be queen of her own household, yielding her scepter to none and especially not to her inexperienced daughter. —*Woman's Home Companion.*

MAKE HOME A FUN CENTER.

Don't be afraid of a little fun at home. Don't shut your house lest the sun should fade your carpets, and your hearts lest a hearty laugh shake down some of the musty old cobwebs there. If you wish to ruin your sons, let them think that all mirth and social enjoyment must be left on the threshold without when they come home at night! Young people must have fun and relaxation somewhere. If they do not find it at their own hearthstones, it will be sought at other less profitable places. Therefore let the fire burn brightly at night, and make the homestead delightful with all those little arts which parents so perfectly understand. Don't repress the buoyant spirits of your children; half an hour's merriment around the lamp and fireside of home, blots out the remembrance of many a care and annoyance during the day, and the best safeguard they can take with them into the world is the influence of a bright little domestic sanctum.—*Exchange.*

OFFICERS' DEPARTMENT

GAMES OF CHANCE.

To Whom it May Concern:

Among the vices of the present age, gambling is very generally condemned. Gambling under its true name is forbidden by law, and is discountenanced by the self-respecting elements of society. Nevertheless, in numerous guises the demon of chance is welcomed in the home, in fashionable clubs, and at entertainments for worthy charities, even within the precincts of sacred edifices. Devices for raising money by appealing to the gambling instinct are common accessories at church sociables, ward fairs, and the like.

Whatever may be the condition elsewhere, this custom is not to be sanctioned within this Church; and any organization allowing such is in opposition to the counsel and instruction of the general Authorities of the Church.

Without attempting to specify or particularize the many objectionable forms given to this evil practice amongst us, we say again to the people that no kind of chance game, guessing-contest, or raffling device, can be approved in any entertainment under the auspices of our Church organizations.

The desire to get something of value for little or nothing is pernicious; and any proceeding that strengthens that desire is an effective aid to the gambling spirit, which has proved a veritable demon of destruction to thousands. Risking a dime in the hope of winning a dollar in any game of chance is a species of gambling.

Let it not be thought that raffling articles of value, offering prizes to the winners in guessing-contests, the use of machines of chance, or any other device of the kind, is to be allowed or excused because the money so obtained is to be used for a good purpose. The Church is not to be supported in any degree by means obtained through gambling.

Let the attention of Stake and Ward officers, and those in charge of the auxiliary organizations of the Church be directed to what has been written on this subject and to this present reminder. An article over the signature of the President of the Church was published in the Juvenile Instructor, Oct. 1, 1902 (volume 37, page 592), in which were given citations from earlier instructions and advice to the people on this subject. For convenience part of that article is repeated here. In reply to a question as to whether raffling and games of chance are justifiable when the purposes to be accomplished are good, this was said: "We say emphatically, No. Raffle is only a modified name of gamble." President Young once said to Sister Eliza R. Snow: "Tell the sisters not to raffle. If the mothers raffle the children will gamble. Raffling is gambling." Then it is added: "Some say, 'What shall we do? We have quilts on hand—we cannot sell them and we need means to supply our treasury, which we can obtain by raffling, for the benefit of the poor.' Rather let the quilts rot on the shelves than adopt the old adage, 'The end will sanctify the means.' As Latter-day Saints we cannot afford to sacrifice moral principle to financial gain."

As was further stated in the article cited, the general board of the Deseret Sunday School Union has passed resolutions expressing its unqualified

disapproval of raffling, and all games of chance, for the purpose of raising funds for the aid of the Sunday school. And the general Authorities of the Church have said as they now say to the people: Let no raffling, guessing-contests, or other means of raising money by appealing to the spirit of winning by chance be tolerated in any organization of the Church.

JOSEPH F. SMITH,
JOHN R. WINDER,
ANTHON H. LUND,

First Presidency of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.
Salt Lake City, Utah, Nov. 14, 1908.

STAKE SECRETARIES.

All blanks for Annual Reports and Receipt Books for Nickel Fund may be obtained from this office free. Secretaries will please send for the number necessary to make out the report for 1908.

NEW MINUTE AND ROLL BOOKS.

Ward presidents should see to it that secretaries are supplied with new books for 1909. Be careful to enter on the new roll only the names of regular attendants at the association.

THE LESSONS FOR 1909.

Every worker in the Primary Associations should be supplied with *The Children's Friend.* Send in your order at once. The lessons for the month of January, with special instructions for the teachers of each grade, were given in the December number and every teacher should have a copy.

THE FIVE GRADES.

By now all the Primary Associations will have made the change in the grading and the classes are all organized with good teachers in charge. Wherever necessary more than one teacher may be given to a class.

TRAINING TEACHERS FOR THE PRIMARY ASSOCIATIONS.

It is suggested that when the Primary boys and girls reach the age of fourteen they be organized into a training class. This class is to meet under the supervision of the officers of the association, where they may study the lessons and have practice in the giving of them. They may also be appointed as assistants in the grades.

SUGGESTIONS AND QUESTIONS.

It would be greatly appreciated if the officers in the Primary Associations would feel free to send in suggestions or to ask any questions in relation to the work. Tell us of your success or failures with the lessons.

RECITATIONS

BELLS OF NEW YEAR.

Ring out glad bells of New Year,
Ring out so loud and clear,
Joy cometh in the morning
And all good things are near.

Ring out glad bells in the evening
When the sunset glow is red,
And the light in the west is dying
And the stars come out o'erhead.

Ring out glad thought and joyous,
Ring out peace and good will;
Ring out good cheer and ne'er a fear,
For the city just over the hill.

—*Ella E. Morrill.*

GOOD MORNING.

Good morning, happy Sunshine!
I really cannot say
What we should do without you,
This freezing winter day.

Straight from the bright blue heavens,
You made the snowy ground
Flash as if heaps of diamonds
Were scattered all around.

We will be comrades, Sunshine—
You and I together,
We'll try to make the world forget
The bitter winter weather.

—*Mary F. Betts, in Outlook.*

LOOK PLEASANT.

We cannot, of course, all be handsome,
And it's hard for us all to be good,
We are sure now and then to be lonely,
And we don't always do as we should.
To be patient is not always easy,
To be cheerful is much harder still,
But at least we can always be pleasant,
If we make up our minds that we will.

And it pays every time to be kindly,
Although you feel worried and blue;
If you smile at the world and look cheerful,
The world will soon smile back at you.
So try and brace up and look pleasant,
No matter how long you are down.
Good humor is always contagious,
But you banish your friends when you frown.

—*Albright's Office Practitioner.*

LESSON DEPARTMENT

LESSONS FOR THE MONTH OF FEBRUARY.

FIRST GRADE.

(Children four and five years of age.)

Note to Teachers: Be sure to read instructions on page 507, December number of *The Children's Friend.*

The little prayers and memory gems form an important part of the work in this grade. The aim of the teacher should be to help every one of the children until they are able and willing to repeat the prayer and speak "a little piece." Take time every week to review the memory gems. Be sure to have plenty of songs, and encourage the children to sing alone as well as all together.

REST EXERCISE.

All may stand up
  In the aisle,
Make good straight lines
  For a while.

Hands on hips,
  Hands on knees,
Put them behind you,
  If you please.

Touch your shoulders,
  Now your nose,
Touch your ears,
  And now your toes.

Raise your arms
  High up in the air,
Down at your sides,
  Now touch your hair.

Hands at sides
  Now you may place;
Touch your elbows,
  And now your face.

Raise hands up
  High as before,
Now you may clap—
  One, two, three, four.

Now sit down,
  Hands folded once more,
Eyes to the front,
  Feet on the floor.

—*Selected.*

Lesson 5.

Memory Gem:

"Here are two little feet,
Where have they run—
Into the shadow or
Into the sun?
Helping or hindering—
Which have they done?"

Suggestions:

Let the children talk about their feet, their usefulness, how they are cared for by the wearing of stockings, shoes and rubbers, by being kept clean, etc. Tell of parents' care in providing these things and taking such good care of children's feet. What way may these feet be used to help fathers and mothers, etc.? Be sure to explain all the words in the gem, for instance, What is shadow and what is sun.

WHEN PAPA GOT A SCARE.

Brucie's papa sat at the desk in his office when the telephone bell went "ting-a-ling-ting."

"Dear me," he cried, impatiently, "can't I have one minute's peace?"

"Hello," he shouted. "Who is it?"

"It's me, papa," cried a small voice. "It's Bruce. Come home; somefin' awful's happenin'."

"What?" asked papa.

"Oh, somethin' awful. I'm bweedin' and I'm all alone. I'm terrible fwightened. Come home, papa, kick. It's in here again. Oh-h! Come kick, papa."

Brucie's plea ended in a shriek, then papa heard a crash, a wild howl, and Brucie's scream. Something awful was happening in the dining-room where the telephone hung. He dashed out of the office. Somebody called "Mr. Wilson" as he ran down the stairs, but Brucie's papa did not answer. He opened the door of the wheelroom, took the first bicycle he saw, and flew down the crowded street just as fast as the pedals would go round. He dodged in among wagons and in front of trolley-cars. Drivers shouted at him, and once a policeman tried to catch him, but he did not even turn his head.

At last he caught sight of the little house in the big yard where Brucie lived. It looked very quiet and peaceful. He had expected to find it on fire or tumbled down by an earthquake, but he did not hear even a sound till he opened the front door. His hand shook while he turned the latch with his key.

"What if I am too late to save Brucie?" he thought.

He was not, for it was Brucie who came rushing through the hall to meet him. He was a dreadful sight. His clothes were torn and his face and hands were covered with scratches. His pinafore was stained with blood, and his yellow curls hung like a mop over his tear-stained eyes.

"Brucie, Brucie," cried his papa, "what is the matter?"

"It's Keen Victorbia," said the sobbing little boy. "Come and see."

He dragged his papa into the kitchen. Something was thumping and yowling frightfully. It was Queen Victoria, the big gray cat. She had squeezed her head into an empty salmon can and could not get it out. She

was rushing about and banging the can either against the door, or the stove, or the wall.

Brucie's papa felt so relieved that he began to laugh. Then he led Brucie to the sink to sponge the blood off his face and hands.

"Now," said papa, after he had bathed Brucie's scratches with witch-hazel, "now we will see what we can do for Queen Victoria."

The old gray cat was very cross. She tried to scratch papa, but she did not succeed, for he wrapped a towel about her. Then he but her between his knees and held her head while he sawed away at the tin can with a can-opener. Queen Victoria screamed wildly, but Brucie's papa did not mind, and presently off came the old can. When Queen Victoria was set free she crawled under the stove and began to smooth her ruffled fur. Then mamma came home. Papa and Brucie tried both at once to tell her the story, and at last she understood.

"Dear me!" she said, "how glad I am there was a telephone in the house and that Brucie knew how to use it!"—*I. G. Curtis.*

Lesson 6.

Memory Gem:

Never a day is dark, dear,
Where the sunshine of home may fall,
And where the sweet home voices
May answer when you call.

Never a day is sad, dear,
If it brings at set of sun
A kiss from mother's lips, dear,
And a thought of work well done.

Suggestions:

Recite memory gem and talk about the home and the dear people who live there, then review the memory gem and talk of the previous lesson.

ELSIE'S PARTY.

Elsie wanted a party, but mother was not very strong and did not feel able to undertake one. The little girl thought it over for several days, for others of her playmates were having parties, and finally she thought of a plan that would be fun, and also be something new.

"O mother," she cried, running in from school one day, "why can't I have a coasting party? That would be lots of fun."

"A coasting party," answered mother, smiling, "it may be; but what do you mean by 'a coasting party?'"

"Why, I mean have the girls come here Saturday afternoon and coast on our hill, and then come in and have apples, or something like that, to eat. That wouldn't be much work for you, would it, mother dear?" Elsie added, anxiously.

"No, dear," mother replied, "that would not be any work for me at all, and you may ask them tomorrow."

So the next day nine girls of Elsie's age were invited to her coasting party, and all gladly accepted the invitation, for Elsie Bell was a favorite among her friends, and Bell's hill was famous for its fine coasting.

On Saturday afternoon all the girls were there promptly at two o'clock, and trooped out to the hill back of the barn, where father met them with a surprise. He had nailed a wide board on bob, the old wooden coaster, and seating himself he said, "Now, girls, five of you get on behind me, and five in front, and we will take a fine ride."

Some of them were afraid to go, but the others hopped on, and when they said, "Ready," father gave the sled a shove, and away they went down the hill and across the meadow, nearly to the brook. Oh, what fun it was. When they came back to the hilltop all the girls wanted to go the next trip. When fingers and toes began to tingle, Elsie said, "Let us all go into the house now." So in they went, stamping off the snow.

Mother came into the room and said, "When you are all toasty warm, tell me, will you? And they all answered, "Yes, indeed." They were soon warm, and Elsie announced the fact to her mother, who replied, "Then come into the dining room and seat yourselves at the table" There they were treated to rich creamy milk, soft gingerbread and apples, after which mother slipped off the tablecloth and showed them how to play "Up Jenkins," and as they put on their wraps to go home they declared they had had a fine time, and that it was the best party they had attended for a year.—*Pearl B. Seibert.*

Lesson 7.

Memory Gem:

"Little deeds, like little seeds,
Grow and grow and grow;
Some are flowers and some are weeds,
Giving joy or woe.
Let us sow but happy deeds
Everywhere we go."

Suggestions:

Talk about seeds, how they grow and develop. What helps plants to grow? Explain how boys and girls need help, so they will grow big and strong. Illustrate the difference between useful plants and weeds, between children who help and children who hinder. Use talks and memory gems from other lessons wherever they will be of assistance in making the lesson more interesting.

WINNING AUNT JANE.

"Here, doggie, doggie! Oh, see how lame he is!" Two pairs of boys' eyes gazed with compassion at a dog which came limping out of an alley.

"How miserable he looks—"

"Just about starved. All bones."

"Come here, poor fellow." Peter and Jack sat down on the curb as the dog willingly followed them. With great solicitude, and tenderness of touch, they examined the ailing limb.

"Hurt real bad, but I don't believe it's quite broken. He'd get over it if he had half a chance."

"Wish we could give him a chance."

"Couldn't we?"

"Aunt Jane never would have a dog around."

"No, she wouldn't," agreed Jack, the hopeful look faded out of his face.

"If," suggested Peter, "we could only hide him somewhere, and take care of him, just till he got well, hey, Jack?"

"There's the back porch."

"Yes," said Peter, brightening. "And we could give him some of our dinner."

"And when he was well we could give him to somebody."

The back porch was wide and deep, with an ample space beneath, which was used for the storage of broken-down odds and ends. After a careful binding up of the injured limb, the dog was comfortably settled in a corner, out of sight.

"Now, Rover—let's call him Rover, Jack—if you'll keep still, all right. But if you don't it'll be all up with you."

Rover, intelligent fellow that he was, seemed to guess at the necessity for keeping still. No dog could have behaved with more propriety than he. With his large eyes, human in their expression, and with rappings of his tail as he lay, he gave warm welcome to his friends as they came with food saved from their own meals.

"What a beauty he's getting to be," said Jack, one day. With the good feeding, the, care of his injured limb, perhaps aided by the petting of his faithful new friends, Rover was showing marked improvement. Jack had combed out his long silky hair and declared he no longer looked like a "back-door dog."

"If only Aunt Jane liked dogs—or boys," said Peter.

The two were orphans, left to the care of their aunt, who was at no pains to conceal the fact that she thought them a burden.

"If we behave our very best, like mother told us," said Jack, wistfully, "perhaps she'll like us a little some day."

And they had tried their best, but as yet with no sign of having gained the heart of Aunt Jane.

"What are we going to do with him now that he's getting well?" asked Jack, anxiously. "He's getting so lively, he can't keep still much longer. I found him today looking out, and Aunt Jane had passed there only a few minutes before."

Peter shook his head despairingly.

"I don't know, I'm sure," he said. "We'll have to think it out."

All necessity for thinking it out, however, was set aside. Coming home one day the boys found the refuge under the porch empty. With a face of distress, Peter ventured on an inquiry:

"Aunt Jane, did you see anything of—a dog?"

"Yes," she said, "he was walking about the yard and a policeman came by and said he had been looking for him for weeks, that he belonged to a rich man that had lost him, and that there was a reward for him. He took him away."

Jack sat down on the porch steps and cried. Peter, being older, tried to console him. But both listened in surprise as Aunt Jane went on in a softened voice:

"I told him how you two had been taking care of the dog." Jack stared in astonishment. "So he said he was willing to divide the reward. Here's five dollars for you."

The boys would not be comforted, refusing to look at the reward.

"Come here," Aunt Jane called the two to her as they came from school one day, not long afterward. "See what I have for you."

She uncovered something in her lap and the boys stared in amazement at—a puppy!

"I haven't been much used to boys or dogs," she said, "but I'm willing to say that that dog was a pretty fellow, and I don't wonder you liked him. And—there's more to it—I can tell a good boy when I see him, and I haven't had my eyes shut to your trying to be good. You'll find it generally noticed when boys do that. Now, don't let this dog get lost."—*Selected.*

Lesson 8.

Memory Gem:

"Never a day is lost, dear,
If at night you can truly say
You've done one kindly deed, dear,
Or smoothed some rugged way."

Suggestions:

Talk about the prayers that little boys and girls use night and morning. If possible repeat some of them. Show how we ask God to take care of us and to help us to be good. What is being good? Illustrate what is meant by a kindly deed and a rugged way.

MOTHER'S KNIGHT.

One morning, after the snow had been falling fast all night, the wind came sweeping on at such a lively pace that the light snowflakes whirled up in the air as though they were trying to fly back into the sky again.

"No," said mamma, when she looked out of the window that morning, "Robert cannot go to the kindergarten today, but I will tell him a story by and by."

The story was about the knights of old. So she showed him first the picture of "The Knights and the Good Child," and then "The Knights and the Bad Child." Then she told how they wore shining helmets on their heads and carried shining swords at their sides, and how they sat up straight on fine horses and rode far away from home.

When the knights found somebody needing help, down they jumped from their horses and did what they could. Then up again in their saddles they were, riding away to find someone else who needed help.

"I'll be a knight," said Robert, as he hopped on his new hobby horse that Santa Claus had brought.

"All right," said mamma, "you may be my knight. Dolly Belle may sit at the window to see you go by, for she has been good today.

'I'll come that way pretty soon," said Robert, as he went te-gallop, te-gallop away.

He rode on until grandma's glasses fell to the floor. They were picked up before grandma could rise from her chair, and te-gallop, te-gallop away.

Baby May stubbed her toe and fell to the floor; but she found herself standing again so soon that she almost forgot to cry, and te-gallop, te-gallop away.

"Meow," said kitty. "Please, door, open a bit and let me out."

The door opened wide, and kitty stepped out on her soft cushioned feet. Then softly the door closed again, and te-gallop, te-gallop, te-gallop away.

Robert rode on and on until mamma said, "Dinner is nearly ready; anyhow, it is time that the chairs were coming to the table.

They were not long in taking their places after she spoke. Then Robert washed his hands and face quite clean, and sat down quietly to eat his dinner today, just as the good child had done.

The next morning the sun came out and "Mother's Knight" went to the kindergarten, where he heard again the story of the knights just as his mother had told it.—*Selected.*

SECOND GRADE.

(Children six and seven years of age.)

Lesson 5.

Subject: The Lord's Prayer.
Topic: "Our Father."
Repetition of the Lord's Prayer in concert.

Suggestive Talk:

(It is thought that when a child can feel his mother's presence, even though he cannot see his mother, he can then be helped to think of God. It would seem, therefore, that if we can lead the children to realize that

they can speak to those who are near without seeing them; we can more easily teach them to say "Our Father" and to believe that He hears our prayers. So we use the following to assist in the lesson:)

"Who would like to be a helper and do something for me? (Call a child to you.) Stand in front of me so that I can see your face. Close your eyes gently and let me cover them with my fingers. (After you have lightly placed your fingers on the child's eyelids so as to keep them closed proceed as follows:) Now while your eyes are closed I would like to have you speak to the children and say, "Good afternoon, children." Open your eyes, turn and look at the children. How many of you heard—(call the child by name) say, "Good afternoon, children?" Who else would like to come and speak to the rest without looking at them? (After several, with closed eyes, have said, "Good afternoon," ask a child to go behind the piano or screen or out in the hall and speak to the rest.)

"Why, do you suppose, did I ask you to speak to the children without looking at them? It was to help you think that even though you could not see them they could hear you. Have you ever talked to anyone else whom you could not see while you were talking? If mother is upstairs when you are down, and you want to go out to play, do you always go upstairs to speak to her? What do you do? Do you always see her when you speak to her? Can she hear you even though you cannot see her? How many of you have rooms of your own in which you sleep? Do you evere wake up at night and speak to father or mother? Can you see them when you speak to them? Can they hear you even though you cannot see them?"

Who can think of some One to whom we speak very often, but whom we cannot see? Who knows what we call the words we speak to God? The words we speak to God are called prayer, and even though we cannot see God He hears our prayers, for He told us to pray, 'Our Father, which art in heaven.' Let us say those words together."

"I have a story to tell you about a man named Hezekiah, who knew that even though he could not see God he could speak to Him in prayer. Hezekiah was sick, so sick that one of his friends had said that he would never be well and strong again. This made Hezekiah feel very sad and sorry, for there were many things which he wished to live to do. He wished to build cities, to bring water from the mountains for the people in the cities to drink, and to build great storehouses and barns for grain, that the people in his country might have safe places in which to live, plenty of water to drink, and food to eat. When he was told that he could do none of these things because he was so sick, Hezekiah told God all about it, and asked God to help him and to make him well.

God heard his prayers, and in some beautiful and wonderful way spoke to Hezekiah's friend and said, "Tell Hezekiah * * * Thus saith the Lord, * * * I have heard thy prayer, I have seen thy tears; behold, I will heal thee."

We know that God answered Hezekiah's prayers and helped to make him well, for in the Bible we are told that Hezekiah was made well, and after that he was made well he wrote a beautiful 'Thank you' song to sing in the house of the Lord, as God's church was called. A part of that song was something like this: 'The Lord was ready to save me: therefore we will sing.' Why, do you think, did Hezekiah wish to sing? I think it was because he wished to say, 'Thank you' to God for hearing and answering his prayers."

Lesson 6.

Topic: "Our Father."

Suggestive Talk:

"(To help the children to feel the nearness of our Father in heaven we must bring Him in close relationship to their daily lives. Have a good talk with the children about all the things that an earthly father does for them, for instance, he provides food, clothes, a good home. Let the children tell how and where father works. He gives gifts for birthdays, etc. He loves childrn and sometimes correct them.)

"I will tell you a story about a little boy who had a good, kind father, a father who knew just how to help little boys to be brave and strong. This little boy was not very big and not very wise. He was just a little boy who his friends called Ned. One wintry night after Ned's mother had tucked him in bed, turned out the light and had left the room, Ned heard a strange tapping sound. It sounded as though someone or something was tapping against the window pane. It was such a strange tapping that Ned grew afraid and called for his father to come.

Ned's father was reading his evening paper in the living room downstairs and answered, "What is it, my boy?"

"O father," called Ned, "someone or something is tapping against my window and I am afraid."

"There is nothing of which you need to be afraid," said Ned's father, "listen again, and tell me what you hear. Do you not hear the wind?"

"The tapping is so loud that I cannot hear the wind," answered Ned, "and I wish that you would come, for I am afraid."

"No, my son," said the father, "it is not best that I should come. I want you to trust me, to believe what I say, and to not be afraid. The wind is blowing the tree branches, and one of the twigs on one of the branches strikes against your window every time the branch moves in the wind. The tapping sound is made by the twig. Trust me and believe what I say. There is nothing of which you need be afraid, so go to sleep."

"Oh, oh, Mr. Wind, so it is you who have set the tree to tapping at my window," laughed Ned; then he called, "Good night, father, you need not come, after all, I am no longer afraid."

As the father went back to his chair and his paper, can you think what he said to himself? He said, "My boy trusts and believes me. He knows I have told him the truth. God bless him."

Fathers and mothers have a way of loving their children, of wanting to make them happy, of wanting to help them grow strong and full of courage, and of wanting to give them every good thing. To help their children and to give them only what is best, fathers and mothers sometimes say "No" to their children, just as Ned's father said it. Ned's father said it because he knew that by not going upstairs he could help Ned think what made the tapping, help him gain courage, and help him understand that his father told him the truth.

Wheen fathers and mothers say "No" to their children because it is best to say it, or to tell their children to do something which the children do not understand why they should, what do you think they want their children to do? They want their children to trust them, to believe them, and to willingly obey them. When their children do these things fathers and mothers are glad just as Ned's father was, and whether they say it nor not, they think: "God bless my children," and God does."

Now, our Father who lives in heaven is very much like our fathers in our homes and He wants us to believe and trust Him, and when we pray we must know that if the things that we ask for are good for us God will give it, but if it is not good for us Our Father in heaven will be just like Ned's father and will say "No."

Lesson 7.

Topic: "Our Father."

To help the children to know that God answers "Yes" and "No" to prayers review last lesson and emphasize the kindness of fathers who are willing to help and be kind and who know when it is best to say "No." Review briefly the prayers of David and Elisha as told in the December number of *The Friend.* We do not always know why this is so, but we are sure that God knows what is best for His children.

Let the children relate personal experiences: prayers that have or have not been answered, healing of the sick, etc.

If there is time the teacher may tell the following story, "Patty's Secret:"

Mrs. Lomax softly opened the nursery door and peeped in. "I'm awake, mother," said a voice from the white cot; "come in."

The lady quickly poked the smoldering fire into a blaze and opened the blinds. It was a bitter cold day, and Jack Frost had decorated the window-panes with silver pictures of forests and castles.

"What wakened you so early, Patty, dear?" asked her mother, coming over to sit on the edge of the bed. To her surprise the young face was wreathed in bright smiles.

"I had such a strange, sweet dream," said Patty, her eyes shining. "I think it must have been my dream that waked me."

"What was it, love?" But Patty was silent. "You don't want to tell me your dream, little daughter?"

"I think I'd rather not, mother, if you don't mind."

"No, I don't mind."

"Well, then, I won't tell it."

Patty's mother had no dream of her own to tell, for she had hardly slept a single one of the many hours between dark and dawn. Many of them she had spent on her knees beside her bed, pouring out her heart in prayer for her darling who was, with the returning day, to undergo a painful and dangerous surgical operation.

For days Patty herself had been in a sad state of nervousness and depression; it had been necessary, for certain reasons, that she should know what was before her, and though she bore up bravely for her years, it could not but be to her like entering a dark cloud.

And yet there was the smile on her lips and the light in her eye, though the hour of trial had come!

The weeks slipped away, each one leaving little Patty stronger than it found her, and nearer to the end of her prison life behind the window-panes. For the great trial was safely past, and the surgeon said one reason that the little girl came so safely through it, without fever or inflammation of any sort, was that she was so quiet and brave, and didn't excite or fret herself.

When Patty heard these praises she only smiled and said, "That's my secret." Though she did not ask, Patty's mother sometimes wondered what she meant and why she would not tell her secret.

But one day Patty overheard a visitor speaking of another child who was to undergo an operation. This visitor was one of the managers of St. Luke's Hospital, and the child she spoke of was a charity patient, a poor little deformed girl in the public ward. She was an orphan, and had no friends except the kind people at the orphanage, where she had been put when only a few months old.

Patty was very quiet until the visitor left; but when her mother turned to her sofa, she found her little daughter eager to tell her something.

"Oh, mother!" she cried, "I must see that little girl; I have something to tell her."

"I'll see her for you, dear," said Mrs. Lomax, "and tell her anything you say."

But Patty, who had been so reasonable and obedient, did not seem able to listen to reason. She wept, and entreated to be carried to the hospital, until at last her mother consented to let her go in a closed carriage with her father to lift her in and out, and carry her every step up and down the halls and stairway. "Only father," she said; "I'd rather have only father."

After all, the drive did not seem to hurt Patty at all; when she had taken off her wraps in the waiting-room, and was being carried up to the ward, she whispered a little nervously, "Can I see the little girl all by myself, father."

Mr. Lomax felt troubled at this almost stubborn secrecy. "I think not, daughter," he said gravely; "the nurse would hardly leave her patient in the hands of such a little girl as you. Why is it that you can't trust me to hear what you have to say?"

Patty hesitated a minute, and then said, "I'm so afraid you might laugh at it, or say it was just fancy; and oh, I couldn't stand anybody's laughing, because it helped me so."

Mr. Lomax held her closer to his breast.

"Dear little girl," he said to himself. Then he answered Patty in a very gentle voice: "You need have no fear of that, darling. Now that I know how you feel about it, whatever you have to say will be precious to me."

Nothing more was said, but the little arms tightened about his neck, and he heard a little sigh of content.

Laugh at her! No listener could have smiled at Patty's secret, except as one might smile in glad surprise if an angel spoke.

In very simple speech, as one child uses to another, Patty told this little hospital patient of her long time of suffering and disease; how she had felt that she could not stand the surgeon's table, the knife, the stitches, and all the horrors of an operation.

"But the night before it was to happen," said Patty, "after I had prayed with all my might to our Savior to help me to bear the pain I fell asleep, and dreamed that I saw Him.

"Oh, I wish you could know how He looked! Just as if He were all our mothers and fathers in one person. I did not hear Him speak, but I knew from His smile that He was going to be with me. And then I waked up, and remembered what He said when He was going back to heaven, 'Lo, I am with you alway.' And I wasn't afraid any more after that."

"And did it hurt very much?" eagerly asked the child in the cot.

"I don't know," said Patty, looking rather puzzled, "maybe it did. The doctor couldn't give me as much of the go-to-sleep stuff as he will you; and part of the time I knew what he was doing, and felt the pain. But I did not mind it; I said to myself, 'Why, I can easily stand it; just as long as I must.' You see, Jesus had answered my prayer, and He will answer yours, too. Don't forget, please, what He said about 'Lo, I am with you.'"

"Will you ask for me?" said the little stranger; "I don't know Him very well."

And Patty promised.—*Selected.*

Lesson 8.

Topic: "Our Father."

"Today we will talk about the many things that our Father in heaven does for us. Let us stop and think how many birds there are, (have children name some of them) how many four-footed pets people have in this world, and then think how many people there are—men, women and children. Who feeds them all? Why is it that the earth does not stop

growing food? Why is it that when you and your father and your mother go to bed at night you feel sure that during the hours of the night the vegetables in the garden will grow, and the fruit on the trees? It is certainly true that it is God your Heavenly Father who sees that all things grow to feed the living. But does God think of you alone among all this great multitude that He has to provide for? Could you not be forgotten by God? Even your own father and mother, who have comparatively only a few to remember, sometimes forget you. At least they say they do. Many a mother has had her child's hand burned on the stove, and she has said: "If I had not forgotten the child for a moment, this would not have occurred." But God never forgets us for a moment. He remembers every boy and every girl as if they were the only persons living. Such is God's great care for us."

For a recitation, "In God's Sight:"

Remember God is watching you;
For whether wrong or right,
No child in all this busy world
Is ever out of sight.
Yes, He who blessed the little ones
Is marking all you do,
Then let each word, and thought, and deed
Be honest, brave and true.
—*Jewels.*

Our Father in heaven sometimes answers our prayers in a way that we do not expect. I will tell you about three little girls who were lost and who prayed for help:

"Therese, it is so dark, I am afraid!" sobbed little Gretchen.

"Let's sit down and rest," suggested Hans; "I'm so tired."

"We shall surely see the light very soon," said Therese bravely; "but we will rest a little if thou art tired."

So the elder sister sat down on the grass and took Gretchen on her lap, while Hans nestled close to her side.

They had come out to gather wild flowers, and had wandered so far into the woods that when Therese said they must go home, they looked in vain for the path by which they had come. While they were trying to find the way home, it grew so dark that the little ones were frightened, and even ten-year-old Therese had hard work to keep the tears from her voice as she tried to comfort them.

"We never shall find our home," said Hans, gloomily.

"O Therese, shall we never again see the dear mother?" wailed Gretchen.

"Yes, little one, thou shalt see her; never fear. Thou hast forgotten, Hans, that the dear Lord takes care of us. Let us ask Him to show us the way. Mother says that He always hears."

"Will He send a shining one to take us home, as He did to Peter when he was in prison?" asked Hans, eagerly.

"I should like to see a shining one," said Gretchen, clasping her fat little hands. "Ask Him, Therese."

So three little heads were bowed, and three pairs of small hands were clasped as Therese prayed: "Dear Lord Jesus, we have lost our way, and the mother will be so afraid about us. Please send an angel to take us home."

"Will the sky open and let the angel through?" asked Hans, gazing up into the darkness.

"Perhaps we shall not see the angel," said Therese. "Mother says they are often near, but people do not see them, now."

Just then the faint tinkle of a bell broke the silence of the forest.

"Are the shining ones coming?" asked little Gretchen in an awed voice.

Tinkle, tinkle, came the sound of the bell, nearer and nearer.

"That's our old Brownie!" exclaimed Hans.

And sure enough, there was their own old cow coming toward them through the woods.

"She will know the way home; we will follow her!" cried Therese, springing up.

"But where is the angel?" asked Gretchen, anxiously, as Therese helped her along the dark path.

"Why, thou seest that Brownie has come instead," answered Therese. "She will do just as well, will she not?"

"Perhaps the angel went to some other little children," remarked Hans. "See, there is the light in the window! Hurrah!"

The cow had soon led them into the old familiar path, and there indeed was the light from the cottage, and their mother at the door.

"But I did want to see a shining one," said little Gretchen, as she ate her bread and milk. "Did the dear Lord forget to send one, mother? Perhaps they were all too busy."

"No, little one," answered the mother, softly stroking the yellow curls; "the Lord Jesus never forgets. He sent an angel to thee, though thou couldst not see him. 'Twas he that led Brownie to thee, and guided the poor beast safely home. Remember that the dear Lord always hears."—*Selected.*

Use the Lord's Prayer in concert wherever it fits in best.

THIRD GRADE.

(Children eight and nine years of age.)

Subject: The Ten Commandments.

Lesson 5.

Topic: The Story of Joseph.

Suggestions:

Be sure to read the story of Joseph in the Old Testament. As suggested last month, "The Favorite Son" will be found to be a very interesting account of Joseph for the children, and we again recommend that one copy at least be secured for home reading.

Memory Gem:

"For where envying and strife is, there is confusion and every evil work."—*James* 3: 16.

Questions:

Where was Joseph born?

How old was Joseph when he was taken to Hebron? How old was Joseph when he was sold into Egypt?

Relate Joseph's dreams.

Describe Joseph's coat.

Suggestive Talk:

"Today let us join the company of Israel's followers as they move slowly through the land toward the south, where, at Hebron, a blind father sits in his tent awaiting the coming of his son. On the way we come to Bethel, and stand reverently aside as Israel builds an altar and offers a sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving for the vision of angels given him in that place, and the promise of the Lord which had been his comfort and stay through all the years. We can almost hear God speak as He appeared to His servant, again saying, "Thy name shall not be called any more Jacob, but Israel shall be thy name. The land which I gave Abraham and Isaac to thee will I give it, and to thy seed after thee will I give the land;" and we know the joy with which Israel sets up another memorial stone, and pours a drink offering over it and anoints it with oil, again saying, "The name of this place shall be called Bethel, for it is the house of God."

As we continue the journey we reach Bethlehem, the place where many hundreds of years later the angels sang a song of joy to wondering shepherds because of the birth of a baby who was lying in a manger in the city near by. And there the heart of Israel is made glad because of the birth of a son. But soon we see the light of gladness go out for Israel, because with the beginning of the new life of the child upon the earth has come also the beginning of a new life for the mother in the heavenly home. This was a joyful thing for her, but for Israel it meant that the years before he could join her would be years of loneliness and grief, for this mother was the beloved Rachel for whom Israel had served many long years, but thought of them only as days because of the great love he had for her.

Finally, Hebron is reached, and we see Israel go to the tent of his father and we know that all hearts are glad because of the home-coming of this son. In the weeks and months that follow we may often see the seven-year-old boy Joseph sitting at the feet of his grandfather listening to stories of things that happened when he was a boy, just as boys and girls of today eagerly listen to the stories of what their fathers and mothers and grandfathers and grandmothers did when they were young. During the ten years that follow, it is easy to see that the family of twelve brothers is not altogether a happy family. There seem to be signs of envy and bitterness among them. What is the trouble? (Let the dreams of Joseph and the coat his father gave him be told by the pupils.) Yes, there had grown up in the family envying and strife, and these always bring—(memory gem.) Israel did not know how bitter the feeling of his older sons was for Joseph, and one time, when they had been away with their sheep for quite a while, he sent Joseph to find out how they were getting along and whether they were all safe and well, for it was a country in which there were many wild beasts, and men who would not hesitate to kill when they wished to steal. Joseph went to Shechem, where his father told him he would find his brothers, but they were not there. Many a boy would have gone back home from Shechem, but Joseph knew he had been sent to find his brothers, and so he persevered until he met a man who told him that they had gone to Dothan.

When the brothers saw him coming there was no gratitude in their hearts for the long journey he had taken for their sakes, but only a hatred that grew with every step he took toward them. They said one to another: "Here comes this dreamer; let us kill him and cast him into some pit, and we will say to his father that some evil beast hath devoured him, and we shall see what will become of his dreams." But Reuben persuaded them not to kill their brother, but to put him into a pit and leave him there to die, thinking that he could come back after they had gone away and take Joseph out of the pit and so save his life. When Joseph came to his brothers, instead of receiving a friendly greeting he found himself seized,

stripped of his coat, and lowered into a pit, or dry well, near by, and left there while they, deaf to his entreaties, sat and ate the things he had brought them. Reuben went away to perform some duty for the flocks, and while he was gone the brothers saw a company of Ishmaelites coming from Gilead, with spices, and balm, and myrrh, on their way to Egypt, where they expected to sell these things. Judah, as he saw the merchants, said to the others: 'What good will it do us to kill our brother? Let us sell him to the Ishmaelites." So they took him out of the pit, and sold him for twenty pieces of silver. After a time Reuben, knowing nothing of what had been done, went back to the pit to take Joseph out, and finding the pit empty he said with great sorrow, "The child is not, and I, whither shall I go?" But he must have joined with his brothers in the deception that followed.

Judah had said when he suggested selling Joseph that it would be better to sell him to be a slave, for then they would not be guilty of his murder; but it is easy to see that they were really guilty of what they had planned to do, and that because of envy and hatred they had become utterly heartless and cruel. They not only cared nothing for the cries and tears of Joseph, but deliberately brought upon their father what they knew would be inconsolable sorrow. One crime always leads to another, and some one has said, Satan has many tools, but a lie is the handle that fits them all." Anyone who deliberately plans to do an evil thing at the same time plans a lie to cover it up. So these cruel brothers acted the lie they had planned when they first thought of killing Joseph, and taking the coat which the loving father had given to his son, and dipping it in the blood of a young goat which they had killed, they took the ghastly thing to their father and said: "This have we found. Know now whether it be thy son's coat or not." And the poor father was smitten with grief that could not be comforted as he said, "It is my son's coat; an evil beast hath devoured him; Joseph is without doubt rent in pieces."—*Selected.*

Lesson 6.

Topic: Story of Joseph.

Memory Gem:

"Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

Suggestive Talk:

Last week, we began the study of a life which is one of the most beautiful stories in the Old Testament. What is the name of the hero of the story? Where was he born? How old was he when he was taken to his grandfather's home in Hebron? Why were his older brothers envious of him? What happens where envy and strife are found? (Memory gem from last lesson.) What did the brothers do to Joseph because of their envy and hatred? Is it true that all things do work together for good to those who love God?

It did not seem as if it could possibly be a good thing for Joseph, or for his father, for the lad to be dragged away to Egypt. It must have been hard for the boy to keep hope for the future and trust in God firm, as he saw the hills among which his father's tents were pitched growing blue in the distance, and felt the hot sands of the desert under his feet. Harder still, perhaps, when he, a boy, who had known nothing of want or hardship, was put up for sale, in a common slave market, in Egypt. But after all, Joseph did not go into Egypt alone. The same God who had said to his father, "I am with thee, and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest," was with Joseph, as He is always with everyone who through obedience

walks in His ways. No doubt there were many bidders when the strong young Hebrew boy was put up for sale; but the successful one was Potiphar, an officer of the king, and Joseph became a slave in his house. Many a boy put in such a position would have thought: "Those dreams of mine could not have meant anything after all. Here I am a slave, and I never can get out of this slavery, so my life is ruined, and there is no use trying to do aything." But Joseph knew the God in whom he believed, and he trusted the Heavenly Father enough to know that He could make the dreams come true in spite of all Egypt for one who would be faithful to Him. So he began his duties as a slave with the determination to do everything that was given him to do in the best possible way. It made no difference in the kind of work he did whether Potiphar or any of his helpers saw him at his task or not; for while working for his earthly master he was really serving the Lord of hosts, and the watchword of his life was "Thou God seest me."

After a while Potiphar came to know that this slave from Canaan was one of the most faithful servants he ever had owned, and he began giving Joseph positions of trust. Each new duty was performed with such care, and so perfectly, that Potiphar trusted Joseph more and more, until he was made overseer in his house and over all that he had.

In the height of Joseph's popularity and honor in Potiphar's house come dark disgrace, for he was wrongfully accused of having betrayed his master's trust, and was thrown into a prison dungeon where the chains with which he was bound pierced his flesh. Surely now, if we could go into that dungeon and talk with Joseph, we would find him ready to give up his trust and hear him say, "It is no use trying to serve God." No, the brave and hopeful spirit of Joseph did not give way even under this great test. How can we be sure of that? By this, that when after a time he was taken out of the dungeon and given some work to do in the prison, he did it just as faithfully as he had done, while serving Potiphar. There is always something in the face of a man or woman, boy or girl, who loves and serves the Lord that makes people know they are to be trusted. It must have been so with Joseph, and it was not very long before the keeper placed him in charge of other prisoners.

One day, after Joseph was in charge of the wards, two new prisoners came in. They were the chief butler and the chief baker of Pharaoh the king, and he had become angry at them for something they had done or that he thought they had done. Joseph, as he made his rounds one morning, saw that both men looked troubled and asked, "Wherefore look ye so sadly today?" They told him that they both had had a dream the night before which they could not understand, and as they were in prison they could not consult the men whose business it was to interpret dreams; that is, the wise men or magicians. Joseph told them that God alone could give the true interpretation, and then asked them to tell him the dreams. This they did, the chief butler speaking first. Joseph interpreted their dreams, giving hope to the butler of early release from prison and restoration to office, but to the baker he could not give any hope, for he had to say that within three days, Pharaoh would have him put to death. These things happened just as Joseph had said they would, for on the third day, which was the king's birthday, he made a feast for his servants and at that time he restored the chief butler to his place, and gave orders to have the baker executed.

Suppose that Joseph, when he went to the cell of the butler and baker that morning, had been so selfishly thinking of his own trouble, of his false imprisonment, and the failure of his hopes, that he had had no thought for the men under his care and so had not noticed that they looked sad. Or suppose that he had not cared enough for them to ask what the trouble was. Then he would not have known what their trouble was; but all his future

and the great things God was planning for him and through him for many thousands of other people, depended on that little act of kindness which the faithful love of Joseph led him to perform. How careful it should make everyone of us to be faithful in the least of the opportunities that come to us, in order that our heavenly Father may bring into our lives all the things that his great love makes him wish to give. What is the command in our memory gem? What is the promise? Yes, "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having the promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come." We will have great rewards in the life "which now is," if we try to be like God, but in the heavenly home there will be joys that are beyond our power to imagine.—*Selected.*

Lesson 7.

Topic: The Story of Joseph.

Suggestions:

Review briefly the preceding lessons on this topic. It is a good plan to ask for everything learned on the subject up to this lesson. The result will be, that each of the boys and girls will get a grip on the really important facts and principles. Be rapid and enthusiastic in asking questions. Do not go into details, have all the points of the story in your mind, and by the use of questions get the children to give you the narrative as far as you have given it to them.

Memory Gem:

"I will pray for wisdom to be and do right."

Suggestive Talk:

In the life of Joseph, from his boyhood on, there have been many changes. We have seen him living in his father's home, in the sunshine of love, comfort, and happiness, and we have found him in the darkness of slavery, and suffering unjustly in prison; and so far there has been more darkness than light in the story. But we have seen how bravely Joseph met every trial, keeping his trust in God, and able because of that trust to endure injustice, imprisonment, and hardships as hopefully as you and I would pass through a dark tunnel on the railroad, knowing that we would surely come out into the light, before very long.

Probably there was no time in all the life of Joseph when it was harder for him to be patient and hopeful than during the weeks and months that followed the release of the butler. Joseph had been kind to him in the prison in many ways besides interpreting his dream. The man was in a high position in Pharaoh's court, and no doubt could have secured Joseph's release by simply asking it as a personal favor from the king. When Joseph interpreted the butler's dream, he said: "Think on me when it shall be well with thee, and show kindness, I pray thee, unto me, and make mention of me unto Pharaoh, and bring me out of this house * * * for indeed I was stolen away out of the land of the Hebrews: and here also have * * * I done nothing that they should put me into the dungeon." Of course, the butler readily gave his promise, but, in his own good fortune and joy, he forgot the lonely prisoner, and did not keep his word. Do "all things work together for good?" Yes, even this; for if the butler had remembered and had spoken to the king, Joseph would have been let out of prison, but he would still have been a slave. You and I can see, as we read his story, how God was planning greater and better things for His faithful servant, but Joseph in the prison could not know anything about that; he could only

trust. Those two years must have seemed very long to the prisoner, for every day he was hoping and praying that the butler might remember his promise, and as the days and weeks and months went by, and release did not come, Joseph must have known how true it is that "hope deferred maketh the heart sick." Still his trust in God kept him from getting discouraged and giving up to despair.

Finally, a morning dawned that ushered in what was to be the greatest day in the life of Joseph, and a great day for Egypt, as well. The keeper's helper in the prison went about his duties without any hint that the Lord whom he had honored by faithful service and trust through thirteen years of slavery and prison life would on that day honor him before one of the greatest nations on earth. There was great excitement in Pharaoh's court that morning. The king had had two dreams, which he felt very sure were prophecies of things to come that were of the greatest importance to him and to his people. Always before, he had found his wise men and magacians ready with an interpretation for any dream, but now, when the dreams seemed of the utmost importance, and when he felt that he simply must know the meaning and know it at once, they declared that they could not tell what the dreams meant. When the chief butler heard Pharaoh tell his dreams and saw that no one could interpret them, he suddenly thought of the man who had interpreted his own dream in the prison two years before, and he exclaimed to the king, "I do remember my faults this day!" Then he went on to say, "When you were angry with me and with the chief baker, and put both of us in prison, we each had a dream one night, and a young man who was there, a Hebrew servant of the captain of the guard, interpreted our dreams, and his interpretation was true, for it all happened just as he said." Pharaoh gave orders that this young Hebrew should be brought at once to the palace. And so it happened that Joseph was stopped in the midst of his prison duties, and hurried away to the palace as soon as he could shave and change his clothing. When he went into the court Pharaoh said to him, "I have had a dream of which no one can tell the meaning, and they tell me that you can understand a dream * * * interpret it." But Joseph answered, "It is not in me, but God shall give Pharaoh an answer of peace." Then said Pharaoh: "I dreamed that I stood on the bank of the river, and as I looked there came up out of the river seven cows, fat and well-favored, and they began feeding in the meadow. Then came up after them seven other cows that were poor and very ill-favored and so lean that I never saw any so bad in all the land of Egypt. And the lean and ill-favored cows ate up the seven fat ones, and when they had done so it could not be known that they had eaten them, for they were still thin and ill-favored as at the beginning. I woke up after that dream and when I slept again I had another dream in which I saw seven ears of grain come up on one stalk, and they were full and good. As I looked, seven other ears, withered, thin, and blasted with the east wind, sprang up after them, and the thin ears devoured the good ears. These are the dreams which I told to the magicians, but none could declare the meaning."

Joseph said: "The dreams of Pharaoh are one, and through them God is showing you what He is about to do. The seven fat cows represent seven years, and the seven good ears are seven years; and the thin and ill-favored cows that came up after them are seven years, and the seven empty ears blasted with the east wind represent the same years; and this is the meaning of the dreams: There are coming seven years of great plenty throughout all the land of Egypt, and there shall arise after them seven years of famine so terrible that all the years of plenty will be forgotten in the land; and the reason why two dreams are sent, which mean the same thing, is that the thing is prepared of God, and God will surely bring it to pass." Then, having told the meaning of the dreams, Joseph, taught by the God

of wisdom, suggested to the king a wise plan by which he might prepare his country to meet the years of famine. Read Genesis 41: 33-37.

Then came the most astonishing thing that ever happened in the life of Joseph; that is, it would be amazing to anyone who did not know of the long years of faithfulness and trust, hardship and struggle, through which Joseph had been prepared by his heavenly Father for this hour. Anyone who did not know these things would see in Joseph only a Hebrew convict and a slave. But we know him and know that he was a prince of the most high God, and a friend of God, for through all the years Joseph had walked with God, had talked with Him and been taught by Him. When Joseph had stated the plan which made necessary the selection of a man who could be trusted to manage and oversee the work, Pharaoh said to his people, "Can we find anyone else so good as this man himself, in whom dwells the Spirit of God?" And to Joseph he said, "As God has given you this wisdom, there is no one else so wise as you are, so I will make you a ruler over all my people, next to me in power, and only on the throne will I be greater than you." Then the king took off the ring from his hand and put it upon Joseph's hand, and gave him rich and beautiful clothing, and put a gold chain about his neck, and had him ride in a chariot next to his own, and as he rode the people cried, "Bow the knee," and they bowed before him.

This was a great change for Joseph, and the strength of his character is shown in the fact that he was not spoiled by it in the least. It is a good deal harder to be humble, and trustful, and loving in great prosperity than it is in adversity; but Joseph knew it was not through his own wisdom or anything in him which had given him this great power, but the wisdom and love of God, and so he did not become boastful, proud, or conceited, but went about doing his work with the same faithfulness that he had shown when a boy in his father's house and through his years of slavery and prison life in a strange country. What a beautiful story it is! Read Acts 7: 9, 10. God was with him; that was the secret of it all. "All things work together for good"—to whom? Each one of us is weaving part of a life story every day. What sort of a story shall it be? Let us pray the Father that He will help us to make our lives more and more beautiful every day, with trust and obedience.—*Selected.*

Lesson 8.

Topic: Story of Joseph.

Memory Gem:

"Always endeavor to show forgiveness, because God forgives us."

Suggestive Talk:

We have seen how Joseph the prisoner and slave was made a great ruler in Egypt, second only to the king himself. What work did Joseph plan, and oversee, during the seven years of plenty? Relate the story of the famine in Canaan and the first journey of Joseph's brothers, seeking for grain. Why did the people of Canaan send to Egypt to buy grain? In what way did Joseph test his brothers when they came to buy? Why did he wish to test them?

When the brothers came back to Egypt bringing Joseph's own brother Benjamin, they were told that the governor wished them to take dinner in his house. Instead of being glad because of the honor of such an invitation they were frightened, thinking it was only a plan to do them harm in some way; for of course they could not understand why an utter stranger, as they supposed the governor to be, would take any interest in a few men from Canaan who had come down to buy grain. However, when they saw

that Simeon, their brother who had been left in Egypt a surety for the return of the others, was well and had evidently been well treated, they felt a little less afraid as they went in to the dinner. There a new surprise awaited them, for they found themselves placed at the table according to their ages, and they must have wondered how anyone knew enough about them to arrange their seats in that way.

After the dinner was over, Joseph ordered his steward to fill the sacks which his brothers had brought, with grain; to put every man's money in the mouth of the sack! and in the sack of the youngest—that is, in Benjamin's —to put Joseph's silver cup as well as the money. This was done, and the eleven brothers, knowing nothing of the money or the cup, started for home. When they had gone a little distance out of the city, Joseph sent the steward after them, telling him to say: "Why have you rewarded evil for good? Why have you taken my master's silver cup after all he has done for you?" The steward did as he was told, and of course all the men said: "God forbid that we should do such a thing! You know that we brought back the money which we found in our sacks the last time we came. Why should we steal silver or gold from your master? If the cup is found in any of our sacks, let the one in whose sack it is found be put to death, and the rest of us will be slaves to your master forever." Then the sacks were untied and the search was made, beginning with the eldest and ending with the youngest. Of course, the cup was found in Benjamin's sack, and the brothers in agony of spirit rent their clothes, and sorrowfully took their way back to the city. When they came where Joseph was, they threw themselves on the ground before him, and he said, "What is this that ye have done?" Then Judah said: "What can we say, or how can we clear ourselves?"

Do you see what a test Joseph was making of those men? If those brothers had hated Benjamin, as in the old days they had hated Joseph; if they had been envious and jealous as they were when they sold Joseph; they would have been glad enough to go home and leave Benjamin a slave in Egypt, and they could truthfully tell their father (for they believed that Benjamin had taken the cup) that it was through his own sin that they were compelled to leave him in Egypt. But those ten men had changed in spirit during the years that Joseph had been in Egypt; and so completely changed were they that Judah actually plead with Joseph to let him take Benjamin's place and be the slave, in order that Benjamin might go back to his father. Let us read Judah's words, and see the love and self-sacrifice that breathe through them. (Genesis 44: 18-34.)

When Joseph heard that loving plea, he could restrain himself no longer. His heart was fairly bursting with love and gladness, for he knew that these men were now really brothers, with the kind of love that brothers should have for one another, so he sent everyone else out of the room, and made himself known to the astonished men. Ten of them were troubled when they knew that this great ruler was the brother whom they had so cruelly wronged, but Joseph showed them how even the evil that they had meant to do had worked out in good, for he said, "Now, therefore, be not grieved, nor angry with yourselves, that ye sold me hither; for God did send me before you to preserve life." Then he told them to go back and get their father and all their families and possessions, and come to Egypt so that he might care for all of them in the years of famine that yet remained. So they went back with the glad news to their father that Joseph was alive, and a great ruler, and that he wished all of them to come to him in Egypt. The aged father could hardly believe the news at first, but after a time he saw with his own eyes the son he had long mourned as dead, and all his family were settled in the fertile land of Goshen in the eastern part of Egypt. There Joseph cared for them until his father's death, when he and his brothers carried out their father's wish by taking his body back to Canaan and burying it in the tomb which Abraham bought for Sarah.

After their return to Egypt, the brothers, fearing that Joseph had been kind to them only for his father's sake, sent a message to him saying that his father had asked that he forgive his brothers the sin which they did. Let us read Joseph's answer in Genesis 50: 19-21.

Does it look, in this story, as if things not only worked together for good to those who loved God, but also for the ten brothers who did not love God at the time when they sold Joseph, and their sin was great; but we must remember that those brothers became changed in spirit. If they had not been different, Joseph never would have done for them what he did. When they became loving instead of envious, and kind-hearted instead of jealous, they began to have the godliness which is profitable unto all things, and has the promise of the life which now is, and of that which is to come.—*Selected.*

FOURTH GRADE.

(Boys and girls ten and eleven years of age.)

Subject: The Word of Wisdom.

Lesson 5.

Topic: Wisdom.

Divisions: 1. Review of last lesson.

2. Recitation of the first paragraph of revelation on Word of Wisdom.

3. Illustrate what is meant by a word of wisdom. (The first eight chapters of Proverbs are upon the subject of wisdom. The teacher should read them and select a number of verses for members of the class to memorize and recite in answer to this part of the lesson.)

4. Have class relate personal experiences which proves the value of listening to words of wisdom or advice.

5. Let a member of the class relate the following and explain why it might be called a Word of Wisdom:

It is said that when sight-seers visit the wonderful Mammoth Cave in Kentucky that the guides mount a sort of pulpit, before entering its gloomy depths, and preach the tourists a sermon. This sermon consists of only five words, and yet its importance cannot be overestimated. These words are: "Keep close to your guide." To fall back, or depend upon oneself for even one instant while within this largest known cavern in the world, may mean death. Its pitfalls are deep and numerous. Only the guide knows where safety lies. Even beneath the power of the strongest illumination the darkness is so intense that but imperfectly is revealed its wonder and beauty, its fairylike magic haunts, its myriads of scintillating stalactites. But side by side with every gleaming glory lurks also—death, sure and certain, unless accompanied by a safe guide. The Bottomless Pit, the Dead Sea, the Covered Way, the Solitary Cave, the Covered Pit, the Deserted Chambers, and the unknown depths of Echo River are all ready to greedily claim victims from the hundreds of tourists who pass, wonder-eyed and awe-stricken, through the vast subterranean passages, chambers, and halls.

Wherein lies their safeguard? Only in obeying faithfully the admonition of the five-word sermon: "Keep close to your guide."

Are we not tourists on a longer journey and through even more devious ways, daily passing marvelous wonders that have become commonplace to us only because of our familiarity with them? Even so, we are encompassed about with dangers and pitfalls, and our safety lies in keeping close to our

Guide. Worldliness may estrange us, perhaps, from our Guide more quickly than almost any other allurement. It is so beautiful, the ways of pleasure seem so inviting. Let us not be deceived. Cling close to our Guide. Only in daily, hourly communion; only in earnest, worthy service; only in giving our best and trusting him for the rest, lie safety. Our Guide knows the way. He can safely lead us, avoiding all snares and pitfalls that beset the way through life's journey. Keep close to the Guide.—*Selected.*

Lesson 6.

Topic: Humility of Joseph Smith.

Divisions: 1. Review.

2. Where was Joseph Smith at the time that He received the revelation on the Word of Wisdom?

3. Give the date of this revelation.

4. How old was Joseph Smith at this time?

5. Read the first paragraph of chapter 23, History of the Church, or chapter 23, Joseph Smith the Prophet, by George Q. Cannon. Explain what the Prophet Joseph was doing about the time of this revelation.

6. Read the second paragraph of chapter 23, History of the Church. Give an account in your own words of the "Ordinance of the Washing of Feet."

7. Relate story of Jesus washing the feet of His disciples. John 13, 1-17.

8. For supplementary work on humility see *The Children's Friend,* Lesson 10, March, 1908.

Lesson 7.

Topic: Duties of High Priests.

Divisions: 1. Recitation of first paragraph of Word of Wisdom.

2. Review of last lesson.

3. From what we have studied about the Prophet Joseph tell what kind of a man you think he was. (See "The Choice Seer," Life of Joseph Smith, by George Q. Cannon.

4. The revelation that we are studying says, "For the benefit of the Council of High Priests." Tell what you can about this order in the Priesthood, their duties, etc. Why should they especially be mentioned in this revelation? (See section 68, The Doctrine and Covenants.)

5. Explain as well as you can the duties of a Bishop and tell why he is known as the "Father of his Ward."

6. Why do the saints go to the Bishop for advice and help, especially in times of trouble?

7. Teachers and members of the class may relate instances of help and kindness shown by the Bishop and his counselors.

Lesson 8.

Topic: Zion.

Divisions: 1. Review of last three lessons.

2. Tell where Kirtland is situated.

3. How many branches of the Church were there at this time? (See chapters 8-12, "A Young Folks' History of the Church, by Nephi Anderson.")

4. Have a good map and locate the towns where branches of the Church was established. If you have not a large map use the ones which

may be found in "A Young Folks' History of the Church" by Nephi Anderson.

5. State what is meant by "Zion." (See chapter 12, "A Young Folks' History of the Church, by Nephi Anderson."

6. State what is meant by "Latter-day Saints."

7. Explain what your think is meant by being "Pure in Heart."

8. For supplementary story, "A Christmas Vision," on page 454, November number, for 1908.

FIFTH GRADE.

(Boys and girls twelve and thirteen years of age.)

Subject: The Articles of Faith.

Lesson 5.

Topic: Faith.

Divisions: 1. Class Recitation; Article 1—We believe in God, the Eternay Father, and in His Son, Jesus Christ, and in the Holy Ghost.

2. Brief review of Lecture 1. The Articles of Faith, by James E. Talmage.

3. Why is it necessary for us to have faith in God? Lecture 2, paragraph 1.

4. What is faith? Give illustration from Orson Pratt as related in "The Gospel," by B. H. Roberts, page 46.

5. What is the gift of faith? See "The Gospel," by B. H. Roberts, page 48.

6. Relate the following:

Sam Jones was talking to a man of weak faith. The doubter asked if Mr. Jones could not give him a demonstration of religion.

"None," was the reply. "You must get inside the fold, and the demonstration will come of itself. Humble yourself, have faith, and you shall know the truth."

"In other words, I must believe, accept it before it is proved, and believe it without proof."

"Now, hold on right here. Out West they have a place for watering cattle. The cattle have to mount a platform to reach the troughs. As they step on the platform their weight presses a lever, and this throws the water in the troughs. They have to get on the platform, through faith, and this act provides the water and leads them to it.

"You are like a smart steer that slips around to the barnyard and peeps in the trough without getting on the platform. He finds the trough dry, of course, for it needs his weight on the platform to force the water up. He turns away disgusted, and tells everybody there's no use getting on the platform, for there's no water in the trough. Another steer not so smart, but with more faith, steps on the platform, the water springs into the trough and he marches up and drinks.

"That's the way with religion. You've got to get on the platform. You can't even examine it intelligently until you are on the platform. If you slide around the back way you'll find the trough dry. But step on the platform, and the water and faith come together, without any trouble—certain and sure and abundant."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Lesson 6.

Topic: The Existence of God.

Divisions: 1. Class recitation of Article 1.

2. Review of lesson on faith.

3. What knowledge of God did Adam have? (See "The Gospel," by B. H. Roberts, page 89-90.

4. How old was Adam when he died? (Genesis 5: 5.)

5. Tell how Adam could have passed on his knowledge of God up to the time of the flood. See "The Gospel," by B. H. Roberts, page 90; also "The Articles of Faith," by J. E. Talmage, page 28.

6. How did Noah know for himself that God did exist. See Genesis 6: 13, also 7: 1, also 8: 15.

7. How long did Noah live to tell his children and his children's children that he knew God and had talked with Him. See "The Articles of Faith," page 30.

Lesson 7.

Topic: The Existence of God.

Divisions: 1. Review of last lesson.

2. Class recitation of Article 1.

3. Why does reason tell us that God exists? See "The Articles of Faith," Lecture 2, paragraph 7.

4. What does the Bible mean when it says, "The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God." See "The Articles of Faith, Lecture 2, paragraph 11.

Relate the following:

In that beautiful part of Germany which borders on the Rhine there is a noble castle, which, as you travel on the western bank of the river, you may see lifting its ancient towers on the opposite side above the grove of trees about as old as itself.

About ninety years ago there lived in that castle a noble gentleman, who had an only son, the comfort of his father and a blessing to all who lived on his father's estate.

It so happened once that while this young man was away from home a French gentleman came to the castle on a visit. The talk of this Frenchman concerning God was such that it chilled the old man's blood. The old baron reproved his guest, saying: "Are you not afraid of offending God, who rules above, by speaking in such a manner?"

The Frenchman said he knew nothing about God, for he had never seen Him. The baron took no further notice of this answer at the time, but the next morning took him about his castle and profited by the occasion to show him a very beautiful picture that hung on the wall. The man admired the painting very much, and said:

"Whoever painted that picture knows how to use the brush."

"My son painted that picture," quietly returned the baron.

"Then your son is a clever artist indeed," replied the gentleman.

The baron then took his guest into the garden, and showed him many beautiful flowers and rare plants.

"Who has the ordering of this garden?" asked the visitor.

"My son," said the baron; "he knows every plant, I may say, from the cedar of Lebanon, to the hyssop that grows on the wall."

"Indeed!" replied the Frenchman. "I shall think very highly of him soon."

The baron then went with his visitor into the village and showed him a neat little cottage, where his son had established a school, in which all young children that had lost their parents were received and brought up at

his own expense. The children in the home all looked so happy that the man was very much pleased, and when he returned to the castle he said to the baron: "What a happy man you are to have such a good son!"

"How do you know that I have such a good son?"

"Because I have seen his works, and I know that he must be good and clever from all that you have shown me."

"But you have never seen him."

"No, but I know him very well, because I judge him by his works."

"True," replied the old nobleman, "and thus you should judge of the character of our Heavenly Father. From His works you must see that He is a Being of infinite wisdom, power and goodness."

The Frenchman felt the force of the reproof, and was careful not to offend the good old baron any more by his remarks.

Lesson 8.

Topic: Revelation.

Divisions: 1. Review.

2. Explain what is said about revelation in The Articles of Faith, Lecture 2, paragraph 12.

3. Describe the manifestation which Moses received from God. See Lecture 2, paragraph 13.

4. Tell the experience of Joshua as related in Lecture 2, paragraph 14.

5. How was the voice of God heard when our Savior was coming up out of the waters of baptism? Lecture 2, paragraph 15.

6. What does the Book of Mormon tell us about revelations from God? Lecture 2, paragraph 16.

7. How has God been revealed in these last days? Lecture 2, paragraph 17.

WASHINGTON AND LAFAYETTE AT MOUNT VERNON.

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND

Vol. VIII. FEBRUARY, 1909. No. 2.

THE STORY OF WASHINGTON.

Come, gather round me, children,
And list to what I say;
A man both good and noble
Was born upon this day.

Ah, you have heard the story
Of George, the brave and true,
Whose birth each year we celebrate
On February twenty-two!

Then you have heard the saying,
That "he never told a lie,"
And when task and work was given,
He so patiently would try.

And by working well thus early
He became a soldier brave—
One so wise and so courageous,
That his country he did save.

Yes, we all say now, so truly,
First in war and peace he was;
First in all hearts of the people,
Whom he served in every cause.

Then we'll shout aloud the story,
Send it forth from strand to strand,
For as "Father of his country"
He is known in every land.

—Emma G. Saulsbury in Child Garden.

THE BOYHOOD OF A GREAT CITIZEN.

Somehow the name of Washington seems to fit into the Proverbs of Solomon. It is hardly possible to read his life without thinking of the words, "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom" (Prov. 1:7). The twenty-second of February is a cheerful day for all American patriots. The day may be cold and blustery, but there is always a delightful memory in the soul when you see the stars and stripes floating over the public buildings and think of the boyhood and the life of that great American.

Fix in your mind his birthplace and the date of his birth—Pope's Creek, Virginia, February 22, 1732. Perhaps you thought that he was an Englishman; but not so. He was old Virginia's gift to the nation. A noble gift it was, and for which we are all thankful. It is said that George was a splendid looking boy, with large blue eyes, brown hair, and healthy countenance. His father, Augustine Washington, was a Christian ,and was bent on putting into his son's character those noble virtues of which we read, such as sincerity, courage, honor, sobriety, and truth. A playful incident taught his son a great lesson. Unknown to George, his father told the gardener to plant some seeds in the garden in such a way that in growing up they would read, "George Washington." When he saw how intelligent the seeds were, and how kind they were to him, he knew someone had thought it all out to create surprise in his mind. His father said: "My boy, everything upon which you look had a First Cause." That First Cause is God.

The mother of Washington was brave ,pure, and beautiful. Her maiden name was Mary Ball. In a letter written at the time of her marriage it was said that she was a comely maiden with flaxen hair, blue eyes, and cheeks like May blossoms. She was very proud of her boy. She was a student of the Bible. It is a great thing to have a wise and good mother. It gives one a good start for the right in passing through this wicked world.

Washington's schoolmasters brought him forward also in those things which are manly and honorable. They were of the old-fashioned kind, but paid strict attention to the manners and habits of their pupils. They tried to lay solid foundations for their character. George's mind seemed bent toward the higher mathematics. He was fond of surveying and went with a company of gentlemen into the wilds of Virginia. They roughed it in the mountains, slept in the cabins of the settlers, pushed through all kinds of weather, but came home in great spirits.

How singular it was that the military spirit showed itself so early in his life! It is all the more so since, when at school, he never fought with the boys. He said boys should not conduct themselves like ill-bred dogs. But he did drill the boys, both white and black, with cornstalks and broomsticks. Many a sham battle was fought there on the banks of

the Rappahannock. He seems to have been raised up by Providence for a special purpose, namely, to give liberty to America. Even England today is proud of his name. America will never let it die. Washington used some pretty big words when a boy. At thirteen he drew up some rules of conduct. This is one of them: "I must labor to keep alive in my breast that little spark of celestial fire called conscience."

In all that great life he led in after years, in which he was so highly honored, he never forgot that in order to have success some thing must be done, some other things left undone, and all things must be done right. Although born in a state where the tobacco plant was raised on almost every plantation, he always refused to put the vile thing in his mouth. The sinfulness of lying was ever before him and he refused to lie. Prayer was his constant habit in childhood, youth, and age.

The Word of God was his constant companion. He entered into the holy experiences of those who believe in Jesus as a personal Savior. Such a life had in it all the elements of greatness. It was not a haphazard affair. It was not cursed with indifference, intemperance, or other wickedness. Can the boys of America do better than to follow the wise, patriotic, and pious footsteps of this man, the "father of his country?"

Washington imitated the great Prophet of Galilee, who walked and talked with men, putting himself in sympathy with all their sorrows and sufferings, so that he might bring them to himself.

When you visit Mount Vernon, where Washington spent the last years of his life, you will be pleased to hear the old bell on the Potomac steamboat ring out at the wharf. You will be interested in visiting the mansion where he died. Everything about the place has a charm for boys and girls. The old furniture, the quaint dishes, the pictures, the swords, the key of the old French Bastile, the bric-a-brac, the ancient coach, and other relics. "Peace to the ashes of a good and great man, whose boyhood was never besmirched by wrongdoing."—*Selected.*

THE LITTLE MISSIONARY.

All people, and I think especially boys and girls admire brave deeds. Who is not thrilled when the band plays our beautiful, patriotic airs? Who does not want to shout and wave cap or handkerchief in the air at the sight of soldiers marching through the streets? And who has not wept at the touching stories of some daring young boy dying in battle for our country? We are always thrilled and touched by thoughts of daring deeds.

Our Heavenly Father loves any kind of bravery, but especially moral courage,—the bravery of the soul. And it is of this kind of bravery that we, owing to our civilization, or to some other cause, think too little. If a man rushes into a flaming building and rescues

a suffocating child, we clap our hands and cry aloud, and rightly he deserves our praise. But when a brave soul goes into the world with the message of Christ, and saves a fellow being from sin and worse than death—eternal sorrow, we, even we, who claim that that is the greatest thing on earth, speak never a word of praise or commendation, and yet it requires more courage to hear the scoffs and jeers of our fellow men than the flames of the burning building.

Today I am going to tell you a story of true bravery. It is the story of a little boy Briant Stringham Stevens, who was born in the Thirteenth ward, Salt Lake City, and who lived most of his life in Ogden. He only lived to be fourteen years old, but in that time he did more for the Cause of God than many people who live a life time.

At eight years of age he was baptized and was so impressed with the fact that he was now a member of the Church of Christ, that he at once felt the greatest desire to have all his friends have the same blessing. Among his little play-mates were several boys who were not members of this Church. He at once began to try to convert them. Not a day passed that he didn't make an effort to show them the truth. It was constantly in his mind. He played as the others did, but even in their play he was striving to convince them of the truth and beauty of the gospel. His soul seemed to be full of the Spirit of God. He was prayerful and earnest. He always did right himself, and his good example as well as his teachings had a great effect upon the minds of his play-mates. You know we are often more impressed by what people do than by what they say. Briant was a true Latter-day Saint. He always went to Sunday school, the Primary and other meetings. He taught the other children to be reverent. In the meeting house he always thought he was in the house of God and he was so anxious to have the Spirit of God there with him that he never laughed or played or did anything to displease the Spirit and drive it away. It isn't wrong to laugh and play, but one should do it at the proper time. And one can't promise our Heavenly Father and think at the same time of how the last game of marbles was lost or won.

After he was baptized he asked his little companions if they didn't want to join the Church. At first they were not interested, but he constantly urged them to go to meeting with him and constantly explained to them the doctrines of our Church until they all became anxious to join with him. Of course children of his age are under the care of parents, so Briant, wishing to do everything in the proper way, went to the parents and explained and urged the cause of their children until he gained their consent to let them become members of the Church. But as children, and in fact grown people, too often do these young converts sometimes forgot to be good Latter-day Saints. Their friend and teacher was always near to help and encourage them. He constantly reminded them of the right way to live, constantly urged them to do right. He himself was so good that they all admired and honored him. He was so pleasant and

jolly that they all loved and sought after him. He seemed never to forget for one instant the love of God and the necessity of serving Him constantly. His motto seemed to be "What Would Jesus Do?" And that idea seemed never to be out of his mind. At home he was a perpetual sunshine, never cross or sulky. Always eager to lighten the burdens of those around him. The cat, dog, and other domestic animals loved him with all the love of their natures because he was good to them. He seemed absolutely forgetful of himself, except in his desire to be good.

One day he was playing circus with some boys at the home of one of his friends when he fell from the trapeze and broke his right arm. He was only a block from home, but his mother was very ill, and he feared that the shock of seeing him in such a condition might make her worse, so he went to the doctors' office, and had the arm set. About an hour after the accident his father heard of it, and hurried to the doctors' office himself. There sat the boy smiling bravely. "I didn't want mama to know," he said, "for fear it might make her worse. I hope no one will tell her." When they reached home he went to her smiling happily. "I've sprained by arm, mama, but it is nothing serious and you mustn't be alarmed." She didn't learn for a long time afterward how badly he had been injured, and not from him even then.

Before the arm was entirely well he was playing on the roof of a neighbor's barn and slipped and fell. Of course the arm was hurt again. The old break was reopened, the broken bone protruding through the skin. It was covered with dirt and sand. Although he was nearly fainting with the pain, he wiped the bone as clean as he could with his handkerchief and put it back in place as well as he could. With his companion's help he got to the nearest drug store and asked them to send for the surgeon. Soon after his father found him again in the doctor's office. The treatment was naturally serious, being long and painful, but the little boy never cried or groaned. So you see he had physical courage as well as moral. When the operation was over he whispered to his father, "I'm all right, papa but take me home as soon as you can so as you can administer to me."

For weeks he lay suffering from the effects of the accident. But even in his agony he remembered his four young converts, as well as his other companions. When they came to visit him, which was often, for they all loved him tenderly, he urged them to go to their meetings and to be good and pure. He reminded his father to ordain them to the priesthood when it was time for them to receive it.

He was so anxious to recover and become strong and well again that he asked to be administered to frequently. No one had more faith than he of his recovery. He felt that he would get well, but he prayed continually and asked others to pray for him. "I am not afraid to die," he said to his parents, "for there is nothing in death to be afraid of, but I want to live to help build the temple in Jackson County and to see the Savior when he comes." But God had a greater

work for him than the building of the earthly temple. He was needed in the great eternity to build up the temple of God.

Several elders who had been constantly watching at his bed side, felt impressed that Briant, although he was only fourteen years old should be ordained an elder in the Church. So strongly were they each impressed with this idea that they spoke of it to Brother Stevens, who said that he had had the same impression. So it was done, and almost before the ordinance was completed the little sufferer dropped into a quiet sleep from which he never wakened. His little suffering body was laid to rest. His spirit freed from the tortured clay, ascended to God, but his good works, the little seeds of righteousness which he planted have grown and flourished, and are still bearing fruit.

Had he lived he would have been thirty-five years old now and he is not forgotten by those whose souls he helped to save,—those who learned to say "We will try to live as Briant Stevens lived—the lives of true Latter-day Saints. We will try as he did to ask ourselves "What would Jesus do?" and as he did strive each day to become more like Him."—*R. C. I.*

Member of the Ensign Stake Board of Primary Associations.

WHEN VIOLA RODE.

"Don't, please!" Viola Dawson covered her eyes with both hands as if to shut out the sight of something horrible which was about to happen. Nothing did happen, except the spirited antics of Belle's pony, and the young Wintertons laughed. Even Mrs. Winterton smiled.

"Viola never has been accustomed to horses, my dears," she said by way of apology. "She hasn't any idea yet what perfect madcaps you all are in the saddle. Don't be venturesome, Belle."

"I really expected she'd be thrown off and dreadfully hurt," Viola said, shyly, uncovering her eyes. Viola's voice was thin and childish yet—she was only thirteen—and she panted a little with the fright. "Why, I could no more"—Viola did not finish the sentence, but everybody knew what she meant to say.

"You'll learn fast enough," replied Jack Winterton, reining in his pony from a long gallop round the inclosure. "There's old Douglas—he wouldn't make trouble for anybody. You couldn't fall off his back if you wanted—he's so slow—and he's just as gentle as a—as a kitten."

"I don't believe I want to try—not for a while, anyhow." Viola tried to laugh, but her thin face was pale yet. "I don't think I could. I'd be too—too nervous."

"We don't have any nerves out here," Jack rejoined, gayly. "Come on, Belle, now for a gallop down to the corral and back, and I'll be here first." The two dashed madly away.

"What a baby she is," Jack shouted back over his left shoulder, when they were well out of hearing. "A mouse would chase her all over the house."

"She thinks it's very ladylike to be timid—some do, you know," Belle said, pulling her pony down to a slow trot. She was a year older than Jack, and inclined to be critical. "I fear she won't enjoy herself very well out here with us." The two had evidently forgotten all about the challenge to a race in the rather uncharitable discussion of their eastern cousin.

"I'd just like to see her on old Douglas's back," laughed the brother. "He wouldn't hurt a fly, but"— Jack's amusement got the better of him at this point, and he fell to chuckling audibly at the prospect.

"I hardly think you'll have the chance right away," Belle answered, throwing the reins loose over the pony's neck. "Viola would rather read books and learn fancywork than do anything so rude as ride horseback. She'd get some color in her cheeks, if she went out for a gallop every morning."

"She is pale, isn't she?" Jack, said, carelessly. "I don't suppose she's ever been much out of doors. Uncle Herbert always lived in the city you know."

It was the death of Viola's mother, a few months before, which had brought her to the Winterton ranch-house. Belle was quite right in the surmise that Viola did not enjoy herself very well. In the first place, everything seemed big, and wild, and lonesome. In the second place, Viola had the feeling that Jack and Belle looked at her with rather disapproving eyes. A hundred times she wished that she could throw herself into the free-and-easy life of her sturdy, fearless cousins, but each time her timid, sensitive nature shrank away from the attempt.

It was nearly a fornight after the incident with which our story opens, that Jack and Belle accompanied Mr. Winterton one morning to the market town, twelve miles distant. The brilliant sunrise gave promise of a lovely day, and the young people were in high spirits.

"Come along with us, Viola," Jack urged, renewing an invitation given the evening before. "I'll perch up behind, and you and father and Belle can have the seat all to yourselves."

"I wouldn't want you to do that, Jack," she answered, quietly. "I'd just as soon stay home with auntie, and I guess it would be a little crowded, anyhow." The brother and sister exchanged meaning glances.

"She'll go when we drive the double carriage," Jack whispered behind his father's back.

"The buckboard isn't quite fine enough," Belle rejoined, in the same cautious undertone.

Two hours later, Viola, seated in the coolest corner of her own room, engrossed in a delightful book, heard a frightened scream below and rushed excitedly down stairs. Mrs. Winterton was entering the door as Viola came into the long roomy kitchen. Little Blanche

lay in her arms moaning, softly, a bleeding, ghastly cut upon her white forehead.

"She fell off the back porch. I left her just a minute," explained Mrs. Winterton, hurriedly. "Get some warm water, Viola, and put some pillows on the lounge."

Viola ran to execute the commission, without answering. Her heart was pounding hard, and the sight of blood made her sick and faint, but she held the basin resolutely while her aunt applied hot compresses to the wounded head until the bleeding slackened.

"That it should happen today, of all times, when there isn't a soul on the place to go for a doctor," moaned the unhappy mother. "She seems to be coming to herself more, don't you think so, Viola? I'm sure this right arm is broken, though. Oh, dear! What shall we do?"

Viola went outside the door the minute she could be spared. The cool breeze revived her, but she was facing a difficult problem. Could she—could she? She hardly dared to put the question into words.

"The men are all out on the ranch, and there isn't any certainty that your uncle will be back tonight," Mrs. Winterton went on, as soon as Viola came in again. "It made you sick, didn't it, dear? You're as pale as a ghost. Henry went to see an agent about some repairs to the harvesters, and if he should not get to Watertown today, he'll stay over until tomorrow. He told me so the last thing."

"I think"—Viola choked and stopped. "I think, auntie, I could—could go to Watertown—could ride Douglas."

"Why, child!" but Viola noted the lifting of a cloud from the anxious face. "He's gentle, and afraid of nothing. I wouldn't think of such a thing, if it were not"—The glance at the tiny form on the sofa completed the unspoken condition.

Viola tripped away, her curly, dark hair stirred with the breeze, and her broad-brimmed summer hat dangling at her belt. She had seen a halter in one of the sheds.

"Douglas never goes very far from the corral," Mrs. Winterton called after her. "I'll help you put on the saddle. You'll have to let out the girths for Douglas I think."

Douglas, grazing near a clump of prickly cactus, whinnied a welcome, looking in mild surprise at the whiteclad figure approaching. "Whoa, Douglas, good old Douglas." Viola was breathing hard with sharp walking and excitement. She slipped the halter over the willing head, and started by a shorter path for the ranch-house. "O God, help me to be a brave girl for this once, and not be afraid," she murmured, half aloud. A good many times she repeated the same words, feeling herself growing calmer and stronger under the cheerful sunlight. "There isn't really any danger, if I'm careful."

Douglas stood obediently quiet, as Viola dropped into the saddle from the high plank bench in front of the door. He seemed to understand the situation thoroughly, and to be in generous sympathy with his timid rider.

"I wouldn't hurry, if I were you," Mrs. Winterton admonished. "It wouldn't make so much difference in the time of getting there, and you're not used to riding. You'll find your uncle at Davenport's —right on the main street. He'll go for a doctor, and you can come back in the wagon."

Douglas was actually moving—slowly, indeed—but moving, and Viola did not feel so much afraid as she had anticipated. The gentle, rocking motion gave her a certain sense of exhilaration. It was not so far to the ground as she had fancied it would be, and her seat seemed very firm and secure. She slackened the bridle, chirping softly, almost hoping Douglas would not heed the signal to quicken his pace. He did, however, and for a moment Viola's breath came jerkily, but the smooth, swinging gallop was not so terrifying after all. She pulled him down to a walk to make sure he was under perfect control, then chirped again. Douglas was really covering the ground at a fair speed now and Viola tried to think of little Blanche suffering back at the ranch-house, buoying up her courage with the sense of urgent duty which had brought her on this unexpected errand.

"Say, Belle, if Viola Dawson wasn't—if only Douglas wasn't at home, I'd"—This rather incoherent medley of words came from the lips of Jack Winterton. He had just left Davenport's after inquiring for his father, and was walking down the main street of the town with his sister. "As sure as I'm alive that's Viola. Something"—

"Something terrible has happened," sobbed Belle, "but how—how could"—They both ran forward. Viola had recognized them, and was reining in to the curbing.

Blanche is hurt," she said briefly. "I don't think it's as bad as it might be, but auntie fears her arm might be broken. Won't you help me down, Jack?"

It was a limp figure that dropped into Jack's arms an instant later. Belle thought Viola was going to faint, but the white lips twisted themselves into a fantastic little smile.

"It seems good to be on the ground again. I shall be all right in a minute—just tired. You find your father, Jack. Belle and I will come along."

"Well, but you are all right," Jack exclaimed, as he turned to go.

"Just to think! And you'd never ridden a horse in your life before," Belle added, admiration showing in her blue eyes. "Why, Viola, it's the bravest thing!"

"Hush! It's nothing." But the color crept into Viola's pale cheeks. "There wasn't really any danger." But the praises of these western cousins were the sweetest words she had heard since she came to the ranch-house.—*Holly Dean Williams.*

HE SWALLOWED THE GNAT.

"Yes, I sent for you, Wilbur," said the manager brusquely, as one of his stenographers entered the private office. "Tell me, did you ever hear the expression, 'straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel?' "

"No, sir," the young man acknowledged.

"Does it mean anything to you, now that you hear it?"

"Why, yes, sir; I see what it means."

"Oh, you do! Well, look at this."

Young Wilbur recognized the paper handed him as a letter which he had taken at the manager's dictation a few days earlier. Half way down the page a line had been drawn around the following sentence:

"Pardon my plain speaking, but, in your objection, you seem to me to be strung at a knot."

"That's your work, sir," the manager commented, curtly. "I want to know what you thought 'strung at a knot' meant when you wrote it?"

"I didn't know," Wilbur confessed. "That was all I could make of my notes, and I thought you'd correct it when you signed the letters, if it wasn't right."

"Oh! In other words, you thought you'd earn your salary by using my brains instead of your own. Queer notes you must take to be able to make 'strung at a knot' out of straining at a gnat.' How do you spell gnat, sir?"

"K-n-a-t," was the prompt reply.

"G-n-a-t," the employer corrected, with scorn in every letter.

"Oh!" That's where I made my mistake."

"That wasn't your biggest mistake," retorted the exasperated man. "You put something that didn't mean anything into my letter and depended on me to discover it."

"Yes, sir, I see," Wilbur admitted weakly, feeling that his hour had come.

"See here, young man," the manager went on sternly, "suppose you were manager of a company and you dictated an important business letter and signed it in a rush, just before train time, and then discovered, by having it returned to you, that your stenographer had made a laughing stock of you with a piece of senseless jargon like this? What would you do in such a case?"

For an instant Wilbur hesitated. Then he rallied.

"I think, sir," he said, with respectful courage, " that if I were sure my stenographer recognized his fault and was sorry for it I'd try to —to swallow this gnat, if I could, and give him one more chance."

And, to the surprise of both, that was what the manager did.— *The Advance.*

GIRLS' DEPARTMENT

THINGS EVERY GIRL SHOULD LEARN.

Someone has suggested twelve things that every girl can learn before she is fifteen. Not every girl can learn to play or sing or paint well enough to give pleasure to her friends, but the following "accomplishments" are within everybody's reach:

Shut the door and shut it softly.

Keep your room in tasteful order.

Have an hour for rising, and rise.

Learn to make bread as well as cake.

Never let a button stay off twenty-four hours.

Always know where your things are.

Never let a day pass without doing something to make someone comfortable.

Never come to breakfast untidily dressed.—*Selected.*

A GIRL'S MANNER.

A girl should learn early in life that personal untidiness is particularly obnoxious, and that she can never be attractive or agreeable until the habit of that sort is corrected. When a girl falls into the habit of making pins take the place of buttons, when her clothing is soiled and her hair is sixes and sevens, when her shoes are but partly laced and her garments awry, she is unattractive even to those who love her most. And when it comes to the untidiness that nothing but soap and water can remedy, one cannot help a feeling of actual repulsion. I once heard of a highly educated young woman who was asked to resign a fine position in a private school for young ladies because of marked untidiness of person. Nothing is more offensive to a person of refined tastes than this same personal neglect. A girl cannot too early in life learn the value of a neat and attractive appearance. She should also learn that nothing is more becoming in her than simplicity in dress, and that conspicuous clothing and showy jewelry are always in bad taste. The less jewelry the better, and the simpler the dress the more becoming it will appear in the eyes of the really refined.

A girl should learn that loud and hoydenish manners are also offensive to good taste, and that it is a sad day in a girl's life when she has acquired the reputation of being coarse in speech and in con-

duct. Nothing is more unbecoming than the use of slang of the street, and it is a matter of regret that many young girls allow themselves to interlard their conversation with the silliest of slang words and phrases. A really modest girl will avoid everything that is loud in her manners and conversation, and she will choose her associates from among girls who are quiet in manner and chaste in speech. It is a grave mistake to suppose that an assertive and supposedly dashing manner creates the impression that one is witty and brilliant. A quiet manner always accompanies sweetness and gentleness of character. When one sees a company of young girls acting in a manner that attracts the attention of every one in a street car, one wishes that they could see themselves as others see them. A girl should learn the intrinsic value of modesty, for without this beautiful attribute there will be a serious and often hopeless flaw in her character, no matter how accomplished she may be. It is true as Goldsmith once wrote that "Modesty seldom resides in a breast that is not enriched with nobler virtues."—*Selected.*

VALENTINE SUGGESTIONS.

In sending card valentines the girl who is successful in taking photographs will remember her friends with postal cards. Films or plates of pictures which are associated with certain acquaintances can have their scenes printed on postal cards. These card can be bought ready for printing puposes, and they furnish a splendid method for sending picture valentines.

Another way of making attractive valentines is to cut small heads of pretty girls or figures of Cupids from artistic advertisements or clever drawings in comic papers and paste them on hearts, large or small shaped from brilliant red cardboard. With the aid of a child's water paints these simple cards can be made quite as pretty as the cards in the stores and they will be much more novel. An attractive valentine is a huge red heart filled with delicious bonbons, and tied with a big festoon of supple taffeta ribbon in the same color. In fact, there is no end of fascinating devices for shipping candy. A toy hansom has a glass box in the shafts which is filled with candy. Straw baskets built from wide straw shavings have their covers decorated with quaint figures of women and children in gay dresses.

Artificial flowers are also used in profusion to beautify candy baskets, and are tied with big bows or ribbons. The newest blossoms are made from Japanese palm leaves. Their fiber is so like a fragile rose leaf that the petals of the flowers seem to shrink from each other and almost fade. The violets are so realistic that they cannot be distinguished from the growing blossom except at the very closest range and bunches of them carry the true perfume of the tiny fragrant bloom.—*Selected.*

VALENTINE SWEETS.

Ice Hearts.—A pink ice cream or ice is pressed into heart shape by using heart molds; unmold on to disks of toasted sponge cakes; metal arrows are thrust through each heart and a crystalized rose leaf is placed on each.

Heart Tarts.—One pint of pastry flour, scant one half pint cold butter, mix thoroughly, add one half teaspoonful salt and one fourth pint ice cold water; mix into a dough and roll out; cover with chopped hickory nut meats; fold over and roll out again one eighth inch thick; cut into hearts, in half of which cut holes; brush with egg yolk and bake a delicate brown; when cold put together with red current jelly or any other red filling. Line a basket with rose foliage and arrange the hearts in this.

Love Cake.—Mix two and one half scant cupfuls flour with one level teaspoonful baking powder and sift; cream one and one half level cupfuls butter with one and one half cupfuls of powdered sugar; then add one half cup sweet milk and the flour; fold in the stiffly beaten whites of two eggs the last thing and add one teaspoonful vanila and one half teaspoonful violet extract; bake in loaf three fourth of an hour. When cold cover with white icing flavored with violet. With a cord crease around the sides of the cake to represent the bars of music and add small red candy hearts to represent the notes, or these can be cut from candied cherries. A row on top of tiny icing rosettes are pressed through a tube and several crystalized violets are bunched in the center of top with crystalized mint leaves radiating from these. A row of hearts completes the valentine cakes.—*Selected.*

VINERIES.

You will be surprised at the results of the sweet potatoe vine. You need nothing for this but a large sized potato and water. Drop the potato into a vase or a hanging basket. Almost cover it with water, leaving perhaps half an inch standing up, and keep it so always. Pretty soon a lovely vine will begin to shoot at the top, and the roots will spring out of the bottom. The vine will become luxuriant in a very little while and will soon hide your vase or basket.

Even an acorn will surprise you if you hang it from a thread, and allow it to dangle about an inch above a glass of water for a week or two in a warm place. You will be rewarded after that time with a tiny root which will run down into the water and with a straight stem that will rise gracefully, covered with glossy green leaves. Keep the water clean with bits of charcoal, and if the leaves of the young oak begin to turn yellow, add a few drops of ammonia to the water.

BOYS' DEPARTMENT

HIS VALENTINE.

Valentines, oh, valentines—
  My! but they are pretty!
Some with mottoes, some with lines,
  Some both wise and witty;
Some with roses, some with darts,
  Some with smiling faces;
Some with cupids, some with hearts,
  All with frills and laces!

Who's my sweetheart? If you tell,
  You will guess a poser;
Yet you know her very well—
  Everybody knows her!
She's a friend to all the boys,
  Pretty, too, and stately,
Never scolding them for noise,
  Though she talks sedately.

So I choose as valentine
  Just my loving mother!
I am hers and she is mine,
  There can be no other!
She is good and she is kind,
  And I love her dearly;
I must keep this day in mind—
  Send a token yearly!

—*Lew Marston Ward.*

A BOB-SLED.

Almost every boy wants a bob-sled, and some boys don't own one because they don't know just how to go about making it. It is an easy matter to make a good "bob." Get a clear plank ten feet long, ten inches wide and one and one half inches thick for the top board, or seat. For runners get wood five inches wide, seven-eighths of an inch thick and planed on both sides.

Make the front sled thirty-six inches long, and the rear one forty-two inches from prow to end of runners at the bottom. They should be fourteen inches wide, and braced across the top with hard-wood pieces two inches wide and one and one-half inches thick. Laps are cut into the top of the sides, and these pieces are securely fastened with long stout screws driven home with a brace-driver.

Under each crosspece and at the side brackets must be securely fastened, to strengthen the braces and prevent sled from rocking.

In the middle of the front sled a block of hard wood four inches wide and six inches high should be let into the sides, and securely screwed fast. Through the middle of the block bore a three-fourths inch hole, and make a hole through a similar block attached under the forward part of the long plank. Slip a thin flat washer between these blocks,, push the king-bolt through from the top of the board, screw on the nut, and lock it from underneath the sled.

To steer the "bob" a hardwood cross-bar piece is let into the front of the sled. A circular place is sawed out from the rear of each projecting end, for the feet to rest in, and near the ends holes are bored, through which the steering-ropes are passed.

Two triangular pieces of hard wood one inch thick are attached inside the middle of the sled with carriage-bolts, and a three-fourths-inch iron rod threaded at each end, to receive a nut, should be arranged at the top of them, and held in place by iron straps laying over the top angle of the pieces.

A block of wood is made fast to the under side of the long plank at the rear, and the underside of it is grooved to receive the bolt.

Three straps of iron bind the block, and when the bolt is in place, having been passed through the straps on the triangular blocks and through the groove, a hinge-joint is the result, which allows the rear sled to move up and down.

The long plank can be padded with hair, and covered with a strip of carpet.

Four or five crosspieces screwed fast to the under side of the plank will act as foot-rests for the coasters.—*Selected.*

THE TOPSY-TURVY BOY.

He leaves his room in such a clutter,
  Nothing's put away;
He throws his hat behind the sofa,
  When he's through with play!
He never hangs his coat up neatly,
  He never has a place
For bat, and ball, and marbles,
  Really, a disgrace!
No; his name I haven't mentioned;
  Some one I might annoy,
If—but you perhaps may know him--
  The topsy-turvy boy!

—Adelbert F. Caldwell.

PARTIES AND GAMES

FOR AN EVENING'S ENTERTAINMENT.

To make an evening entertainment a success, in the words of the small boy "there must be something doing" and as everyone enjoys a trial of quick wit, the game given below, which we have named, All About Kate is sure to please.

First have as many leaves from a writing pad as there are guests, written out for each game with suggestions for answers. Pass these with pencils for each person.

State how many minutes will be allowed for the answers to be written. When the stated period has elapsed, let the company exchange papers. Then read aloud the prepared words and the answers, the guests having previously signed their own papers.

Each one who holds a paper when the reading is done will mark the mistakes and add up the correct answers. Then each will give the number of correct answers she holds and the one who has the paper with the greatest number of correct answers, will read the name of the successful contestant.

"ALL ABOUT KATE."

Following are the suggestions and correct answers for each game:
Kate is a great pleader, (advocate).
Kate makes wheels run smoothly ,(lubricate).
Kate is very feeble, (delicate).
Kate makes things double, (duplicate).
Kate takes out ink spots, (eradicate).
Kate prays earnestly, (supplicate).
Kate is not always truthful, (prevaricate).
Kate takes other peoples' property, (confiscate).—*R. Raymond.*

A NEW GAME.

"Brushing the Cobwebs from the Moon."

This is fully as difficult a task as it may seem to be. It amuses players of all ages. To prepare for the game someone must first have cut out of heavy yellow paper, or drawing paper that has been colored yellow, a huge half-moon, and through it innumerable long ends of yarn must have been thickly suspended with a needle. The moon is then suspended to a chandelier with ribbons or tapes. Those who "brush" it enter into a contest to strive to pull out the most cobwebs in three minutes, using the left hand only, and drawing out one at a time. —*Selected.*

PARENTS' DEPARTMENT

THAT BOY.

"What can I do with that boy?" she cried.
"He plays and forgets to study,
Five years old! But he tears his clothes,
And gets his shoes all muddy.

"He brings in cats and dogs and frogs;
He's late when meals are ready;
I'm really worried half to death—
What shall I do with you, Teddy?"

The culprit dropped a curly head;
But the little sister, bolder,
Laid a soft, defensive arm
Caressingly round his shoulder.

"You don't know what to do wif him?" she said,
With love that could never doubt him;
"But oh, supposin' we hadn't got Ted,"
What—would—you do—wifout him?"

—*Union Advocate.*

A FATHER'S LOVE.

The wife of a young rector in the West End of London died, leaving him with a motherless child. The people hoped that some aunt or sister would come to care for the child, but none such appeared. Gradually it came to be known in the parish that the scholarly rector was quite as much at home in the nursery as in the study and that his child was under his constant watchfulness and care.

Four years slipped by, and one Easter Sunday the child sat as usual in a front pew and listened to the sermon. It was on the mother of Jesus—her agony of heart at the cross, her wonder and joy at the resurrection. From this he turned to tell of the sadness of those who feel the mother want in this world. "Think what a child's life is without the mother love!" he said in conclusion. "Who can tend and cherish and love—who but a mother?"

In the hush that followed a childish voice called sweetly from the front pew; "A faver does ev'y bit's well, papa, dear."

Much has been said in glorification of the love of a mother. Shall we forget that the father love is often quite as deserving of our praise?"

TWO JUVENILE COZY CORNERS.

Somewhere in the house the child should have a spot that is his very own. If it can be an entire room, well and good; but if this be out of the question, do the next best thing—pick out a corner somewhere and give it to the child as his own individual property.

Very sozy corners, indeed, can be arranged for the little tots at the cost of a little time and thought. Two such corners that I have lately seen are most attractive, and afford constant delight to their owners. One belongs to three little girls, and is in the sunniest corner of the living room. A square of gray-green demin fitted into the corner as a floor covering marks the preempted territory. A picture molding just within reach of the tallest girl provides a limit as to wall space, as well as a support for a really beautiful collection of pictures, the property of the three little maids, representing various birthday and holiday tokens. Suspended from the molding these numerous tokens make a veritable picture gallery, and furnish material for many a delightful story when mama visits the corner. Toys and books galore, dolls and dolls' furniture, and a bewitching tea table, lavishly fitted out, are all in evidence. The owners of this little "paradise" never tire of it, while the Saturday afternoon teas, with their little friends from outside, are social events of great importance in their juvenile world.

The other corner belongs to a small boy, and is in the library of his home, where tall bookcases mark its boundary lines. This corner is not a sunny one, but the little boy's mother has made it rarely bright. She saved the illustrated covers of magazines and other papers until she had enough to make a border around the wall the length of the corner. All are gaily colored, and represent child life. Pasted upon a strip of bright-red mercerized sateen and tacked (with artists' tacks) upon the wall, just high enough to be on a line with the small boy's eyes, they are the object of his pride and admiration. The center of the space is occupied by a child's oak desk, to which is added a desk chair that turns around "just like papa's." In this desk the small proprietor keeps paper, pencils, picture-cards, and, because the inside of the desk cover is a black board, there are also crayons and eraser. On one side of the desk some shelves hold a marvelous collection of engines, wagons, animals, balls, and various things dear to the heart of the small boy. All the top shelf is reserved for books. What is left of floor space holds a tiny couch for the proud owner to rest upon when tired of play. It is provided with a slumber robe and a pillow. These were the afghan and pillow of the little boy's carriage when he was a baby. They were white then, but they are a bright red now, for the boy's mamma knows the value of dye. I almost forgot to mention that among the toys is a big Noah's Ark. It was given to the little boy by his grandma, and is the only toy he plays with on Sundays; he never plays with it on weekdays.—*Selected.*

OFFICERS' DEPARTMENT

HOW THE PRIMARY TEACHER SHOULD MASTER THE LESSON.

How must a Primary Association teacher know her lesson in order to teach it? There are two chief ways of grasping any truth: one way we call the way of the poet, and the other the way of the philosopher. I should say the teacher must have both.

By the "way of the poet" I mean the power to create, to put life into persons and things. And I have in mind that dramatic imagination which enables Kipling to find the soul of an engine or a ship; which makes him able to look on the world through a horse's eyes, talk horse-talk, and make the horse that played polo say, "My hock is swelled as big as a nose-bag." Ernest Seton Thompson's stories of Vixen, Rag, and Wahb are in this respect not less truly dramatic than Browning's "Ring and the Book," for in both the author identifies himself with the life which he depicts, and touches the springs of that life.

This dramatic imagination the teacher must have. For how can the teached depict so vividly that those who hear her seem also to see, if she have not the vision herself? How can she read with such expression that the words make pictures in the mind of those who listen, unless in her own mind there lives the image she would create for another? The teacher, like the poet, is a maker; she is a creator; it is her office to take material from the Bible, from hymns, from nature, from human experience, material that but for her might be without form and void—and make it live.

In preparing to teach, or to tell a Bible story, therefore, the first thing a teacher should do is to put herself into the place of the chief character, and then to put herself into each of the other characters in turn. She must think what the past of each has been; she must stock her own mind with the memories they must have had; she must think what is their present outlook on life, and their hopes and fears for the future; she must for the time being identify herself with them.

Let us take, for example, the story of Peter and John's affair with the elders, as told in the early chapters of the Acts of the Apostles. Peter and John had healed a lame man at the Beautiful Gate of the Temple, and had then preached to the crowds of people that ran together unto them "in the porch that is called Solomon's, greatly wondering;" and then, as the narrative tells:

"As they spake unto the people, the priests and the captain of the Temple and the Sadducees came upon them, being sore troubled because they taught the people, and proclaimed through Jesus the resurrection of the dead. And they laid hands on them, and put them in ward unto the morrow; for it was now eventide. But many of them that heard the word believed; and the number of the men come to be about five thousand. And it came to pass on the morrow, that their rulers and elders and scribes were gathered together in Jerusalem; and Annas the high priest was there, and Caiphas, and John, and Alexander, and as many as were of the kindred of the high priest. And when they had set them in the midst they inquired, By what power, or in what name, have ye done this?

Then follows the story of Peter's brave and telling reply, and the complete discomfiture of the great men who would have been glad to do away with them, as they had with their Master some three months before, but they feared the people.

The narrative is a very brief and plain one. There are no headlines to make you feel, and no editorials to keep you from thinking. Nothing is easier than to read the words of this story, and to miss the points of the situation. I do not say that boys and girls ought to be expected to put themselves wholly at the point of view of Peter and John, but that they can to some extent, and to a greater extent than they sometimes do.

The wise teacher, therefore, in preparing a lesson on Peter and John will not deceive herself. Even attentive boys and girls have, under certain circumstances, a characteristic way of dealing with words—a way which is not wholly peculiar to boys and girls—a way of storing them in their memories as food is kept in cold storage. When the words are wanted by the teacher they are produced in about the same state of preservation as when they are stored. Such words as Annas, Caiaphas, John, and Alexander, in the passage before us, are especially liable to be put into cold storge in this way; abstract terms also, and anything that is not understood, or made real, or at least felt. How shall this sort of burial alive be avoided? How may the teacher make sure that the words of the story shall be taken into the living room of the pupil's mind, to make friends with the family of thought? The answer is: The teacher may make words live for her pupils by first of all making them live for herself.

For who were Peter and John? They were just poor fishermen, and for some time back they had not even been fishermen. They spoke in such a way that educated people could tell at once that they were "unlearned and ignorant men." Moreover it was only about three months ago that these men had fled for their lives for fear of these same gentlemen who had seized them and locked them up the day before. And who were these gentlemen? Why, they were men in authority in the church, among the most important and powerful people in the city. They had had people put to death before now for disagreeing with them. The social and official distance between Peter and John and Anas and Caiaphas was as great as if two Italian chestnut venders should be haled before the presence of his honor the Mayor, and the Corporation Counsel, and the Comptroller, and his honor the Mayor's brother; and the courage displayed by these fishermen in "talking right up to" the high priest was certainly not less than might be shown by the poor Italians if, in that dread presence, they spoke brave words for their defense. For Peter courageously struck out from the shoulder and accused these men of having crucified Jesus, by whose power the miracle of healing was done; and they actually cowed their questioners, so that all they did was to threaten them if they did such a thing again. And so, when Peter and John said that it came to a choice between obeying God and obeying them, they would easily know which to do, these great men could do nothing but impotently threaten them some more, and let them go.

And what were the feelings of the other people? What, for example, were the feelings of the man who had been lame for forty years, and a beggar for almost as long, as he looked on Peter and John, expecting an alms? As he heard one of them say, "Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have I give thee?" as he found that he could walk? as he went to his home and back again to the temple the next day, not to beg but to praise God? These feelings are worth entering into, they can be entered into by the teacher in preparing the lesson. So also into the inner life of each of the other actors in the drama in turn the teacher should enter; the group around the high priest, their discomfiture, and their schemes for accomplishing later what they had been baffled in now; and Peter and John with their fearless

courage when under fire, and their jubilant rejoicing with their friends when it was all over.

The essential thing is that the teacher make the subject live in her own mind. If she has done that, she will find little by little that her very inflections and tone and gestures show that something is behind them. She will find the imagery creeping into her speech, and will see the answering light coming in her children's eyes, and in the strength of that assurance she may venture further flights until she finds that she too is a member of the guild of those who can make the "eyes see pictures when they're shut."

But the poet's way must needs be followed up by the way of the philosopher, by which I mean that the teacher in preparing her lesson should make a desperate effort to find out *what it means.* For if metaphysics, as Professor James has said, "is only an unusually stubborn effort to think clearly," a philosopher is only a man who tries to penetrate the disguise of things and find out what they really are. Every man you meet on the street, every character you run across in a book, every story, every parable, has a meaning more or less definite and precise, more or less susceptible of being expressed. It is the teacher's business to form for herself as clear a notion as she can of that meaning, to express it in her own words, or find other words in which to express it better. The effort to do this is sometimes so great that it does not come natural to make it.

Have you ever figured out for yourselves the precise meaning, to yourselves at least, of the Book of Jonah? or tried to view the characters of Jacob and David as wholes? or studied the parables of our Lord with intent to see the principle of which each was the illustration? This sort of thing the teacher must do, for if she fail here she may find herself teaching particulars unillumined by the rays of universal truth, and hence inapplicable to your case or mine. For if we do not know the meaning of a fact how can we use it?

There is no doubt that this is a work of difficulty, and a work fraught with considerable danger. There is a danger that we may seek serious and formal morals where there exists nothing that will not be spoiled by formulation; as when one attempts to read into a song like Tennyson's

> Alone and warming his five wits
> The white owl in the belfry sits—

a meaning so formidable as that "This expresses the yearning of the solitary after social life." There is a danger, too, that we shall get wrong or partial meanings, as did a little German peasant boy, whom I once heard in a "religion class," reciting the lesson on how Abraham delivered Lot from the four kings. The time had come for the last of the "formal steps," and the child was trying to formulate in set terms the lesson of the narrative. "Abraham helped Lot in his time of need," said he after considerable questioning. "Well, what do we learn from that?" Said the boy, after much thought, "My neighbors ought to help me in my time of need."

Granting that there are some things of which the meaning is something felt, rather than something thought, there are plenty of meanings that must by the teacher at least be sought out and made thinkable by being expressed in terms, and I want to suggest two ways of doing this:

First, let the teacher, in her Bible study or in ordinary reading, or in both, school herself in finding and stating the precise meaning of each paragraph she reads; for if a paragraph is rightly constructed, it has a topic that may be expressed in a single sentence or a single phrase.

And, second, having done this, let the teacher in like manner arrive at the meaning of a whole chapter or an entire book, by grouping together these topic sentences into a topic paragraph. By way of summary of these points I am now going to quote from a syllabus which I prepared for one

special book, but which contains directions for study which seem to me to be applicable to the teacher's study of any book.

1. Read the whole chapter (or lesson) through for the purpose of getting a general idea of what it means. When you have finished this reading, close the book and write a brief statement in answer to the question, "What is the point in this passage?"

2. Read the chapter, sentence by sentence, paragraph by paragraph, trying to grasp the meaning clearly, precisely, personally. Some of the words contain "buried metaphors," pictures; see that you see these pictures, and are prepared to make others see them. Some of the sentences are expressed in abstract language, conveying a general truth; find concrete illustrations for every one of these. Where the author uses an illustration, find other illustrations of your own. Where the author uses one form of statement, use another of your own. See in how many ways you can say the same thing. This is the step of clearness, of detail, of picturing, of amplification, and enrichment of materials. Its purpose is to make the truth clear, definite, concrete, and so warm, living, and ready for action.

3. Read the chapter, paragraph by paragraph, asking yourself, "What question is answered by this paragraph?" "What short statement will precisely express the point of this paragraph (and so be the answer to the question just framed)?" "What maxim, or text, or proverb, or pithy saying applies at just this point?" How is this paragraph related to the whole? Does it express a new thought, or amplify one already developed? Does it suggest a paragraph or sentence in another connection? How does it follow from what precedes? how lead to what follows? In a word, if it is a link, what are the co-ordinate links? Make an outline of the chapter or the book, with heads and subheads, being careful not to make heads subheads, or subheads heads. And with all this thinking, be alert for personal meanings, for applications. This is the step of comparing, condensing, generalizing, binding together into wholes. Its purpose is to get at the truth by weeding out ideas that seemed true when standing alone, but which, on comparison, are seen to be false; and, by massing and organizing, to make our mental forces into regular troops instead of guerillas and bushwhackers.

To sum up: First, a rough general view, such as a civil engineer might gain by riding over the country he is to survey. Second, clearness as to facts; warmth in details; putting yourself into the thing—whether it be the thing done, thing seen, or thing felt. Third, compacting parts into wholes, seeing ends from beginnings, organizing for action. And at each step the thought of personal assimilation and of use: What does this mean to me? Is it true? Could I defend it? Do I disagree with it, and why? How can I use, apply, follow, live it? How make it live in the minds and lives of my pupils?

Before leaving this part of my subject I want to make a qualification. When I speak of the teacher's need to know as well as feel the meaning of what she teaches, I do not necessarily imply that the pupil should also have this knowledge with equal explicitness. It is sometimes well that he should hear, or at once make for himself, a clear and definite formulation, and it is sometimes better that the moral or the principle should remain just beneath the surface, ready to break through of itself in due time. The full discussion of this point does not belong to the present subject.

The point I am now making is that the teacher at any rate must be clearly conscious of that which she is teaching as a rational whole, and she must be conscious of the meaning of that whole for herself and for her children. For if the teacher have this clear view of the way she will be able to lead the pupil toward the light where she can see for herself; but if the teacher have it not she will be as the blind leading the blind, where both fall into the ditch.

In treating of the teacher as poet and philosopher I have spoken as if

the teacher's work were confined to the teaching of concrete passages, like the stories of Scripture. I have not forgotten that the teacher must also prepare to teach relatively abstract matter such as that found in the Sermon on the Mount. But the difference between teaching a concrete passage and an abstract text is only apparent. In the story the teacher must construct in her own mind a fabric which is partly particular, and partly general; she must fill in color and atmosphere and detail, and she must find the meaning; and so make the story live.—*Selected.*

QUESTION: Should girls under fourteen years of age join the Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Association?

It has been decided that the ages of children in the Primary associations shall be from four to fourteen inclusive. This arrangement has been approved by the proper authority and that it is accepted by the Mutual Improvement Associations is known by the fact that both General Boards have announced that boys and girls are not old enough to enter their associations until they have passed the fourteenth anniversary of their birthday. This rule should be observed.

BOOKS SUGGESTED FOR USE IN THE GRADES.

A number of books have been recommended for use in the giving of lessons. None of these books, with the exception of "The Articles of Faith," by J. E. Talmage, and "The Gospel," by B. H. Roberts, are absolutely necessary. All homes of Latter-day Saints should be supplied with standard Church works, and it was supposed that the two books referred to with the Bible, Book of Mormon, Doctrine and Covenants and History of the Church would be within the reach of all the teachers and older children who need their help in the giving of lessons. The other books which have been recommended will be found of great service in making the lessons more interesting, but they are not absolutely necessary.

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND FOR THE ASSOCIATION.

Every association should subscribe for at least one copy of *The Childrens' Friend,* to be kept in the association library and be used as a reference whenever necessary. Oftentimes, in the prepartion of a new lesson, valuable help may be obtained from some lesson given in the past, and which limited space would prevent our reprinting. This advice has been offered a number of times, but there are still many of the associations who have not profited by it. Be sure to have *The Children's Friend* for the association.

ROLLS AND MINUTES.

Is your association supplied with new books for this year?

PREPARATION AND MONTHLY OFFICERS' MEETINGS.

Are you holding your preparation meetings weekly?

Does every worker in your association attend the monthly Officers' meetings?

RECITATIONS

SUGGESTIONS FOR SUPPLEMENTARY PROGRAMS.

A TRULY FAIRY TALE.

Do you know the house
  Where the ginger snaps grow?
Where the tarts for us children
  March out in a row?

Where wishing is having?
  Where—isn't it grand—
Just up in the garret
  Is real Fairyland?

Where youngsters can caper
  And romp and hello?
For they always do right,
  Whatever they do.

You don't know the house?
  Then, oh, deary me,
I'm sorry for you!
  Why, it's grandma's, you see!

—*Selected.*

ACROSTIC EXERCISE.

(Children always like an exercise in which each has a letter, the letters gradually spelling a name. The letters may be on large squares of cardboard fastened to wooden rods, to be held high, or may be hung about the neck by a cord or ribbon. Sometimes the name is thus developed: The whole is printed in large fancy letters upon the board; a black thread is stretched across just above it and papers of the requisite size cover each letter. The papers should be ornamented with a spray of evergreen and held in place by photograph hangers. A letter at a time is uncovered by the pupils reciting.)

An ardent patriot was Lincoln,
  Always armed for truth.
Advancing in the ways of honor
  From days of early youth.

Born to become to all mankind
  A benefactor true,
A blessed work to him was given
  Which he failed not to do.

Righteous ruler of a people,
  Who were taught by him
Not to suffer any evil
  Freedom's light to dim.

Aiming for the highest ever,
All he sought was good,
And he strove to do his dutv
As he understood.

Happiness and health he honored, —
God's good gifts to man,—
Holding we must fill large places
In the Father's plan.

Asking not of men the way
As he went before,—
Ah! we honor him today
As they did of yore.

Man of power, strength and courage!
Many hearts alway
Do respond with tributes tender
On thy natal day!

Loyal ever to the highest—,
Looking ever on
To the goal of true perfection
And the victory won!

Indignation for all evil,
Cruelty and greed,—
This he showed, yet, ever, pity
For the soul in need!

Noble-natured was our hero!
Never scorning one
Who had come for help or guidance.
Rest!—with work well done!

Calmly true to duty ever,
Full of courage grand!
Such was he who loved so truly
Our dear native land.

On Omnipotence confiding,
Onward was his word,
And the hearts of all the people
By his zeal were stirred.

Leader sent of God, entrusted
With a mighty work and high,
Praise we God, thou didst not falter,
Nor the holy trust deny.

Never may we fail to honor
Noble deeds by great men done,
Never fail to heed the lesson,—
Truth and faith the victory won!

—*Selected.*

LESSON DEPARTMENT

LESSONS FOR THE MONTH OF MARCH.

FIRST GRADE.

Lesson 9.

Memory Gem:

"Be kind and be gentle to those who are old,
For kindness is dearer and better than gold."

Suggestions:

Talk about grandparents. They were boys and girls once; played, went to school and behaved just as little folks do now. Perhaps we will be grandmothers and grandfathers some day. Tell of the good deeds and kindness shown by older people. Encourage the children to be kind and thoughtful to those who are old. Let the children tell about their grandparents. Some do not have any so we will tell you about "Fanny," who wanted a grandparent:

FANNY WANTED A GRANDPARENT.

"I wish I had one. I think I might have just one," sighed little Fanny Knight.

"What is the matter, dear?" asked mother, inside the piazza.

"Oh, I was wishing I had a grandmother like Lena's—like one of Lena's, for she has two; and both of them are so nice. Lena says she's sorry for me."

"I'm sorry, too, dear, if it makes you feel so bad; but you have a little sister"—

"O mother, that makes me think of something. Lena's mother is going to 'dopt a sister for her. Now don't you think I could 'dopt a grandmother if I could find a nice old lady who would be willing?"

"Adopt, you mean, dear. Yes, I suppose you might if you could find an old lady who would be willing to be adopted."

Fanny made up her mind that she would try very hard to find one, and she did try for several days; but, as Fanny said, "they all had grandchildren that they didn't want to leave to come to be with Fanny."

One day she saw some new people moving in next door. She watched them all day. When it was nearly dark she saw an old man with a bundle going in the house.

"Mother," she cried, "if there isn't any little girl to care, don't you think it would do just as well to 'dopt a grandfather, no matter if he does live next door?"

Mother thought it might do just as well.

The next morning when the old man was sitting on the piazza he was surprised to see a little, smiling girl coming up the walk. She went straight to him, looking at him eagerly. "Have you come here to live?" she asked.

"Yes, my little girl,' 'he answered pleasantly, "I expect to live here."

"Are you any little girl's grandfather?" was the next question.

"No, dear, no. God took my little grandchild to heaven."

"Then you must be dreadful lonesome without her; and I am dreadful lonesome without a grandfather or a grandmother. Don't you think I would do for a grandchild if I 'dopted you?"

The old man smiled and patted Fanny's head. "Well," he said slowly, "it might do, I guess, if you think you'd like to be a cheery, kind, little granddaughter, who would not talk when grandfather was tired."

"Oh, thank you. I'll be ever so careful not to tire you, and I'll be just as good and sweet as can be. Will you begin being grandfather this minute?"

"Yes, this very minute. You run in and get my glasses and a drink of water for me; then you come sit beside me while I tell you a story."

An hour later, Fanny told her mother how she had adopted a grandfather, and, she added, "It's just lovely to have a grandfather."

Every day after that Fanny went regularly to see her adopted grandfather, and much joy and sunshine she carried into his lonely life. If, for any reason, she was unable to make her daily visit, that was a dark day for both Fanny and grandfather.—*Mary Spaulding Hatch.*

Lesson 10.

Memory Gem:

"How blessed 'tis to give;
And they who think of others most
Are the happiest folks that live."

Suggestions:

Review last lesson and let the children tell if they have remembered to be kind to anyone. Repeat gem, talk about it and introduce the story by telling that there was a little boy who was very happy because he had done something for someone.

PANSY BUDS.

There were ten pennies in Henry's pocket, and there would have been ten smiles on his face, had such a thing been possible; but as his rosy lips could hold only one at a time, they took it in turn about. He had a smile for the dolls in the shop window, and a smile for the chocolate horse, but Henry wasn't quite satisfied with either. He was in search of a birthday gift for his little sister, and he wanted something very, very nice. At last he had a thought that made him run down the sidewalk at a rapid gait till he reached the florist's, where he found himself with just breath enough to demand a pansy plant. His eyes fairly beamed on the flower lady as he said, "Pleases, m'am, I'd like one with a bud on it."

The flower lady smiled, and handed him a pansy that was covered with buds. He took it up in its pretty little pot, and ran off as swiftly as he had come, whistling merrily.

"O Maggie," he called to the little girl on the doorstep as he neared home, "you're going to have one nice present this birthday, but you mustn't see it now!"

"Please, let me see it," begged Maggie. "I just can't wait. It's three whole days till my birthday. It's hours and hours!"

"Shut your eyes tight, Maggie. You must. I won't give it to you if you look." Of course Maggie minded that threat, and Henry smuggled the gift, as best he could, under his coat, and put it away upstairs by a sunny window.

When the birthday dawned at last, and Henry revealed his secret, he bounded up stairs, two steps at a time, and reached the sunny window first.

"See! it's blooming, Maggie! The buds have opened, and there's one for each of your five years."

"Now we can pick flowers every day, and I can use my toy watering pot. I'm so glad you bought a pansy," said the happy little girl.

"I'm glad, too," said Henry. "You see, if I'd bought the candy horse, it wouldn't have lasted; and a doll would always have stayed the same; but the pansy can bud and bloom."—*Selected.*

Lesson II.

Memory Gem:

"If things don't go to suit you,
And the world seems upside down,
Don't waste your time on fretting,
Just drive away that frown."

Suggestive Talk:

Think about the little things that upset and worry small children and how some of them may be remedied by the little folks. Discuss these things with the children and encourage them to be cheerful.

TWO LITTLE SUNBONNET BOYS.

The sound of an angry, sobbing little voice in the hall was followed by the entrance of Robert, his small face all frowns, and rebellious tears streaming from his big brown eyes.

"I won't wear it!" he cried. "I won't! I won't!" And he pulled the offending little white sunbonnet from his head and flung it on the floor.

"What is the trouble, Robert?" Uncle Tom looked up from his book with sympathetic interest.

You could always be sure of Uncle Tom's sympathy. And it was the kind of sympathy that always helped. In fact, Robert could not have remembered a single time when it had not helped. But this seemed to him to be too dreadful a matter for even Uncle Tom's sympathy to be of much use. Still he went over to the window, and was sobbing out his grief, when his mother came in.

"The—the—boys—called me—Sissy!" he began, his tears flowing afresh at the recollection. "I'm not Sissy! I'm a big boy, and I won't wear it!" he cried.

His mother put her arm around him. "My poor little boy!" she said. "Why didn't you tell them that you'd been sick, and that mother was afraid you't take cold?"

"Did," he snapped, "and they laughed!"

"You leave him with me," Uncle Tom said over Robert's short-cropped curls. "I'm going to tell him a story."

So mother went away, and Robert settled down in Uncle Tom's strong arms with a long, sobbing sigh. Even a story didn't look very joyful just now. But the very first words claimed Robert's earnest attention.

"I want to tell you about another little boy that once had to wear a sunbonnet."

"Big as me, was he?" questioned Robert.

"Just about. And that wasn't the worst of it—he had to wear long curls, too, just like a girl!"

"O—h!" Robert exclaimed. "And did the boys laugh at him?"

"They did."

"And did—did—he cry?"

"Cry? You ought to have heard him. He just howled!"

"And then what?"

"Well, you see, it didn't do a bit of good to cry; the boys only laughed the more, when they found it teased him.. They called him Miss Nancy and Mother's Baby, and a lot of other names that almost broke his heart. But somebody told him to try laughing with the boys, instead of crying and getting mad and running away, and he didn't have a bit more trouble about it. They stopped their teasing as soon as they saw he had pluck enough to laugh."

"I don't believe—these—boys would."

"You just try it next time, and see."

"Did the little boy grow up to be a big man?"

"Of course he did?"

"And play football, like you?"

"Certainly."

Robert thought hard. To be a big man like Uncle Tom, and to play football, were two of his great ambitions.

"And was he just as big a man as if he hadn't had to wear the sunbonnet?" he asked.

"Just as big, and a good deal better, I guess, because he learned that it is always best to laugh off such troubles, if you can, instead of getting angry or grieving over them."

"Is that little boy a man now?"

"Yes."

"I wish I could see him."

"All right; look at him!"

"Where?" and Robert glanced up and down the street.

"He isn't out there; he's right here!"

Robert stared round the room, and then into Uncle Tom's laughing eyes.

"Oh," he said, "I know now—you!"—*Emma C. Dowd.*

Lesson 12.

Memory Gem:

"How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
From every opening flower."

Suggestive Talk:

Now is the time for the beginning of spring activities. People,, animals, birds, all insect and plant life. Draw the attention to any signs that may be seen and ask the children to watch out for other signs and then come and tell about it.

EARLY PLOWMEN.

"Spring is really here; the angleworms are beginning to plow," said Robert's uncle as they walked through the garden.

"Angleworms beginning to plow!" repeated the little boy. "Who ever heard of such a thing?"

"Doesn't this look like plowed ground?" asked his uncle, stopping before some little heaped-up mounds of earth that looked as if they had been "run through a meat cutter."

"I've seen these little heaps of earth lots of times, Uncle Ralph," Robert said, as he stopped to examine them.

"But you never suspected that it was plowed ground, I imagine," replied his uncle.

"Tell me how they do it, Uncle Ralph."

"Well, for want of a better plow Mr. Angleworm uses his body. All the earth is sifted many times by the worm's body before the men with oxen go through it in the spring. This sifting makes the earth fine and smooth, and when a lot of angleworms get to work plowing, which they generally do after everyone is in bed, I expect they have a very sociable time. They work without any pay, too, and when the plowing season is over they have a hard time of it tunneling down into the ground to evade Madam Robin's sharp bill. A good, juicy worm is such a treat for her nest full of hungry children! The angleworm has a way of attaching itself to its earth home which is very peculiar. When it comes up to plow, in the night-time, it fastens itself tightly to its hole or burrow, as it is more generally called, by one end of its body, and often prefers to be torn in pieces rather than to leave it. This is the reason Mother Robin often has to tug so hard to pull a worm up out of the ground."

"I never knew before that worms were any good except for fish bait," Robert said. "Do they work all the time?"

"No. They rest in the winter when Jack Frost locks the ground so tightly with snow-and-ice bolts that a worm's little wriggling body cannot move them. But as soon as sun and rain get in their work in the spring-time and unlock the bolts, then these busy little plowmen thaw out also and are ready to go to work."

"I suppose they will plow my garden all over before I know anything about it," Robert remarked.

"I imagine they will unless you take a notion to stay up all night and watch them," laughed his uncle.—*Helen M. Richardson.*

SECOND GRADE.

(Children six and seven years of age.)

Lesson 9.

Subject: The Lord's Prayer.
Topic: Heaven.

Review briefly the lessons as given on prayer and "Our Father," being very careful to give the children a feeling of reverence in talking about these sacred subjects. Repeat "The Lord's Prayer" and ask the children if they know what is meant when we say "Our Father which art in heaven."

Suggestive Talk:

Heaven is our Heavenly Father's home. Can you think what kind of a place it is? Many of us have friends and dear ones living in that city, and all of us will be glad to go there some day. We do not know just how we will get to heaven, for, though many go there, very few ever come back to tell us about it.

Sometimes people go away, and we do not see them for a long time, then they come home and we are so pleased to hear them tell about the places they have visited. (Talk about fathers and brothers who have been on missions or if any have had members of their family or friends go away to other places on trips of pleasure or business. Our sorrow at their departure and our pleasure upon their return.) We know about these places, even if we have not seen them. But how do we know about heaven? Who has ever told you about it? (Parents, teachers, etc.) How do they know? Did you ever hear of anyone who had gone to heaven and then came back again? The Lord's Prayer that we said together, who taught it first? Where did Jesus come from? Who was His Father? Jesus told us about His home in heaven. He said: "In my Father's house are many mansions." So there must be many homes in heaven. Jesus had a dear friend when He

was on the earth whose name was John. Before John went to heaven he was allowed to see the beautiful place and we can read in the Bible some of the things he saw there. (The teacher may read the vision of John in Revelations, and choose such parts of the description of heaven as will be interesting to the children.)

Lesson 10.

Topic: Heaven.
Review of last lesson.

Suggestive Talk:

What kind of a place is heaven? Tell me of someone who lives there? In our last lesson we spoke of two people who had seen heaven and had told us about it. In our Church there are some men who know something about it and who have seen our Father and His Son Jesus; do you know their names? The Prophet Joseph is in heaven now, and there are a great many other good men and women there. It must be a very beautiful place. We all want to go there some day. Heaven is sometimes called the "Holy City." John, who saw this beautiful place, said it was "prepared as a bride adorned for her husband."

Do you know what a "bride" is? Did you ever see a bride? What kind of a dress did she have on? Explain how a bride to be prepares for her wedding. Heaven is a beautiful place with streets of gold and gates of pearl, everything that is beautiful here will be found there, only it will be much more beautiful in heaven. We are told that not half has ever been told of this wonderful city. It must be a very large place, because we have been promised that there is plenty of room for all who will do right. There is a wonderful wall all around it, built of beautiful stones, with twelve gates, each one made of pearl, three on the east, three on the west, three on the north and three on the south.

These gates are always open, and whoever will may enter in. What kind of light do you think there is in heaven? What is the best kind of light that we have? By day? By night? The Bible says there is no night in heaven. This is what it says:

"And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon to shine in it: for the glory of God did lighten it."

No night there. Heaven is a light place, let us remember that. How many of you like the bright day-time better than the night?

Lesson 11.

Topic: Heaven.
Review by giving a description of heaven.

Suggestive Talk:

What kind of a place is heaven? What kind of people live there? Who can tell me about the wall? How is this beautiful city lighted? Is there any night? Children like the day time best, but do you know why grown-up folks often long for night to come? Because they are tired and sick and sad. Will anyone ever be tired in heaven? This is what the Bible says about it:

"And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain." Just think of that! No more pain! How many of you were ever sick—real sick, and had hard pain? Why, everybody suffers pain sometime. I don't need to ask how many times you have cried, for every day we hear some child crying because it has been hurt or is sick and so suffers pain that makes it cry. But nobody will ever be in pain in heaven, and no little

baby's cry will ever be heard in that city. Older people cry, too, down here, a great many times when nobody sees them, but "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes" when they reach that blessed country. There will be no sorrow there. Nobody will ever say, "I am sick," and nobody will ever die. God will give to all happiness and life. Heaven is a happy place. Let us remember that heaven is a safe place with its strong walls and beautiful gates. Heaven is a light place because there is no night or darkness there.

Lesson 12.

Topic: Heaven.

Suggestive Talk:

Why is heaven a large place?
Why is it a good place?
How do we know it is beautiful?
What makes it a safe place?
Why is it always light?
Why is it a happy place?

In the Bible it says: "And the streets of the city shall be full of boys and girls, playing in the streets thereof."—Zech. 8: 5.

Now let us talk about how we are going to get ready for heaven.

Is there anyone here—think carefully, now—who can say, "I have never done wrong?" Is there no chance for us, then, to go to heaven? What must we do? We must be good. We must try to make the home we live in now as much like heaven as we can. When shall we begin to try? Now is the best time. This minute. When we go home we will try to remember about heaven and be just as kind to everybody as possible and whenever we see anything that boys and girls can do be ready to help, whether anybody asks us or not. Let us say "the Lord's Prayer" all together and as we say it think about who "our Father" is and about "heaven," where He lives.

THIRD GRADE.

(Children eight and nine years of age.)

Subject: The Ten Commandments.

Note to Teachers.—The stories of Joseph and Moses should be carefully read and the main events thoroughly memorized by the teachers, so that no point of value is missed. It will make the work very much more interesting if every child in the class has an opportunity to read the little books which have been recommended before, "The Favorite Son" and "The Adopted Son." If the children are familiar with the stories the talks and questions will be more interesting and instructive.

Lesson 9.

Topic: Story of Moses.
Review of the life of Joseph.

Suggestive Talk:

After the death of Joseph, his family and the families of his father's children, stayed in Egypt. They were settled there in a very fertile country and were prosperous and happy, so they had no desire to return to Canaan, nor any thought of doing so. They were respected by the people of Egypt for Joseph's sake. When the Egyptian children asked questions about the Hebrew children, who were different in looks from the Egyptians, and wanted to know how they came to be there, no doubt their mothers told them the story of the slave boy who was sold by his brothers, and who, because

of the wisdom which his Lord gave to him, was able to interpret the dreams of the king and to carry out a plan by which the people of Egypt were saved through seven years when nothing grew in all the land, and when without his wise planning, all must have died of starvation. So the remembrance of what Joseph had done was carried down the long years after his death, being told by parents to children and known in the palace of the king as well as in the home of the humblest peasant.

But finally there came a king to the throne who, if he knew what Joseph had done, cared nothing about it. He looked at the Hebrew people and saw that they were great in number and strong in body, and he began to think, "Suppose an enemy should come to fight us and these people should join with them against us, they would surely win, and we could not help ourselves; and if they should choose to go out of our country we could not stop them. It is dangerous to have these people here with such strength as they now have as a free people, and yet they are splendid workmen. I will make them slaves and give them such work to do that they will grow weak in body, and then we will have nothing to fear." So the slavery of the children of Israel in Egypt began. Why do you think God let His people suffer in that way? One reason was that in their prosperity many of them had fallen into the ways of the Egyptians and were worshiping the sun, the river Nile, and some of the animals and other things which God had made instead of worshiping God himself. The people needed the suffering of slavery to make them realize how far they had gone away from the Lord God of their fathers, and so God let the Egyptian king oppress them. There is another reason why their suffering was really a blessing, and that is that it made them willing to leave Egypt. If their life here had continued to be happy and prosperous they would have been satisfied with just things to eat and wear, and would never have been willing to take the greatest and best of the blessings that God wished to give them, for they never would have gone back to Canaan. So we see some of the reasons why God let His people suffer for a time in bondage. How do we know that all through that time He was watching over them and blessing them?—*Selected.*

Questions:

Why are the Jews known as Israelites? Genesis 32: 28.
How did the children of Israel come to live in Egypt?
How many families went into Egypt with Jacob? Exodus 1: 1-4.
How did the Israelites increase in Egypt? Exodus 1: 7.

Lesson 10.

Topic: Story of Moses.

Suggestive Talk:

Everybody is interested in a baby. The babies of the Bible are especially interesting. Next to the infancy of Jesus, perhaps no Bible baby interests us quite so much as little Moses, in his basket among the rushes.

Pharaoh was alarmed at the rapid increase of the Hebrews. After other efforts to check their growth, Pharaoh issued an edict, commanding the destruction of every male infant. Soon after this Moses was born. The prospect was not bright for the child's future. But when God has a purpose for a life years and years hence, no power can destroy it in its infancy.

Our story tells how this baby was delivered from the king's cruelty. Jochebed, the mother, looked into her baby's face, and saw that it was "a goodly child." He was beautiful. What mother ever saw anything but beauty in her own child? Love transfigures the homeliest features. Every baby that comes is the handsomest baby ever born—to its mother. God never sends a baby but he sends love to make a nest for it. Yet there was something unusual in this infant, that told the mother that he was to have great distinction.

The mother tried first to hide her baby. But it is hard to hide a baby

very long. The mother must have been anxious all the while lest some detective might be prowling about the doors and should hear the baby's cries. For three months, however, she kept her secret. Then she felt that she could not longer hide the boy safely. She must find some other way to protect him.

She determined to put him boldly into God's hands. So she made a little ark and laid the baby in it and set it down among the flags by the river's edge. In place of hiding him, she put him just where the king would be sure to hear about him. She believed that God had a purpose for the child's life, and she would let Him take care of her baby.

Many a mother does the same in these days with her child. There are more cruel rivers than the Nile flowing by our homes. Think of the intemperance, the impurity, the evil companionship, the countless temptations amid which every child has to grow up. No mother can hide her child always in her own home. He must go out into the world and meet temptation. What can the mother do to shelter him? She can only put him out of her own hands and ask God to shelter and care for him.

We can imagine Jochebed preparing the little ark for her boy. She takes great pains in weaving it, to make it strong. Then she plasters it with Nile mud and pitch to make it water-tight. Many a tear dropped on it as she worked, and she wove as many prayers as reeds into the little vessel. When the ark was ready she took her three-months-old baby and laid him in it. Then she told Miriam, the baby's sister, to carry the basket down to the river and leave it there at a certain spot. That is just what good mothers are doing all the while, everywhere, with their little ones. They cannot keep them forever in the shelter of home, where they will meet no temptation. It is better they should not try to do this; it is wiser for a boy to meet a boy's temptations in his boyhood, and thus begin to grow strong. So these mothers build arks out of the promises of God, and the good counsels and teachings of the Bible. They line them with many prayers and faithful love. They dedicate them with tears. Then they put their children into them and commit them to God's protection and care.

Did God justify the faith of Jochebed? See how wonderfully everything came out that day. All the promises to Abraham and all the hopes of the nation depended upon that baby, born in slavery, with the sentence of death pronounced upon it, and now laid actually out of the mother's care, in a little basket out on the river's edge. Yet the child was perfectly safe, for God was watching.

The little sister did her part well. She kept faithful watch over that basket. Her baby brother's life was in her keeping. In many a home there is a boy exposed to danger and temptation, and there is an older sister who may be guardian to her brother, doing for him just what Miriam did for hers that day.

Was the coming of the princess that day, just at that hour, an accident? She did not know when she left the palace that anything special would happen that day. She did not know God—her religion was heathen—but God knew her and had her do this beautiful work for Him.

We cannot but admire Miriam's beautiful doing of her part in this wonderful life's drama. Some one says of her and her words, "A little girl by her speech changed the history of the world." How the mother's heart must have leaped for joy when she received her own baby and became its nurse, under the care of the princess. Moses was born for a great mission, and it was important that he should be brought up in his earliest days by his own mother. He must be trained as a Hebrew, with Hebrew sympathies, with a knowledge of the true God. If he had been cared for in the palace of the Pharaohs and had been brought up under Egyptian teachers, he never could have become the deliverer of his own people.

But his mother could not do all the training. So in due time he was taken to the palace as the adopted son of the princess. This part of his

education was necessary, too. He would have to wrestle with Egypt by and by, and deliver his people out of Pharaoh's hand. He would also have to take a great company of men and form a nation, train them for self-government, and fit them for their great mission. To be prepared for this great work, Moses must be educated in the world's best schools. He never became an Egyptian, but remained a loyal Hebrew. His mother's teachings made the first impressions upon his life, and they never were effaced.—*Selected.*

Questions:

Who has the better chance, a poor boy, or a rich boy? Illustrate with reference to Joseph, the poor boy, and Moses the rich boy. For girls, Miriam and Pharaoh's daughter may be similarly contrasted.

Who was Moses?

How was Moses hidden?

Why was Moses hidden?

Why was it necessary that Moses should be disciplined and trained?

Lesson 11.

Topic: Story of Moses.

Suggestive Talk:

God makes His great men slowly. He was eighty years in preparing Moses for his life-work. It is interesting to recall the method of his training. His mother was his first teacher. This was essential. If the child Moses had been brought up from his infancy in an Egyptian household, he would have been an Egyptian in sentiment and spirit, not an Israelite. But his mother could not complete his training, and when she had done her part, the child was taken into the royal household, as the adopted son of the princess. There he received the best education the institutions of Egypt could give him.

For forty years this part of his education was continued. At length the time came when Moses had to break with the throne. The people's wrongs and sufferings in their bondage touched his heart and he could not longer restrain himself. He felt that something must be done for their deliverance. But he set about it indiscretely. His act was heroic, but wrong, for he took the law into his own hands, and slew the Egyptian task-master. It is probable that Moses expected his people to rise at once, under his leadership, and strike for freedom. But the time had not yet come, and Moses had to flee to escape the vengeance of the king.

The mistake which Moses made in trying to avenge the wrongs of his people, God used, as he so often uses our blunders, for the advancement of his own cause. Moses was led into the wilderness, where he entered upon the third part of his education. For forty years he was under God's tuition. He had lessons to learn which neither his mother nor the universities could teach him.

Moses became a shepherd in the wilderness. In this calling he was much alone, with time for quiet thought. We all need silent times in our lives. Character can be built but slowly. Men need to dwell in the presence of God, to get the divine beauty fixed upon their hearts. While Moses was going about, attending to his homely duties, he was maturing for the great work he would by and by be called to undertake. He was proud, self-confident, revengeful, hot-tempered, and these qualities in him must be chastened, disciplined and brought under perfect mastery. He was learning that self-control which made him at last the world's meekest man.

One day the shepherd led his sheep into the wilderness, near to Horeb, and there he had a strange vision. He saw a bush which appeared to be on fire. It was the symbol of God's presence, and the presence of God is not destructive, except to sin. The burning bush illustrated the people's trials

and afflictions, which gathered about them like flames, but, in which they were not consumed, or even injured. We have an illustration of this also in the three young Hebrews, Daniel's friends, who were cast into the furnace of fire, and were not harmed.

The appearance of the burning bush was a mystery to Moses. It was something strange, unusual, and he turned aside and walked toward it, to discover what it meant.. But he was not allowed to advance. He heard a voice out of the bush, saying, "Draw not nigh hither: put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground."

From the burning bush, God proclaimed Himself to Moses as the God of Abraham. He then told Moses of His deep sympathy with His people in their wrongs, and of His coming now to deliver them. He calls them "my people." They were the seed of promise. The story of the divine compassion is told in a wonderfully vivid way. "I have surely seen the affliction of my people." God was not ignorant of the wrongs which had been done to them or the great sufferings they had endured. 'I have heard their cry by reason of their task-masters; for I know their sorrows." He who oppresses one of God's little ones in this world is wronging God Himself. The feeblest on earth may complain to heaven of man's injustice, and heaven will hear and answer.

But there is something still better in God's word to Moses. He had seen their afflictions, had heard their cry, and knew their sorrows. Then He added, "I am come down to deliver them." God's sympathy is actual help in time of need.

Now Moses found his mission. God called him, "Come, now, therefore, and I will send thee unto Pharaoh, that thou mayest bring forth my people." No doubt Moses had ceased to think that he was to be his people's deliverer. Forty years before, he had thought himself called to this work and had gone out to begin it. But God had not then sent him; he was not himself prepared for the task, neither were the people ready for their own deliverance.

It is remarkable that Moses now shrank from the task to which he was called. "Who am I that I should . . . bring forth the children of Israel?" He did not think nearly so highly of himself as he had done forty years before. Yet he was really a far better man and stronger now than then. We are all in danger of self-conceit, of thinking more highly of ourselves than we ought to think. It is a better assurance of real worth in a man to hear him speak diffidently and distrustfully of himself than to hear him boast confidently of his power and skill. The more a man knows, the less he seems to himself to know. Too great an opinion of one's merit is always an element of weakness. It is a hopeful thing to have one think himself unfit for the great duties to which he is called, that he may depend on God.

Yet Moses did wrong in shrinking from the task to which God was calling him so plainly. The Lord assured him that all the help he needed would be given him. "Certainly I will be with thee." This promise is ours, too. God never sends us out to do His work without Himself going with us. It is always we and God who are called to do any service for our Master. If a duty is given to us we may be quite sure that the power to do it will also be given.—*Selected.*

Questions:

Where was Moses when he beheld the burning bush?

What was he doing and for whom was he working?

What did the Lord wish Moses to do?

How had Moses been getting ready to do God's will?

What special calls come to members of our Church? This question will lead to a talk about missions and the holding of responsible positions in the various organizations of the Church.

In what way does the Lord prepare us to do His will?

Lesson 12.

Topic: Story of Moses.

Suggestive Talk:

One night in the long, long ago, God called a man out of his tent and told him to look up at the stars, and said, "Abram, your children's children shall be as the stars for number." Abram was then an old man, and he had no children at all; but, when God gave him this promise, he believed that it would be as God had said, and God was glad, when he saw the trust and faith of his servant. At that same time, God told Abram of something that would happen to his children's children in the years to come, and gave him another promise about that. Let us read it together. (Genesis 15: 13, 14.) What did God say would happen to the people? How long did he say they would be afflicted, in a strange land? What was the promise concerning them? We have been following the story of Abraham's children's children, the children of Israel. We have seen them grow into a great number of people—so great that the king of Egypt became afraid of them. We have seen the afflictions of these people, under cruel taskmasters, and we have heard their cry to God for help. We can almost imagine that we have been in the house of Amram and Jochebed, helping them to keep their baby boy hidden, so that his life might be spared, and then, watching eagerly, at the river side, to see what should happen to the tiny ark, in which the baby had been placed. What did happen to it? What great opportunities did Moses have? Do you think he made the best of them? Between what two ways of life did he have to choose? Did he choose wisely? He was forty years old when he fled from Egypt. How long did he serve Jethro, as a shepherd? In what way did God call him to the work of leading his people out of Egypt? How did it happen that Aaron was sent with Moses to help in the work? What was God's promise to Moses when he asked him to become Israel's leader?

Now our story has come up to the time when God is planning to redeem his promise to take the descendants of Abraham out of Egypt, and back to Canaan, in order that he may give them that land for their home. He has the leader ready, and the people are eager to get away from their bondage. But Pharaoh is not ready, and the Egyptian people will not want the Israelites to go, because they are doing work that the Egyptians themselves would be compelled to do for the king, if the Israelites were not there; so we shall see a heathen king, and his people, trying to defeat the purposes of the true God, the King of kings. When Moses and Aaron first went before the king, it was to ask that their people might go a three days' journey into the wilderness to sacrifice to God. They began their request by saying, "Thus saith the Lord God of Israel." Read Pharaoh's answer, in Exodus 5: 2. Pharoah, in his anger, declared that the reason Moses asked this was because the people were lazy and wanted an excuse to stop work; so he ordered the taskmasters to increase the burdens of the people, and compel them to make just as many bricks as before, in a day, but give them no straw to make them with. The people were already doing more work in a day than they ought to have been asked to do, and when their tasks were made so much harder, they complained bitterly. Moses asked God what it meant that the people should be worse off than before, and saying that there were no signs of their deliverance from bondage. God encouraged Moses, and told him that he would surely keep His promise, saying, "I am the Lord, and I will bring you out from under the bondage of the Egyptians." Moses and Aaron, at God's command, went before Pharaoh again with their request, and, when he refused, Moses told him that all the water in the land would be turned to blood, that the fish in the river would die, and all the water would be unfit to drink. This was the first of ten

plagues that God sent upon Pharaoh and his people, each one harder to bear than the one before. They might have escaped these punishments at any time if they had obeyed the command of God, but they chose to fight against Him. It is an awful thing for any one to try to stand in the way of God's purposes, and try to prevent His plans from being carried out; just as it is a wonderful privilege to work with God, and help in carrying out his plans.

Can you tell what the plagues were that were sent upon Pharaoh? (Water turned to blood. Frogs. Lice. Flies. Murrain of the cattle. Boils on man and beast. Hail and lightning. Locusts. Darkness.) One after another, these things came upon Pharaoh, and his people, and the king knew that they came and went, at the command of Israel's God, and that they did not affect the Israelites, but still he would not obey God's command. Sometimes he said, while the plague was over the land, that if it was taken away he would let the people go, but, when relief came, he hardened his heart, and broke his promise; and so, the time had come when a worse punishment than any that had gone before must come upon the Egyptians. God told his people to get all ready to leave Egypt quickly. Each family was to kill and cook a lamb with bitter herbs and eat this with unleavened bread in the middle of the night, standing as they ate, in order that they might be ready to start at once on their journey. When the lamb was killed, its blood was to be sprinkled upon the top and sides of the door of the house of every Israelite. Then all the people of the house were to stay inside that night, for the angel of death was to pass through the land, and smite the first-born in every house where there was no blood upon the door; when he saw the blood, he passed over the house. So the supper eaten, that night, was called the Passover Supper, and it became a memorial supper for the children of Israel always after that.

Shortly after midnight, there was a great cry in the land of Egypt, for the first-born of every Egyptian household, from the king on his throne to the prisoner in the dungeon, and even the first-born of the cattle, had been smitten by the death angel. Does it seem strange that the cattle should be included? You see, the Egyptians worship many kinds of cattle, and during all the plagues they had been praying to the cattle to save them. It was necessary to show those people that the gods to which they prayed had no power, and so the plagues affected the cattle, as they did the people. When they saw what had happened, the king, and his people, became frantic with fear; they called for Moses and Aaron, and told them to make haste, and get out of Egypt, taking their people, the flocks, and herds, and everything that they owned; only go ,and go quickly. The people gave them presents of gold and silver, and jewels, and urged them to make haste.

What a dreadful thing it is for any one to refuse to obey God! His plans will be carried out, and his work will be done, in the world some time, and in some way, but God longs to have every one to help and not to hinder. Read what he has said about this in Deuteronomy 5: 29, and then turn to Acts 5: 39.—*Selected.*

Questions:

Why do the Jews still observe the ceremony of the Passover? Explain the value of remembering why the passover was first observed.

What sacred ceremony have we that helps us to remember the greatest blessing God ever gave to His people? The teacher should be very reverent in her own manner while discussing the subject of the sacrament.

FOURTH GRADE.

(Boys and girls ten and eleven years of age.)

Subject: The Word of Wisdom.

Lesson 9.

Topic: Greeting.

Divisions:

1. Concert recitation of first paragraph of revelation on Word of Wisdom.
2. Review of last four lessons. It might be advisable to appoint members to be prepared with the review. Before leaving this part of the work questions should be asked by the teacher to see that the boys and girls understand and remember the lessons as they are given.
3. Reading of second paragraph of the revelation on the Word of Wisdom. The teacher should read the paragraph first and the class repeat after her a few times.
4. Definition of "greeting." See any good dictionary.
5. Explain difference between "greeting" and "commandment." See any good dictionary.
6. Explain how the apostles of old sent greetings when giving advice to the saints of their day. See James 1; Acts 15: 23. I Samuel 25: 5.
7. Relate instances of direct commandments from God. For instance To Adam and Eve in the garden of Eden. In the building of the ark. The sacrifice of Isaac by Abraham. The building of temples by the Saints. Doc. and Cov. page 433. The first commandments to the Saints. Doc. and Cov. page 168.
8. Tell of some instances where it is necessary for parents to give commands which must be obeyed if boys and girls are to develop and grow strong in body and mind.
9. Tell of some instances when parents may advise and allow boys and girls to decide for themselves.

Lesson 10.

Topic: Order.

Divisions:

1. Concert recitation of first and second paragraph of revelation on Word of Wisdom.
2. Review of last lesson which should emphasize the meanings of advice and commandment.
3. Discuss the second paragraph and encourage the members of the class to think about the meaning of the paragraph, to offer their own opinions and also to ask questions.
4. "Showing forth the order and will of God." Illustrate this statement by reviewing briefly some of the instances of God's order that we can read about in the Bible, for instance: The creation; the building of the ark; the manna in the wilderness, etc.
5. To illustrate the order which God has established in our Church review briefly the order of the Priesthood. Every male member of the Church may receive spiritual education in these quorums.
6. Name the auxiliary organizations in the Church.
7. The Relief Society. What is its special work and how does it do-good to others?

8. The Sunday School. How does it help in the Church?

9. The Mutual Improvement Associations. Whom do they help and how?

10. The Primary Associations and The Religion classes. Why are they organized?

Lesson 11.

Topic: Temporal Salvation.

Divisions:

1. Review of last lesson. Emphasize the value of order in all things; illustrate by referring to the wonderful order and system in nature as established and controlled by God.

2. Concert recitation of first two parargaphs of revelation on Word of Wisdom.

3. State briefly who the members are of the organizations of the Priesthood and the auxiliary associations.

4. Why may we believe that God has thought of every member of the Church?

5. What is the meaning of spiritual and temporal salvation? The teacher should answer this question.

6. In working for spiritual salvation how do we constantly try to obey the greatest commandments as given by our Savior. See Matthew 22: 35-40?

7. How will trying to love our neighbors as ourselves affect our every day or temporal lives?

8. If we obey the Word of Wisdom will we be helping our neighbors?

Lesson 12.

Topic: The Word of Wisdom.

Note.—The value of the work in this as in all the other grades will be in establishing in the minds of the children a knowledge of right principles and an earnest desire for doing that which is right. "To do right because it is right to do it." We will, therefore, review often the main points in the lesson.

Divisions:

1. Review what is given on "Revelation," Lesson 1.

2. What is meant by the "Restoration of the Gospel," Lessons 2 and 4.

3. Explain what is meant by "Commandments and Words of Counsel."

4. Review briefly the character of Joseph Smith and what he was doing about the time the revelation on the Word of Wisdom was given. Lesson 6.

5. When and where was this revelation given. See Doctrine and Covenants, section 89.

6. What is meant by "Zion." Lesson 8.

7. State why you think it best to do right because you want to rather than being compelled to.

8. Give illustrations to show that God is a person of order.

9. State why you think that in obeying the Word of Wisdom you will be helping yourself and your neighbors.

FIFTH GRADE.

(Boys and girls twelve and thirteen years of age.)

Subject: The Articles of Faith.

Lesson 9.

Topic: The Godhead.

Divisions:

1. Concert recitation of Article 1.
2. Review of previous lesson showing that God has appeared to people upon the earth. Lecture 2, paragraphs 12 to 17.
3. In what way does history teach us that when people forget God they always recognize some higher and unseen power. Lecture 2, paragraph 2.
4. There are three personages named in the first article of faith. Name them.
5. Tell what you can about the three personages named in the first article of faith. Lecture 2, paragraph 20.
6. Tell what you can of the unity of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost. Lecture 2, paragraphs 21-22.
7. Read Genesis 1: 26, 27. If man is made in the image of God what kind of being would you think the Father and the Son would be. Lecture 2, paragraph 23.
8. Tell what you can about the Holy Ghost. Lecture 2, paragraph 24.

Lesson 10.

Topic: The Attributes of God.

Divisions:

1. Review of last lesson.
2. Give the meaning of omnipresent. See any good dictionary or school teacher.
3. Tell in what way we believe God to be omnipresent. Lecture 2, paragraph 25.
4. Give meaning of omniscient. See any good dictionary or school teacher.
5. In what way do we believe God to be omniscient. Lecture 2, paragraph 26.
6. Give meaning of omnipotent. See any good dictionary or school teacher.
7. In what way do we believe God to be omnipotent. Lecture 2, paragraph 27.
8. Why do we believe that God is kind, benevolent, and loving. Lecture 2, paragraph 28.

Lesson 11.

Topic: Idolatry.

Divisions:

1. Review of last lesson describing the three personages in the Godhead.
2. Tell why we know that man has an instinct for worship. Lecture 2, paragraph 30.
3. Give some examples of atrocious idolatry. Seventh and eighth note to Lecture 2.

4. What is atheism? Lecture 2, paragraph 32. (Teacher should answer this question.)

5. What is the sectarian view of the Godhead? Lecture 2, paragraph 33. (This is a very important and, perhaps, too difficult a question, therefore, it is suggested that some capable person be invited to come and explain it to the class. If this is impossible the question may be omitted.)

Lesson 12.

Topic: Article One.

Divisions:

1. What is theology, and why is it important that we should study it. Lecture 1, paragraphs 1-8.
2. Brief review of Joseph Smith as given in Lecture 1, paragraphs 9-15.
3. Brief review of the authenticity of Joseph Smith's mission. Lecture 1, paragraphs 20-26.
4. Brief review of Joseph Smith as a True Prophet. Lecture 1, paragraphs 27-35.
5. What is faith? "The Gospel," by Roberts, pages 46-48.
6. Give some reasons for our belief that God exists. Lecture 2, paragraphs 1-11.
7. Tell some of the incidents in which God has shown himself to men. Lecture 2, paragraphs 12-19.
8. What is the Godhead and its powers? Lecture 2, paragraphs 20-28.
9. Tell what you can about idolatry. Lecture 2, paragraphs 29-31.

THE CHRIST—*By Hofmann.*

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND

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ACTING THE SOLDIER.

David Allen remained in his seat as the other boys passed out of the schoolroom. There was a look of such sadness on the boy's face that Principal Bailey's heart was touched. The young Head Master of Williston Academy knew very well what made David look so troubled. The lad's father had gone wrong, and the disgrace of his sin, however undeservedly, rested upon the whole family.

It was another case of tampering with the funds of a bank. David's father had been cashier of the bank, and the peculiar temptation that comes to a man in such a position had proved too much for him. He had speculated with the bank's money, had been discovered and arrested, and now the story of the trial was in all the newspapers.

The blow had been a terrible one to David. It had fallen upon the ambitious, happy lad like lightning out of a clear sky. He realized that it meant the giving up of all his present hopes and plans. His father had commanded only a small salary, and that, of course, would stop now. It would devolve upon David to do what he could for the support of his mother and younger brothers and sisters. It would be a hard struggle for them all. David must leave school, and try to find work. Hard as that would be, the situation was made still worse by the question whether any one would employ him, with the family disgrace as a handicap. Surely, it was a dark outlook for the poor boy; and no wonder Principal Bailey's heart was touched with pity as he asked, "Did you wish to see me, Allen?"

"Yes, sir," replied David, coming forward. "I have to tell you, sir, that I must leave school. I suppose you know why."

"Yes, my boy, I know why," said Principal Bailey, sadly. "But is there no other way?"

"None, sir, I am afraid," answered David. "I must do what I can to take care of the family. We have no rescources, beyond a few hundred dollars saved from my father's salary, and that will soon be gone. I must go to work. I only wish I knew where to find something to do."

"David," said Principal Bailey, affectionately, dropping all profes-

sional formality, and laying his hand on the shoulder of the troubled lad, "I wish I could help you, and perhaps I can. Only yesterday I received a letter from Colonel Graham, editor of the Midland Gazette. He was my teacher when I was a boy about as old as you are now. He is engaged in writing a military history, that involves a good deal of correspondence, and wants a private secretary—preferably, a boy who writes a good business hand, and would be willing to act as companion, tutor, and playmate, for half of each day, to a crippled boy of his own. But read the letter yourself, David. You can see what he says."

The Head Master took the letter from his pocket, and handed it to his pupil. David read it, grateful for the sympathetic pressure of the arm still rested across his shoulders.

"My dear Bailey," the letter ran, "what have you, in your graduating class, by way of material for an old war dog's private secretary? You know I'm in the thick of my State Military History, just now, and the clerical labor of composition and endless correspondence threatens me with pen paralysis, to say nothing of brain exhaustion. Now, what I would like to find is some fine, dependable young fellow,—such as you might be able to pick out, I should think, from among your great company of boys,—who is intelligent, apt, a good speller, writes a firm, businesslike hand, and could take ordinary dictation fairly rapidly, in long hand. But, furthermore—and this is important—I want a secretary not far removed in age from my own boy, Fred, who can amuse, and instruct, to some extent, and in a physical way be helpful to my poor cripple. You understand what I want—a companionable boy, of good disposition, good family, and good character, who can be a sort of playmate-tutor to Fred, and at the same time do some work, during the morning only, for me. I am willing to pay the right kind of a boy well —the kind of a boy I can take into my own family, and make one of us. Of course, you wouldn't send me any other kind of boy; and I know that for friendship's and old association's sake, you can, and will, assist me in this matter. I can trust no one else to do it as well as you."

As David Allen read this friendly letter, a great longing came over him to be the kind of boy that Colonel Graham wanted. What a delightful, what an ideal, prospect for a young fellow just starting out in life!

"Oh! but I can't I can't," he cried, looking up to Principal Bailey, with his eyes full of tears, as he finished reading the letter. "My trouble about my father would bar me out. Don't you see, sir, that Colonel Graham would never take into his family, and accept for his son's companion, a boy whose father has been convicted of embezzlement?"

"Circumstnces alter cases, my boy," replied Mr. Bailey, gravely. "You know you must not leave me out of the account. I believe you are the very boy, in every respect, that Colonel Graham needs. Trust me to say the right thing, which shall also be the true thing, in your behalf. I flatter myself that Colonel Graham will trust my judgment far more than he will be influenced by the newspaper reports about your

father, I am convinced that you have only been strengthened, morally, by your father's crime and its sad results. It has been a lesson that you never will forget. Now, if this opportunity appeals to you, my boy,—as I see it does—trust me to manage the matter with Colonel Graham. Will you?"

David's only reply was to grasp his teacher's hand, with a sob of gratitude that spoke more than words.

"I suppose you would like to apply for the position very soon?" continued Mr. Bailey. David nodded his head. "Let us say day after to-morrow, then," suggested his friend. "You can make what preparation you care to, and I will have a letter of introduction ready for you when you start."

Principal Bailey not only wrote a letter of introduction and recommendation, for David to carry to Colonel Graham, but he wrote, and forwarded, in advance, to his old teacher, a much longer, more confidential letter, which David knew nothing about.

Two days later, the lad was shown into the editorial rooms of the Midland Gazette, where the editor-in-chief sat at a long table, writing one of his forceful editorials.

David stood patiently waiting, cap in hand, till the flying pen stopped, and the last sheet was tossed aside. "There!" said Colonel Graham, as the foreman's assistant pounced upon the manuscript, and bore it off to the composing room, "that's the last for to-day, Thomas. Now I can attend to you, young man."

As Colonel Graham whirled his chair about, and confronted David, his fine, military face became alert with a new interest. "Is this the boy Mr. Bailey was to send?" he queried, going to the heart of the matter at once.

"Yes, sir," replied David, respectfully proffering his letter of introduction.

"Not just at present," said Colonel Graham, waving aside the letter. "Let us have a little personal introduction first. To begin with, let me ask your name?" And he looked keenly at David.

"Allen, sir—David Allen," answered the boy.

"Any relation of the Silas Allen whose case is making such a stir in the papers, just now?"

Without a moment's hesitation or faltering, David replied, frankly and bravely, "His son, sir."

The boy's clear, honest eyes met the great editor's keen and searching glance without a shadow of evasion. It was a critical moment in the boy's moral testing, did he but know it. The man before him was looking into his very soul. A single sign of hedging or withholding might have turned the tables against the lad. But David passed the ordeal in a way that pleased the old soldier who was questioning him.

"I am glad to see that you are neither afraid of, or ashamed of, the name you bear, my boy!" said the editor, cordially. "That is right. I like your bearing—it's like a soldier's. Now let me see your letter

of introduction. Ah,—yes—very good, very good! Mr. Bailey speaks of you in a way to be proud of. I shall be very glad to give you the chance of which he is sure you will prove worthy. Now, David, you may begin your duties by coming home with me to dinner!"

James Buckham.

HOW JOHN PAID NAN.

The family were at the supper table when John came in with his skates.

After supper his father said to him:

"John, you have been gone all the afternoon. You did not get your work done. It must be finished to-night, you know."

John went out into the shed with a gloomy brow. It was not long, however, before the tones of his voice came in very cheerfully through the closed door into the sitting-room.

"Is that Nan out in the shed with John?" asked Janetta.

Her mother smiled and nodded.

Janetta was almost grown up. She felt herself to be wise and often liked to give her mother advice, as most of us have liked to do in our time. She gave her some now.

"I think, mother, that you ought not to let Nan help John so much. She will spoil him. It is no girl's work for her to be carrying wood for him down into the cellar. She never seems to mind what she does, if it will make things easier for John."

"He pays her for it pretty evenly. I think," said Mrs. Neville, quietly.

"Pays her!" repeated Janetta in surprise, looking doubtfully at her mother. "How?"

"Keep your eyes open and see," said Mrs. Neville.

John, said Nan, when they had come back into the house and where warming themselves luxuriously; "Eva Hastings can't go to the singing class because she hasn't anybody to take her home. We could walk just that little distance round the corner, couldn't we?"

"Where's her brother Jim? Why can't he go for her?"

"He'll not be bothered, he says. You always come after me anyway. So I thought that it wouldn't be very much farther to take Eva on home."

"I suppose it wouldn't," said John. "All right."

Janetta looked across at her mother. But Mrs. Neville's head was bent over her work.

The next day at noon John was full of a plan which the boys were making at school.

"We are going to get up a sleigh ride—just we ourselves. We

are going to pay for the big sleigh among us boys. Then we will invite young ladies to come with us."

Janetta condescended to show a little interest. She usually felt herself much above John and his friends, but if it was a question of having a sleigh ride when sleigh rides were few, perhaps she might forget her dignity for once to advantage. John noticed this. He was divided as to whether to feel flattered or to grumble.

"Yes, of course, some of the fellows want you, Janetta," he said. "They know that generally you don't remember that they are alive; and it is just possible that now and then you slip out of their memory for a minute or two at a time. But on an occasion like this we can make believe all around. You see it adds something to the style to have girls on board with long skirts and their hair put up."

Nan was listening, wistfully. Her skirts were not long and her hair was in a pigtail. Still, she oughtn't to be selfish; it was nice for John and Janetta, and her turn would come by and by.

"In my own case, though," John continued, "I didn't choose my girl for style. I have more sense. She is young; she may fall asleep during the proceedings, but she is the nicest girl in town, for all that, of any size—except mother—Nan is."

"Oh, John, you didn't!" cried Nan, joyfully. "How perfectly, perfectly lovely of you!"

Janetta thought of several things, of which the sleigh ride was only one. Meantime Dr. Neville had come in for his dinner.

"John," he said, "I hope you have not been making friends with those two Barbour boys."

"I haven't," said John; "Nan would not let me. I couldn't see anything bad in them; and they're awfully entertaining. But Nan made such a fuss that I had to give in."

"Well, you may be very thankful to Nan," said his father. "They have got themselves into a miserable scrape. They were picked up on a back street drunk last night, and put in a common jail."

While the others exclaimed and questioned, John was uncommonly silent. At the end, before he started back to the school, he said, soberly:

"A fellow doesn't lose much by taking Nan's advice. Maybe if Harry and Phil Barbour had had a Nan for a sister, they never would have got into such bad ways."

In the course of the afternoon Janetta drew her chair up close beside her mother's.

"Mother, she said, "I have watched and I see. Nan gets high pay from John for hewing wood and drawing water."

"I knew that you would see it before long," said her mother. "A girl cannot do better work than build little fences of kindness and love and goodness about her brother, that will help to keep him safe. Even if she roughens her hands a little at it, and works rather more than her share, it is well worth while. Isn't it?"—*Nicholas Emens.*

FORGOTTEN THANKS.

Of course, you boys and girls are not the kind who forget to say, "Thank you," when any one does you a favor. When you were very small, before you could so much as talk plainly, father and mother taught you these two little words, and ever since. I trust, you have been careful about using them at the right time.

There are many people who are careful to say, "Thank you," when some one passes them the bread at dinner, or lends them a book to read, but who receive other and greater kindnesses without saying a word.

"Where are my gloves?" cries Jack, as he is about to start for school some cold morning. "O, dear! I wish folks would let my gloves alone!"

"Here they are, Jack," mamma says quickly, as the sound of the impatient voice comes to her ears. "I put them away for you when you left them lying about."

And perhaps Jack says "O!" and perhaps he says nothing at all. It is not likely that he says, "Thank you." We fear his mother is used to it, however. Many mothers are.

How many boys and girls think of saying "Thank you" for the hours mother spends mending their torn clothes, or for her care of them when they are sick, or for any of the little sacrifices she is making all the time? If they want any help on their lessons, mother gives it as a matter of course, and they usually forget that it is anything for which to thank her. They take it for granted that whatever they want mother will give them, if she possibly can; and so she will, but her willingness and her love and her unselfishness are no excuse for their being ungrateful and discourteous.

Start this very day to say "Thank you" whenever mother does you a kindness. Perhaps you will be surprised to learn how many chances there are in a day to use those little words. And you will be even more surprised to see how much it means to mother that you do not forget them.—*Selected.*

MARGERY'S PLAN.

Margery was hurrying along the village street on her way to the grocery. Mother had sent her for a dozen eggs, which she wanted right away. Suddenly, in her hurry, she stepped upon the edge of a small hoop which she had not seen upon the path, tripped and fell.

"My!" she exclaimed, as she got up tossed the hoop to one side, and hastened on, "it's a good thing I wasn't on my way home with the eggs when that happened."

Then, as she walked along, she began noticing the number of cast-off articles, of all sorts, that were scattered along the path and street.

There were old bottles with broken necks, all ready to puncture the tire of the first bicycle that passed that way; there were scraps of newspapers that not only looked untidy, but were likely to blow up and scare some nervous horse; and then there were old kettles, and broken jars, along the edge of vacant lots. Altogether, as Margery began to notice these things, all of which she had passed many times before without noticing, she began to think, and her thinking ended in a very definite plan.

That same day, at recess, she unfolded her plan to a group of girls and boys in her class. After telling them, with a laugh, of her fall, and of the way it had opened her eyes to the condition of the village street, she went on: "You know, in the cities they have Improvement Leagues, and the members of a league do all they can to make the city streets and vacant lots look nicer. Now, I don't see why we can't make our street look nicer, without any league. To-morrow will be Saturday. Suppose we all take hold, and as many others as want to help, and clean thing up. What do you say?"

"Hurrah!" responded the boys; and the girls exclaimed, "Of course we can!"

So it was decided to spread the news among the other scholars, and to meet at the bridge over the milldam the next morning at nine o'clock ready for work.

"You can be generalissimo, Margery," said one of the boys, magnanimously, "because you thought of it."

"No," answered Margery, "I would rather appoint Horace Strong in my place. He knows just how to do such things."

So Horace, with a low bow, and a flourish of his cap, accepted the responsible position in Margery's place, and at once began orders as to what each one needed to bring in order to do the work to the best advantage. Some of the boys were to have carts, wheelbarrows, or bags, for the workers to place the rubbish in, and Roy Fontaine promised to bring a horse and wagon, in which the entire accumulation was to be hauled away outside the village.

The next morning, promptly on time, about twenty girls and boys gathered at the bridge and set to work.

"Oh, look," exclaimed Margery, a few minutes after the work had begun, "there are lots of odds and ends of wood scattered along; suppose we put all those into a separate wheelbarrow, instead of with the rubbish, and when it gets full we can take it over to Grandmother Fullerton's yard. It will make good kindling, and would last her quite a long time."

"Good for you, Margery," exclaimed several of the boys and girls. "That is exactly the thing to do."

So the bits of wood were kept separate, and it was astonishing how soon that wheelbarrow was filled.

"This is just as much fun as lots of our games," exclaimed Phil Baxter, "and it isn't a bit harder, either."

The others agreed with Phil, for how could twenty boys and girls, working together for a good end, fail to have a good time about it?"

By noon the task was finished, and though they were warm and a bit tired, they were more than repaid for their work, for never before had the village looked so trim and well kept, and then—how Grandmother Fullerton's eyes had shone as she thanked them for the big pile of kindling wood that had been deposited in her shed.

They were just about to start for their various homes, with rousing appetites for dinner, when Mrs. Thayer, the grocer's wife, came out to her gate and called them: "I want all of you who have worked this morning to come to my house next Monday evening. I think you all deserve a treat."

And, as Mrs. Thayer was one of the very best cooks in the village, and the sort of woman who knew just how to help a lot of girls and boys to have a good time, you may be sure her invitation was accepted with a cheer.—*Julia Darrow Cowles.*

WHAT WE OWE.

If we could only realize
From parents, loving true and kind.
What we receive each day
We'd pay it back someway.

But oh, we do not understand,
Until it is too late,
The many little deeds of love
They do to shape our fate.

We take each one and give them what?
Do you expect it back?
They give it all so cheerfully,
No matter what we lack.

But let us each and every one,
Try with our might and mind
To pay the debt we owe to them
By doing all thats kind.

—*W. M.*—08—*Student Weber Stake Academy.*

GIRLS' DEPARTMENT

THE GIRLS THAT ARE WANTED.

The girls that are wanted are home girls,
Girls that are mother's right hand,
That fathers and brothers can trust in,
And the little ones understand.

Girls that are fair on the hearthstone,
And pleasant when nobody sees;
Kind and sweet to their own folk,
Ready and anxious to please.

The girls that are wanted are wise girls
That know what to do and to say;
That drive with a smile and a soft word,
The wrath of the household away.

The girls that are wanted are good girls,
Good girls from the heart to the lips;
Pure as the lily is white and pure,
From its heart to its sweet leaf tips.

—*Selected.*

THE BEST TIME.

If these are the best times I'm ever to have, I feel sorry for myself," said Julia fervently as she watched the visitor go down the street. "I don't suppose it's very polite to say so, but Mrs. Nelson always makes me provoked when she comes."

"Did she say you never would be any happier than you are now?" asked Cousin Frances from the other room.

"Yes, she draws her face down and says, "My child, you are having the best time of your life right now.' If it's having a good time to do chores all the time, I wouldn't mind doing real work, but to have a dozen insignificant tasks within an hour is too provoking for anything."

"You're better off than I am, Julia," put in her brother, Fred. "The big boys get the jobs that pay, while I have to be content with five cents for doing errands, and things like that. I think fourteen is the meanest age of all."

"Mrs. Nelson was right," said Cousin Frances; "the best time of your lives is right now, but there are happier days coming. She did not mean that you never would enjoy yourselves more than you do know, but rather that every day is a broadening and deepening of your lives. Didn't I hear your mother tell you this morning, Julia, that your allowance is to be increased next week when your thirteenth birthday comes? I notice that more and more Fred is trusted with important tasks, and you both are stepping into happier days all the time. It is wonderful to do your work so well that larger and larger things come to you."

"I never thought of that," said Julia. "Mother is always letting Nell do so many things that I forget to notice when she did anything for me. I wonder if I ought to be happy right now, and not wait until I am a young lady."

Wonder? Think of a girl wondering whether or not she ought to be happy! Why, it is the birthright of every girl to be happy, and she will be, unless sickness, or ill temper, or sin, robs her of it. One of the most beautiful girls I ever knew had none of the pleasures of more fortunate girls, and yet she grew into a woman who surpassed them, with all their advantages of wealth, education and leisure. "Isn't it lovely that I have strength to take care of the family?" she always said when people pitied her for having to stay at home and work hard when she should have been in school. Her happiest days were always in the present, and she is now at the head of a home where wealth and culture prevail.

Yes, I know just how you feel, for when I was thirteen my eyes would be so filled with tears that I could not see the dust on the furniture, when I was called upon to put down the book of heroic deeds and help with the housework. We think we could do the great things, but we despise the little ones. Do you remember what the Bible says? "He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much." Dear boys and girls, can you not see your lives growing every day as a flower opens in the sunshine? Truly you are having the best days of your lives just now, but there are brighter, and more joyous ones, in the future.—*Hilda Richmond.*

SPONGE AND SAUCER GARDENS.

A wet sponge placed in a glass, will soon be altogether hidden beneath a lovely green growth, if it is scattered with canary, flax or any grass seed. Mustard seed, with its small yellow blossom, is also very pretty. Be careful to keep the sponge wet.

There is also the saucer garden, that has a single cone set in the center and moss all about it. The cone will soon be alive with close, green spears, if you keep it away from the frost and give the tiny canary bird seeds with which you have scattered it, sufficient water.

Take the simple bowl of grasses, for instance, planted in common

pine cones that are set in sand or in common soil. The child can pick up his own cones, even as late as this, in neighboring woods: then he must sprinkle them with as much soil as they will hold, after that scatter the grass seeds over them and sprinkle the whole with water. Place the cones in sand or moss, and water them sparingly at first. Be sure, however, that they never become quite dry, and keep them in a moderately warm spot. It will not be long before they shoot up in pretty green points.

The cones may be cleverly fastened together and hung in a window, or placed in a rustic basket. There are several thousand varieties of grass, and a beautiful effect is produced by growing a different kind in every cone.—*Selected.*

BRIEF HINTS FOR BRIGHT GIRLS.

Some one has suggested fifteen things that every girl can learn before she is fifteen. Not everyone can learn to play, or sing, or paint, well enough to give pleasure to her friends, but the following "accomplishments" are within everybody's reach:—

Shut the door, and shut it softly.

Keep your own room in tasteful order.

Have an hour for rising, and rise.

Learn to make bread as well as cake.

Never let a button stay off twenty-four hours.

Always know where your things are.

Never let a day pass without doing something to make somebody comfortable.

Never come to breakfast without a collar.

Never go about with your shoes unbuttoned.

Speak clearly enough for everybody to understand.

Never fidget, or hum, so as to disturb others.

Never fuss, or fret, or fidget.—*Selected.*

The girl who likes to please is all very well, but the girl who likes to help is worth two of her.—*Exchange.*

BOYS' DEPARTMENT

THE MERRY FARMER BOY.

O I'm a merry farmer boy,
I plow and sow, I reap and mow,
And I love to sing sweet songs of joy,
For I'm a merry farmer boy.

I love to sit down by the spring,
Where lilies bloom and willows bow,
And to hear the merry songsters sing,
For I'm a merry farmer boy.

Give me the music of the farm;
There's peace and joy without alloy,
And to me it brings the sweetest charm,
For I'm a merry farmer boy.

Selected.

THE BIG BROTHER.

Through the vista of years I see the best brother I ever knew. He had on a uniform, for he was a young soldier fighting for his country in the time of war. And his little brother was a sturdy chap of seven, who looked at Martin with the deepest admiration. Whatever Martin did was grand and fine in the eyes of Ted, and whatever Martin did not do, was a thing to avoid.

Do big brothers realize that one reason among many why they should be gentlemannered and obliging, why they should wait on mothers and sisters, and be respectful and considerate where their fathers are concerned, is that they are copied by the younger ones, in a careful imitation, that is very flattering, but also that entails a great responsibility.

The youth, almost a man in size and strength and years, should bear himself with dignity and courtesy everywhere because it is duty. His family, the church, the sunday-school and society expect this of him. But his adoring juniors do more than expect. They copy. If the big brother is bold and brave, they overcome their fears. If he tells the truth at any cost, they are truthful. If he avoids profane words and shows that he has the will to overcome temptation, he strengthens by the power of example, all the younger boys who know him.

Martin, my soldier boy, was one of those dear fellows who have time to listen to the trials of others, time to help a younger sister or brother with hard home work, sums, maps, memory tests or the like, and time to tell stories in the firelight. When he came home on furlough, he gave a good share of time to Teddy and Teddy's friends, and when the war was over and he went into business life, he was still willing in the evenings to spend an hour with Teddy.

We always dwell upon the great comfort a girl can be in her home. From the daughter we anticipate all sorts of little devices that bring joy, pleasant attentions to her elders, and numerous thoughtful acts that make the household a place of delight. But I sometimes think that the brother has as much as the sister to do with the deep tranquil peace and content of the family. If he puts his strong shoulder under the daily burdens, the mother's load will seem less. If he does not fuss about trifles, the friction of the home will be diminished. If he may be relied upon to fulfil a promise, or a kindness, now and then deny himself, and altogether if he behave as a big brother should, his home will be a place of sunshine.

Our Lord has deigned to be our elder Brother: is there not in this a suggestion for each of the boys, who are growing up; what better thing can they do than try to imitate Him who "pleased not Himself?"

—*Margaret E. Sangster.*

DEFECTIVE VISION.

Take a piece of pasteboard about five inches square; roll it into a tube with one end just large enough to fit around the eye, and the other end rather smaller. Hold the tube between the thumb and finger of the right hand (do not grasp it with the whole hand); put the large end close against the right eye, and with the left hand hold a book against the side of the tube. Be sure to keep both eyes open, and there will appear to be a hole through the book and objects seem as if seen through the hole instead of through the tube. The right eye sees through the tube and the left sees through the book, and the two appearances are so confused that they cannot be separated. The left hand can be held against the tube instead of the book, and the hole will seem to be through the hand.

THE ATHLETE AT WORK.

Why not consider every bit of work you do about the home, shop or farm as so much exercise given you to develop your body athletically? Take a broader view of your work. Don't allow it to become a grind. The reason why our play time is so beneficial to our bodies and

spirits is because we rejoice in the exercise afforded, though it may be tenfold more strenuous than our work.

Rejoice that you are not confined to a desk all day. Let the shop be your gymnasium, the farm a big athletic field.

If you are asked to split a cord of wood, pull the weeds from the roadside, or supply the house with water, view these duties as excellent means of making an athletic of yourself.

We know of a youth who resides in Salt Lake City, and ardently devoted to athletics. His school is three miles distant from his home, yet he walks this distance morning and night. He is anxious to lower his record in the 440-yard dash, and is taking this method to keep his legs strong. That six-mile walk every day is a delight to him, and, in addition to exercise and the clear brain for study, this young athletic is saving fifty cents a week on street car fare.

You have your work to do; go into it with the same spirit that wins for you the baseball game or the foot race.—*Selected.*

PARTIES AND GAMES

A NOAH'S ARK PARTY.

A Noah's Ark party will be lots of fun for the small people, and the fun may commence with the invitations, sent out in little arks. Cut out miniature arks four or five inches long from stiff note paper. Tint in the windows, walls and doors, and paste an envelope of suitable size to the back, in which the invitation is inclosed. Each little guest should be asked to represent one of the animals that came out of the ark. Expressing some characteristic feature of the animal will be sufficient. To represent a lion, a tawny-colored domino with a fluffy ruche cut from crape paper would answer admirably, especially if the roar of this kingly beast greeted one occasionally.

A loose domino of gray muslin may be used for the elephant, and a close-fitting cap with long ears personate rabbits, giraffes, donkeys, and others. A simple but merry game to commence with would be one in the style of the old-time stage-coach. The children sit in a circle and the hostess tells a lively story in which every part of the stage's construction is mentioned. For instance, how a wheel ran over the donkey's tail, and the jar it made as the donkey brayed caused the window, through which the giraffe had his head poked out to see what was the matter, to fall slam on his long neck. Whenever an animal's name

in mentioned he must rise and whirl around. At the end of the route—the story—the coach upsets, which is the signal for all the animals to change places. A failure to respond when the name is mentioned calls for a forfeit.

The next thing on the program will be equally jolly. For this a sheet of note paper and a pencil are handed to each child, and they are asked to write down all the names of flowers that have an animal's name as part of them. Here is a good list: Dandelion, foxglove, elephant's ears, horseradish, dogwood, ox-eyed daisy, toadstool, snapdragon, catnip, tiger-lily, bulrushes, horse-chestnut.

For the best list give a reward to the boy and girl of a nature story book. Pinning the tail on the lion, the neck on the giraffe, or the trunk on the elephant, would be an amusing thing that the children always enjoy, as it is another variation of "pinning the tail on the donkey." At the supper table have for a center-piece a brown paper box made into ark shape. This may be easily accomplished by bending the box cover to make a slanting roof. Fasten it in place by running toothpicks through. Cut numerous windows for upper and lower stories. Have Mr. and Mrs. Noah and the rest of the family looking out of the upper windows, and a few of the animals looking out of the lower windows. Then a whole procession of animals from the entrance of the ark down the path. At the end of the meal distribute the Noah's ark animals to the children as souvenirs.—*Mothers' Magazine.*

SOME EASY GAMES.

Here are a few games that do not require any apparatus and very little thinking:

Try to stand for five minutes without moving and with your eyes blindfolded.

Get up out of a chair without bending your body forward or putting your foot back under the chair. You'll be very clever if you can do it.

Lay a match across the nail of your middle finger and try to break it by pressing upon it with the first and third fingers of the same hand.

Stand with your left foot, shoulder and the left side of your head touching the wall and try to kick with your right foot.

PARENTS' DEPARTMENT

PAPA'S KISS.

"Why don't you kiss like mama?"
Asked the little maid of three.
As she ran to greet her papa,
And climbed upon his knee.
Her tisses taste like candy,
And is dood enough to eat;
But your mouf do taste awful,
And ain't the least bit sweet."

"That is so," replied the father—
Her eyes he dare not meet—
"There's no reason why, my darling,
My kiss should not be sweet."
To him the thought was galling,
That each evening with his kiss,
He had thoughtlessly polluted
Those innocent young lips.

"Come here, dear wife and mother,
And help me take this vow:
Neither liquor nor tobacco
Shall touch my lips from now.
And oh, dear Heavenly Father,
Thou who art good and wise,
I thank Thee for this angel
Who has opened my blind eyes."

—*Samuel F. Harker.*

HOME.

It is not a shirking of their share of the responsibility for men to say that the making of the home is primarily woman's work. Men have their part—a serious and important part. They should provide the home and maintain it. They should bring to it noble and worthy life, joy, cheer, happiness, the very best they have to bring. A man calls himself the head of the family. The head should give honor to the house. A man should live so in private life and in public that his wife and children shall be proud of him. The man should be the family priest, and should be holy, true, and right with God. There are many things that a man can do in and for his home. But there are things that a

wife can do better than her husband. Her hands are gentler, her heart is kindlier, and she has a skill for the doing of many things that he cannot do.

SCOLDING.

The following is an extract from a lecture by Felix Adler upon the subject of the management of children. It was addressed to *parents,* but is equally good for *teachers.* It is worth reading and pondering over, for it is rich in good common sense suggestions.

"One feels tempted to say to some parents: 'You do not succeed as well as you might in the training of your children, because you talk too much.' The less you say the more effective will your discipline be. Let your measures speak for you. When punishment is necessary, let it come upon the child like the action of a natural law—calm, unswerving, inevitable. Do not attempt to give reasons or to argue with the child concerning the punishment you are about to inflict. If the child is in danger of thinking your punishment unjust, it may be expedient to explain the reasons of your action, but do so after the punishment has been inflicted. There are parents who are perpetually scolding their children. The fact that they scold so much is proof of their educational helplessness. They do not know what measures of discipline to apply, hence they scold. Often their scolding is due to momentary passion and the child intuitively detects that this is so. If the parent is in ill-humor, a mischievous prank, a naughty word, an act of disobedience sometimes puts him into a towering passion; at other times the same offense, or even worse offenses, are passed over with a meaningless 'Don't do it again.' The child perceives this vacillation, and learns to look upon a scolding as a mere passing shower, hiding its head under shelter until the storm has blown over. Other parents are given to delivering lengthy homilies to their children and then often express surprise that all their sound doctrine, all their beautiful sermons, have no effect whatever. If they would pause to consider for a moment they could easily see why their lectures have no effect, why they pass 'in at one ear and out at the other.' Their lectures on right and wrong are generally too abstract for the child's comprehension, and often do not touch its case at all. Moreover, the iteration of the same ding-dong has the effect of blunting the child's apprehension.

"A stern rebuke is occasionally necessary and does good, but it should be short, clear, incisive. A moralizing talk with an older child sometimes does good. The parent should not, however, indulge in generalities, but, looking over the record of the child for the past weeks or months, should pick out the definite points in which it has transgressed, thus holding up a picture of the child's life to its own eyes to reinforce the memory of its faults and stimulate its conscience. In general it may be said that the less the parent talks about moral delinquencies the better. On this rule of parsimony in respect to words particular stress is to be laid."—*Wisconsin Journal of Education.*

OFFICERS' DEPARTMENT

THE PRIMARY CLASS WITHOUT A SEPARATE ROOM.

One of the many things which the little child does not possess, and must gain through a slow and long-continued process of education is the power of paying attention. The teacher must attract and hold his thoughts to the subject of the lesson. This is not an easy thing to do under the best of circumstances; it is well-nigh impossible amid the unavoidable distractions that are found in a main school-room; and yet without attention on the part of the scholar nothing can be taught.

The child receives much more lasting and vivid impressions through the eye than through the ear, hence the necessity of blackboard work and pictures if the lessons are to be taught in the best way and their truths fixed in the mind. But blackboard work and lesson reviews adapted to the older grades are incomprehensible by the younger children.

Music has always been recognized as a tremendous power in religious training; but if it is to influence the small child, it must be upon his plane. Words which are adapted to adult scholars are not suited to the little ones; and yet if singing is done, the youngest are the most eager to have a part in it. The result is that where there is but one room for all ages we hear children five years old singing songs the words of which are entirely unsuitable to their ages. Such words upon such lips are not merely an utterance of sound without meaning; their use cultivates irreverence and destroys their value for a time when they might express an experience.

The first years in Primary is a time when indelible impressions are made upon the mind; impressions which of necessity color and influence all future action, and have great power over the formation of character. It is also the early habit-forming period. Farrar has said that "when a child is five years old you have done half that you ever can do to influence him religiously." This may seem an extreme statement, but it suggests a fact which none can deny. How important, then, that the teacher of little children should have every possible advantage for meeting this high responsibility in the best way!

But with a larger number of our associations a separate room for each class is not within the range of possibility; so we are obliged to face this question: How may these necessary conditions be met when there is but one room for the entire association?

Since the attention of little children is distracted more easily by what they see than by what they hear, something which prevents their seeing the movements of scholars, teachers, and officers of the main room will be a great help. Therefore, to put the little children in a corner of the room and curtain and screen it off during the lesson period, is the next best thing to having a separate room.

Such an arrangement permits the use of the blackboard, which could not be done in the main room without drawing the attention of scholars outside the class from their own class work. In a curtained corner a blackboard may be hung upon the wall. If screens are used, the frames should be made about five feet high. Two or three divisions each would probably be sufficient, each division being twenty-four to thirty inches wide. When the frame has been made and hinged together ordinary burlap should

be tacked on the outside screen. Dark red or green burlap can be put on the two outer sections; inside on the upper half of the middle section silicate cloth, tacked tightly over a backing of stiff pasteboard, will make an excellent blackboard, and the lower part may be finished with some of the burlap. The two side sections of this screen should be used as a mounting place for Perry or other pictures representing the various lessons as they are taught. At the top of each of these sections a large picture could be placed, the "Annunciation to the Shepherds," the "Nativity," and "Christ Blessing Little Children" being especially appropriate; and in such a place they would have the unusual advantage of being where the children could see and enjoy them without dislocating their necks or using a telescope. For the remaining sides babies' faces cut from magazines, pictures of different kinds, and flowers may be used for decoration. These screens can be folded and put away when not in use, and are better than curtains, because they can be made to serve so many purposes when constructed as suggested.

While screens do not shut out sound they are about as effectual in that particular as most of the moveable partitions which shut off many so-called separate rooms from the main school; and soft singing may be carried on by the Primary class behind its screen without seriously disturbing the others in the room. The other children will hear and doubtless take part in the general singing, but they may at least have a few songs that are their own and will help to impress the lessons taught.

The Primary teacher who has no separate room, but has a screened corner, can teach the lesson of the day and a supplemental lesson, aided by blackboard and pictures; she may have special exercises; that is, the recognition of birthdays, and welcoming of new members.—*Josephine L. Baldwin.*

NOTES FOR WORKERS.

Here are some good suggestions for primary workers:

"Find your work where Christ has put you."

"Seek to make at least one spot of the earth brighter by a deed of yours."

"When you begin to worry, do not forget that God still has control of every thing."

"If you truly love God, your heart will be filled with His Spirit, and you will be obedient to His commands."

"The true Latter-day Saint is like the sun, which pursues his noiseless track, and everywhere leaves the effect of his beams in blessings on all."

"One has well said that our chief concern should be, not to obtain higher places, but to fill well the places we already hold. Better fill a humble position well than occupy one above our ability."

RECITATIONS

THINGS TO FORGET.

If you see a tall fellow ahead of a crowd,
A leader of men marching fearless and proud,
And you know of a tale whose mere telling aloud
Would cause his proud head to in anguish be bowed,
It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

If you know of a skeleton hidden away
In a closet, and guarded, and kept from the day,
In the dark, and whose showing, whose sudden display
Would cause grief and sorrow and lifelong dismay,
It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

If you know of a thing that will darken the joy
Of a man or a woman, a girl or a boy,
That will wipe out a smile or the least way annoy
A fellow, or cause any gladness to cloy,
It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

—*Selected.*

HER FIRST PIECE.

There's somp'n goin' thumpty-thump
An' pitapat inside o' me,
An' in my throat's a dreadful lump;
O, dear! What can the matter be?

My teacher said a month ago:
"See, dear, I've found a piece for you;
Now learn it thur-er-ly, and show
How well a little girl can do."

So mother teached me every word,
And had me say it o'er and o'er,
Till she and Baby May had heard
'Bout twenty-'leven times or more.

I said it twice to Uncle Jim,
An' seven times to Auntie Bess;
An' grandpa had me 'cite to him
As much as sixteen times, I guess.

But now, what can the matter be?
I cannot find a word to say,
That thumpty-thump inside o' me
Has driven all my piece away.

—*Lily Manker Allen.*

MISS HURRY AND MISS STEADY.

Little Miss Hurry,
All bustle and flurry,
Comes down to her breakfast ten minutes too late;
Her hair is a-rumple,
Her gown is a-crumple,
She'd no time to button and hook herself straight.
She hunts and she rushes
For needles and brushes,
For books and for pencils flies upstairs and down;
If ever you find her,
Just follow behind her
A trail of shoe buttons and shreds of her gown.

But little Miss Steady
By school time is ready,
All smiling and shining, and neat in her place;
With no need to worry,
She pities Miss Hurry,
Who but yesterday sat here with shame on her face
Her heart beating lightly
With duty done brightly,
She vows she will never again change her name;
For though you'd not guess it,
I'm bound to confess it—
These two little maidens are one and the same.

RAIN.

If every day the sun should shine
And clouds forget to rain,
I couldn't wear my rubber boots
Or sail my boat again;
I couldn't raise my parasol
Like any soldier's tent
With bullets pattering on the roof
By foreign armies sent;
I couldn't count the little pools
That jump so very high;
I couldn't watch the pussy-cats
All wet and sad go by!
I don't see why a little child
Should cry at rain, do you—
With mud and puddles everywhere,
And pleasant things to do?

—*Little Folks*

LESSON DEPARTMENT

LESSONS FOR THE MONTH OF APRIL.

FIRST GRADE.

Lesson 13.

Memory Gem:

"Each little child can some love work find,
Each little hand and each little mind;
All can be gentle, useful, and kind,
Though they are little, like me and like you."

Suggestive Talk:

Read instructions for First Grade work in the last December number, page 507. Help each little child to recite, alone, a memory gem. Remember that these lessons should produce some good results. Keep in view this thought in all your work. "Am I helping the children to be better, more kind and helpful."

The memory gem should be considered carefully and its meaning made as clear as possible. What does it say to you? Talk it over with the children.

TKE HILL OF GOLD.

It was April, but it was in California; and the day was as sunny as Lionel's heart, and the skies were as blue and clear as his eyes.

Directly after breakfast Lionel said, "What do you think I'm going to get for you, Mamma? I'm going to get you a wheelbarrow full of gold. Then you can buy anything you want. Won't you like that?

"Yes, indeed!" said mamma, smiling down at him. She knew quite well what he meant.

So Lionel went off to get his little wheelbarrow. Mamma watched him as he trotted briskly through the rose garden, and disappeared into the almond orchard.

The hill was covered with the gold that Lionel meant. It was a multitude of poppies—great, gorgeous, golden ones. I am sure if you had seen them against the deep, blue sky, you would have screamed with delight. Lionel worked like a sturdy little miner at this hill of gold, until he had heaped his wheelbarrow quite full.

Mamma filled her big, blue jar with the yellow blossoms; and I am sure that they gave her as much pleasure as anything she could have bought with gold.—*Evelyn Hibbard.*

What kind of golden colored flowers could we pick for mamma? Encourage the children to love and appreciate the wild flowers which grow on our hills. Perhaps they will bring some to make the primary room look pretty and the teacher happy. Never refuse a gift from a child. If you do

not care for the gift do not let the child know, but accept in the spirit in which it is given.

Lesson 14.

Memory Gem:

"Happy hearts and happy faces,
Happy play in grassy places—
That was how, in ancient ages,
Children grew to kings and sages."

Suggestive Talk:

The spring is coming when the children love to get out and enjoy all the brightness and freshness of the grass, leaves and wild flowers. Talk about all these things. The farmer and his work and other things in your own neighborhood which tells of the happy spring time.

PORTER'S BUSY WORK.

What would you do if you were a little boy of seven years, with no mother, and just some kind people to care for you, but no little children to play with?

This is what Porter did. He had a number of spools of different colors, an old pair of scissors, and some boxes. He played he was a farmer! His many-acre farm was situated in the back yard. A little white pasteboard box, with windows and a door cut in it, was the house; another box was the barn. The white spools were father, mother, and little children, according to sizes. The colored spools were the horses, cows, and other animals. He made fences with little sticks, turned the cows out to pasture, and did all sorts of things. He was particularly fond of haying. The old scissors, with which he clipped the grass, were his mowing machine. After the hay had been dried he raked it into heaps with a piece of an old comb.

When the time came to get it in, the hay wagon was produced. This was a match box, with a hay-rigging made of little sticks, and pushing it along the grass with two spools in front made a fine team.

The hay was loaded, and the little spools allowed to ride on the load with the father spool.

The barn was so well filled that there was no danger of the spool cattle, horses, or sheep suffering from hunger during the winter.

The tiny green apples were gathered into the wagon and stored away for vegetables for those spool people.

The little fellow was very fond of this play, and would keep himself busy with it day after day.

When asked what he was doing, he would straighten himself up and say with an air of great importance, "Why, I'm farming it!"—*Ella Beach Bryant.*

Lesson 15.

Memory Gem:

"Don't say, 'I can't, before you try,
But try and see what you can do;
For if you're helped by others
'Tis others do the work, not you."

Suggestions:

If lamp chimneys are not used in the homes of the children, think of some other part of the work which would suggest the same thought, for in-

stance, the glasses and fine china which need more care than the other dishes at dishwashing times. Talk about other duties which the smallest children may fill, such as dressing themselves, hanging up their wraps and keeping toys, etc., in their proper places. If things are left around, who must take care of them?

DO THE HARDEST THING FIRST.

"Mother," said Ethel, "why do you always clean that lamp chimney first? I thought you said it was the hardest one of all to clean."

"It is the hardest," said mother with a smile, "and that is the very reason why I always try to clean it first."

"But—" began Ethel, and then she stopped.

She was sitting beside the kitchen table, dressing a doll, and watching mother at the same time. She liked to see the dim, sometimes smoky-looking chimneys become clear and shining as they were rubbed with a soft, crumpled paper.

Mother waited for Ethel to finish her sentence, but as she did not, mother said, at length: "You see, this chimney is so tall and slender that it is hard to get my hand inside, or to rub it its full length; and if I should do all the easy chimneys first, I might spend all the time I was cleaning those, in dreading the harder ones. You know they say that 'dreading is often worse than doing,' so just think how much worse it would be to put it off."

Mother's eyes were smiling while she talked, and Ethel knew very well of what she was thinking. It had been only a few minutes before that she had said to her mother: "Oh, dear, I do so dread to pick up the threads and bits off the floor. I'll dress my dolly first." She had put off the work mother had asked her to do, while she dressed her doll.

She put Evangeline's cape on very carefully and slowly as mother finished speaking, but when she began tying the cap strings she did it with quick, little jerks. "Evangeline," said she, holding the doll up before her, "I'm going straight off to do my work, and don't you dare to call me away from it."—*Selected.*

Lesson 16.

Memory Gem:

"Here are two little lips,
What can they say—
Glad words or cross words,
Through the whole day?
Helping or hindering—
Which do you say?"

Suggestions:

Small children delight in being recognized, so to introduce this memory gem talk about the different parts of their bodies and their usefulness.

NOT QUITE A QUARREL.

The grown folks didn't care for music, so they left the little folks to themselves. Robbie Chandler visited Elsie Adams every day when Elsie did not visit him. They were neighbors and great friends. Robbie was a real gentleman, though he forgot to remove his cap that morning. It was because of the flute.

"Where did you get it?" said Elsie, with wonder in her eyes.

"Uncle Rob came last night and gived it to me, and he teached me how to play. I can 'most play a tune. See?"

Robbie set his feet on the chair, puffed out his cheeks, and blew hard. Sure enough. Elsie hadn't words for her delight. It was just then the older people went away.

"Could I do it? May I try?" Elsie asked, timidly.

"Y-e-s. Your fingers won't go right the first time."

It seemed a doubtful thing for him to give his dear flute in to the other hands, but Robbie did it like a little man. Then, oh! some way it had dropped, and some way Elsie had stepped on it; and it lay, a poor, flattened flute, with the music crushed out of it.

"Oh, dear!" screamed Robbie; "you have broken my flute—you—you!"

The two mammas, who were great friends also, rushed to the door, but halted. They saw this picture: Elsie crying, cowering before Robbie, whose eyes flashed, whose fist was clinched to strike.

"Stop!" the mammas whispered; for as they looked they saw Robbie controlling himself by an effort which shook his small frame. His face softened, his fist relaxed.

"There, there, it was an accident; you didn't mean to do it."

"No, I didn't, Robbie, and I'll buy another; I've got forty cents. Do you 'spose 'twould cost more than that?"

The two mammas slipped back unseen, thankful that their children had already learned lessons of self-control, justice and generosity.—*Selected.*

SECOND GRADE.

(Children six and seven years of age.)

Subject: The Lord's Prayer.

Suggestions:

Do not forget that the children are very young in this grade and need a great deal of variety in the lesson. Have singing and rest exercises in every session. Read the matter given very carefully and adapt it to your children.

Lesson 13.

Topic: Reverence.

Review briefly the lessons on "Our Father" and "Heaven."

Suggestive Talk:

Our lesson today is something that you have known ever since you were big enough to come into the Primary Class. It may be that you were so small when you learned it, and have been so used to it ever since that you have not really thought much about what it means. Once some diamonds were found in a certain diamond field. The chidren picked them up and thought they were only pretty pebbles. They played with them every day, and thought no more of them than you do of the stones you pick up. But suppose one of those children had been starving, and had taken his diamond to buy food. He would have found that the thing he thought was a common stone, was worth hundreds of dollars. The Lord's Prayer is something like this to us. The more we study it and the more we try to pray it in truth, the more value we find in it.

The lesson begins by telling us not to think that repeating holy words over and over is praying. In some lands the people make prayer wheels with written prayers tied to them. They turn the wheel over and over by pulling a string, and they think that every time it goes round God counts it a prayer. Other nations repeat the name of God this way, "Allah, Allah, Allah," over and over again thousands of times, and they think that

that pleases God. But Jesus taught us that the worth of the prayer is not in the words we say but in our meaning the words and desiring with all our hearts that for which we ask.

How does the prayer begin? "Our Father." We are so used to saying this that it seems nothing remarkable, but to the disciples it was a wonderful new thing to be told to call God that. They had heard God called, "Jehovah," and "Lord of Sabaoth," and other long and awe-inspiring names, but they never dreamed of speaking to Him and calling Him "Father." But how much nearer and closer this brought God to them.

Think how much it means to say, "Our Father," when we ask for things. Suppose you should go up to a man on the street and ask him to get you a new lesson book for school, or new shoes, or anything you need. The man would look at you in perfect amazement. He would think you were surely a crazy boy or a beggar. How different it is to say such a thing to your father. Why, he wants to get you everything you need and would work for you till he is ready to drop.

It is the same way with things to eat. How quickly you ask your mother for something to eat when you are hungry, and how ready and glad she is to give you all the food you need! But you would not think of asking a strange woman for food. Praying to God is like asking our own fathers and mothers for the things we need.—*Selected.*

Lesson 14.

Topic: Reverence.

Suggestive Talk:

Reverence is an attitude or state of feeling which must be induced or called forth from the inner consciousness of the children. It can best be called forth by leading them to recognize God in nature. What did you see on your way to Primary? (If the children tell you about people, cars, etc., ask again and again, "What else did you see?" until you get them interested and thinking, and until they tell you about the sky, the beautiful sunlight, birds, trees, etc. Prepare for the lesson by taking green grass blades, crocuses, opening leaf and blossom buds, dandelions, and any other bits of nature that you can secure in your neighborhood. Let the children examine these and talk about them. It is impracticable to give definite suggestions, as spring will, at the time this lesson is taught, be more advanced in some parts of the country than others.

Would you like to know of whom I thought as I walked to Primary and looked up into the shining sky, watched the birds flying and hopping about, looked for swelling buds, green grass and growing flowers? I thought of God in heaven, who causes the sun to shine, the flowers to grow, and who gives life to all creatures and to us. I thought something like this:

"For flowers that bloom about our feet,
For tender grass, so fresh and sweet,
For song of bird and hum of bee,
For all things fair we hear or see,
Father in heaven, we thank Thee."

Why do we say "Thank you" to our Father in heaven for flowers and grass and all beautiful things? I think we say "Thank you" because God, and God only, gives them to us. Can we make the flowers blossom? the birds sing? Can father or mother? Who is the only one that can? (Some children may say that we can make the flowers grow by planting seeds, cultivating plants, etc. In this case help them to see that God lets us help, but that we cannot give life.)

God the Father can do all things, for he is wiser than anyone in all the world, and he has power to do what no one else can do. He has more goodness and more love than anyone else, for God is good and He is love. The Bible says, "The Lord our God is holy." This means just what I have been telling you; it means that God has more wisdom, more power, more goodness, more truth, and more love, than anyone on earth or in heaven.

The Bible tells us something else, too; it tells us that whenever we speak God's name we should speak it gently and lovingly. It was God Himself who taught that we should speak His name in this way. He taught it by writing upon two great stones many things that He wished us to do. One of the things God wishes everyone to do is always to speak His name lovingly and gently. After God had written upon the two stones, He gave them to a man whose name was Moses, and told Him to teach the people all he had written.

We will always speak God's name gently and lovingly, if we remember all the wonderful things He has power to do. If we look at the shining sky and think that God is there; if we look at the birds and trees, the flowers and grass, and think who gives them life, we will not only speak God's name gently, but we will love and praise Him.—*Selected.*

Lesson 15.

Topic: Reverence.

Suggestive Talk:

Let me see you sitting up straight in your chairs, ready to tell me some things I wish to know. (After the children have straightened up and show they are ready to think, proceed as follows:) Who can tell me something we come to Primary to do? Who can tell me something else? (Question until the children tell you that we come to sing, pray, look at pictures, hear stories, etc. Endeavor to lead up to the thought that we come not only to do these things, but to think about them as we do them, and to remember what they tell us.)

Why, do you think, do we sing? (Let them express their thoughts. If they are silent or give thoughtless answers, say to them: You are not thinking. One of the things we come to Primary to do is to think about our songs, our pictures, and our Bible stories.) Everything we do in Primary we do that it may tell us something. Sometimes our songs, pictures, and stories, tell us of God our Father, sometimes of Jesus, sometimes of some of God's people, and sometimes of ourselves and what we ought to do. Can you tell me how we ought always to speak God's name? We ought always to speak it gently and lovingly, because "the Lord our God is holy." This means that "the Lord our God" is different from anyone else on earth. It means that He is wise and full of power, goodness and love. Because "the Lord our God is holy" his name is holy, and is different from every other name, and every place is a holy place if God is there.

One day, when Moses was out in the fields watching and caring for many sheep, he saw a beautiful light that seemed to come out of the midst of a bush. At first it looked as though the bush were on fire, but as Moses watched it he saw that it did not burn, and he wondered what such a light might mean. He said to himself, "I will turn aside and see this great sight," and he started toward the bush, but a voice stopped him. The voice was God's voice, and called, "Moses, Moses." When Moses said, "Here am I," the voice spoke again and told him "not to come near," and then said, "Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground." Why do you suppose the place was holy? It was holy because God was there in the beautiful light, and because wherever God is is a holy place. Moses could not see God, but he saw the beautiful light where God was and he heard God's voice telling him all the things He wished him to do.

I have another story to tell you of a place that was holy because God was there. Moses made a beautiful church where God's people might pray, and sing, and hear about him. The church was not like our church, but was made of beautifully colored curtains. After the tent-church was built, a cloud came down from the skies and rested over one part of it, and the people knew that their church was a holy place, for God was there where the cloud was.

Every church or meeting-house is a holy place, for every church is God's house. Just as God has told us how to speak his name, which is holy, so He has told us how to come to His house, which is holy. In the Bible He has told us He wishes us to be glad and happy in His house, to be kind to one another, to speak gently, to walk softly, to sing our happiest songs while we are here, and to learn all we can about our dear heavenly Father.

By the things we do and by the words we speak when we are in Primary we show our Father whether or not we remember whose house our Primary is in. By the things we do and by the words we speak we show Him when we are thinking about Him and about what He wishes us to do. How do you think our Father in heaven feels when His little children remember to do as He wishes?—*Selected.*

Lesson 16.

Topic: Reverence.

It was the long, long ago time. It was the time when one who is God's Son lived upon the earth. A happy holiday was near. The Hebrew people call this happy day "the feast of the Passover."

Every Hebrew boy who was twelve years old felt very tall and very proud. He felt quite wise and quite, quite old. He was old enough to go to the temple in Jerusalem and keep the happy holiday as his father kept it.

In every home among the Hebrews the father, mother, and the children who were old enough, were making ready to go to Jerusalem. As they made ready I think that they thought about the temple to which they were going. I think that over and over again they sang the praise songs that they knew. I think they sang:

"Great is Jehovah, and greatly to be praised,
In the city of our God, in his holy mountain."

While fathers, mothers and children were making ready to go to Jerusalem, Jesus, too, made ready. He made ready and then went to the city. I like to think that Mary, his mother, went with Him. I like to think that Peter and Andrew, James and John walked close behind Him. They were Jesus' first disciples, you will remember.

When He reached Jerusalem, Jesus went to the temple. The temple was the Hebrew people's church. It was the place in which they met to pray to and worship God. It was a house of God which we are taught in God's book to keep holy.

Inside the gates of the temple Jesus saw men with sheep and oxen for sale. Within the temple courts he saw men with doves in cages. He also saw other men sitting behind tables upon which were little pieces and big pieces of money.

To the men behind the tables came people who wished to change their money for the kind the men at the table had. To the men with doves came poor men and women. These men and women bought doves to lay upon the temple altar.

Men with more money brought oxen to lay upon the altar at the hour of prayer. Still other men brought sheep with which to keep the feast of the Passover.

As Jesus looked upon the people who were buying and selling, He remembered what they had forgotten. He remembered that God's house is a place for prayer. He remembered that God's house should be kept holy.

Because He remembered these things Jesus spoke. Above the cries of the sheep, the shouts of the men, the clink of the money, were heard words like these: "Take these things hence; make not my Father's house a house for buying and selling."

Jesus looked so tall, so strong, so good, He spoke so justly that no one dared to disobey Him. The sheep and oxen and their masters fled. The money changers stood aside as he poured out their money. The men with the doves trembled as they heard him say: "Take these things hence."

The priests and the men who bought and sold wondered who Jesus was. They wondered how He dared to do as He had done and to speak as He had spoken.

Jesus dared because He wished to teach every boy and girl, every man and woman at the Passover feast to keep God's temple holy. He dared because He had come to teach us to

"Dare to do right,
Dare to be true."

Jesus dared because He wishes to make us want to be like Him. And Jesus loved God, loved God's name and house and loved to keep God's house holy.—*Selected.*

THIRD GRADE.

(For children eight and nine years of age.)

Subject: The Ten Commandments.

Lesson *13.*

Topic: Story of Moses.

Suggestive Talk:

We have been studying about the people of Israel and their going into the land of the Egyptians and what they did while there and what a great struggle it was to escape from that country.

In our last lesson we fuond out how the Lord helped them by sending the wonderful plagues upon the Egyptians, until the people of Egypt were not only willing but anxious that the Israelites should depart and leave them in peace.

What was the last and most dreadful of the plagues?

How had the Lord told the Israelites to prepare for the journey?

What is the ceremony called that the Jews perform every year in remembrance of this night?

Then the Israelites started on their journey. When they reached the Red Sea they found that Pharaoh with a great army was coming after them to compel their return to Egypt. Who can tell how the Israelites got across the waters and what became of Pharaoh and his army?

Then the people broke out into songs of praise and thanksgiving to God, who had so wonderfully saved them from Pharaoh. The songs of praise were led by Miriam, the sister of Moses, the same sister who had watched Moses when he was a little baby in the basket on the river Nile.

The Israelites were now free from the bondage of the Egyptians, but they had to travel across a great barren desert before they could get to

the promised land. In Egypt there was plenty of food and water, before them in the desert they might have to get along with very little either to eat or to drink. Would they be brave and strong, ready to obey and if necessary to suffer? Living among the Egyptians they had learned to be like the Egyptians who were not the best kind of people. Now, perhaps, it would be necessary for them to suffer before they could learn to live as the chosen people of God should live.

For three days, after crossing the Red Sea, the people traveled along, but there was no water, then they came to a well, but the water was not good and they could not drink it. They found fault with Moses, who told God about it. God showed Moses a tree and told him to throw it into the well. The tree was cut down, dropped into the well, and the water became sweet and good to drink. Then they traveled on to a place called Elim, where there were twelve wells, and the people camped there and rested.

After they left Elim they began to suffer for bread. They had their herds and so had milk and meat, but if the animals were killed for food the people knew that after a while they would have none to furnish milk, and they needed bread. Bread is called "the staff of life," and it is; but all the grain that the Iraelites had taken from Egypt had been used, and they did not see any way of getting more. Instead of calmly trusting in God to meet their need, and simply waiting to see in what way He would do it, they began complaining to Moses and Aaron, saying petulantly, "Would that we had died in Egypt, for then we had all the bread that we needed, and you have brought us out into this wilderness to kill us with hunger." Knowing their need, God said to Moses, "I will rain bread from heaven," and God planned to give the food in such a way that it would be a daily bread school for the people of Israel. Every morning, as soon as the dew was gone, the people found, upon the ground, little round white things, like seed, and they said in their language, "Manhu," which, in our language is, "What is it?" So manna became the name of this bread sent from heaven. The lessons that God wished the people to learn were trust and obedience. Everyone was told to gather enough for that one day only, and those who did this learned two lessons in one, for they not only obeyed God's word, but they trusted him to send more the next day to supply the next day's need. Another lesson of obedience came on the day before the Sabbath, when they were to gather twice as much as on any other day, in order that the Sabbath might be a day of rest from their ordinary work. Some did not do that, but went out on the Sabbath morning to gather the manna as on other days, but they found none, and those who gathered more than they needed on other days, found that it spoiled. So, through all the years of the journey in the wilderness, the people of Israel were in school, and one of the lessons which they had every day was that of trust in God for their daily bread, and obedience in getting it. From whom do we receive our daily bread? Is it just as surely a gift from our heavenly Father as was the manna in the wilderness? Yes, for

"Back of the loaf is the snowy flour,
And back of the flour is the mill,
And back of the mill is the wheat and shower,
And the sun and the Father's will."

—*Selected.*

Lesson 14.

Topic: Story of Moses.

Review briefly the journey of the Israelites up to the end of the last lesson. Relate briefly the smiting of the rock in Horeb (Exodus 17: 1-18). Also the battle between the Israelites and Amalekites. The people had

been traveling about three months and it must have been a great task for Moses to take care of them, to see that all were provided for and made as happy and comfortable as possible under the circumstances. Moses had found it necessary to ask the Lord for help many times, and so, when they reached Sinai the Lord spoke to Moses and gave him some laws which were for the good of the Israelites and which they must all obey. These laws are called the "Ten Commandments." They were good laws for the Israelites and all the people who have lived since the days of Moses who believe in God have tried to obey them, too.

"What, would you say, are the tests by which a good soldier may be known, that is, if he proves himself worthy of being called a soldier? (Bravery, and, no doubt, many other things, will be mentioned; but it will be easy to show that obedience is the principal thing in a good soldier. Bravery is simply carrying out orders in the face of danger. Loyalty is not possible without obedience; all of the high qualities that a soldier may possess are rooted in obedience.) What are the tests by which we may know a good son or daughter in any family? (Here, again, of course, obedience is at the foundation, for it is impossible to imagine a dutiful and loving child who is not, first of all, and all the time, in spirit an obedient child. When he fails in obedience, as all children do at some time, the failure will be followed by sorrow and genuine repentance.) We often hear people speak of being loyal soldiers of the Lord Jesus Christ, and of being children of the Most High God. What is it to be a loyal soldier of Jesus? How can one tell who is worthy to bear that high title? We are told, in God's word, that when Jesus came to the earth, He gave to all those who believed on Him, power to become the sons of God. What does that mean? Are not all people the children of God? It is this way: God is our Father, and we are His children; but you know if a boy is disobedient, and goes away from his father's home, his father cannot be a real father to him, because the boy will not have it so. It is the same way with us. If we do not obey the heavenly Father, we make it impossible for him to do the things for us which He wishes to do, and He cannot be our Father until we give Him loving obedience. Jesus came to the earth to teach us how to love and obey, so that we might become the sons of God. It is the same way about being soldiers in God's army. All of God's children ought to be in that army, but they are not there unless they enlist, that is, they must determine to stand always on the side of right and of obedience to their leader, and to fight evil, first of all in their own lives and then in the world, and that is what Jesus came to give us power to do.

We find that the great lesson which all have to learn, is the lesson of obedience. But love cannot be seen. How can anyone know that we love God? God has given us some great commandments; obedience to them is really the test of love to Him. Let us see what they mean. Simply, that we will give God first place in our lives; that we will take His will for our own, knowing that what he plans for us and gives to us is best; and that the things which he wishes us to do are those that will bring the greatest blessing to ourselves, as well as to others."—*Selected.*

Lesson 15.

Topic: The First Commandment.

Concert recitation of the First Commandment: "Thou shalt have no other gods before me."

Suggestive Talk:

While the Israelites lived in Egypt they had learned to worship many gods, and when they were in trouble these gods could not give them any help because they were not real. When Moses called upon the true God, help came and the Israelites escaped from the Egyptians.

We have been learning about the Israelites and the kind of people they were. They did not know very much, and were unable to go on with their journey without a great deal of help. But most of all they needed a leader and a teacher. As these people traveled along through the desert they were very much like a lot of children in a school with God for a teacher. And if they were going to have him for their teacher they must learn to trust and obey him.

"Why must a child learn to trust his father and mother for all that he needs? Because of his own weakness, and because his parents have the power and wisdom which he lacks. So it was with the children of Israel. They could not conquer Pharaoh or the Amalekites. They had no power to provide for themselves in any way in the wilderness country. They were weak, but God is almighty. Name some of the things that they learned through their journey to trust God for. (Food, help in time of trouble, water, guidance, protection, are some of the things that will be mentioned, no doubt.) Who can tell of a time when they needed food, and did not have it? How did it come? Tell of some time when they were in trouble, and of the way in which they were delivered from it.

"Why was it necessary for the people to learn the lesson of obedience? (Reference to the relation of children to their fathers and mothers will naturally be made again by the pupils, and will be helpful.) God wants His children to be strong, and only those who are strong who have learned, with God's help, to make themselves do right things. A boy often thinks he is very strong when he has enough strength of body to compel other boys to do things they do not want to do; and when anyone has such strength of mind that he can, through arguments and reasoning, make others think as he thinks, and believe as he believes, he is proud of his power; but these things are not strength at all, compared with the strength of that person who can make himself do the thing he does not want to do, because he knows that it would be wrong for him to do it. That is real power, and the highest kind of power. You know, the question is not whether we shall obey some one or no one in this world.

"Everybody that lives in the world obeys some one. If we own allegiance to God and loyally obey Him, we are free from slavery, because our obedience is the obedience of love. If we do not obey God, we obey Satan, and are his slaves; and because this is always true ,the lesson of obedience must be learned, if there is to be any real strength in character or success in life."

A story on obedience could be told at this point in the lesson. A number of stories on this subject will be found in back numbers of *The Children's Friend.*

Lesson 16.

Topic: The First Commandment.
Concert recitation of the First Commandment.

Suggestive Talk:

What did the Lord give to Moses on Mount Sinai for the Israelites? The Ten Commandments were written on plates of stone and the people were to study them, learn all about them and do the things which they taught. When we go to school do we have books of stone? What do we use in school to help us to get our lessons? How many teachers are there in your school? Tell some of the things you study about. What do you have that helps to keep order? What do you think would happen if there were no rules in your school? The Israelites were in a school and their lessons were different from yours, but they helped to make them better men and better women. God was a very patient teacher, and the people were not always glad to be taught; they often complained and found fault with

their Teacher and the rules in their school. But they were very much like us, for we often think we know better than our teachers and like the Israelites we need, sometimes, to be punished. If we were left to ourselves we might not hurt ourselves only, but we would be liable to hurt others.

The first lesson the Israelites received was when they reached the well at Marah, and found the water too bitter to drink. If they had trusted God He would have told them what to do, but they complained and wished they were back in Egypt. Moses asked God what to do and God told him and when the water became good to drink, the Israelites learned the lesson, that they must trust in God. But they kept forgetting and when they came to the place where they had no bread they complained again and said they would rather have died in Egypt. They even said that Moses had brought them into the wilderness to kill them with hunger. When God sent the manna He showed them how powerful He was and they were comforted again and their trust in Him was increased, but there was more than one lesson in the manna. What happened to those who took more than they needed? What lesson did they learn about the Sabbath day? Then, when they needed to be preserved from their enemies the Amalekites they learned the value of prayer; they saw that they were safe as long as Moses' hands could be held up in prayer. Here is a story of a great man who became a leader and a brave soldier, and who was willing to pray to God for help.

"When the American people determined that they must be a free and independent nation, they knew that they would have to fight for their freedom, and that it was not an easy task that lay before them. A wise and brave leader was needed for the armies, and you know who was chosen to be the commander-in-chief of the forces. What were some of the difficulties that he had to meet? (A comparatively small army, made up of untrained men, lack of money and arms, disloyalty of some of the people, and other things should be brought out.) How could even a man like George Washington be willing to undertake so great a work, with such discouragements in the way? In the first place, he knew it was right for this nation to be free, that is, he was fighting for the right; his cause was just and good; such knowledge gives every great leader courage in the midst of the greatest difficulties. Then, he was not depending alone upon his own wisdom and strength. One night, during that awful winter at Valley Forge, when a friend wished to speak to the great general, he did not find him in his tent, but was told that he had been seen going in a certain direction from the camp a little while before. The friend followed, and after a time, heard the voice of Washington praying earnestly to the great God of battles that He would give him wisdom, and success to the armies of the American people. Washington knew that because his cause was just, the battle was the Lord's, and he might confidently ask for His help and guidance."

FOURTH GRADE.

(For chillren ten and eleven years of age.)

Subject: The Word of Wisdom.

Lesson *13.*

Divisions.

1. Concert recitation of first two paragraphs of the Word of Wisdom.
2. Review by asking questions something like the following:

What do you think is meant by "A Word of Wisdom" or a "wise word?"
What is a "Council?"
What are High Priests?
Where is Kirtland?
What are Saints?
What is meant by Zion?
(The teacher must know the answers to the questions asked.)
How may we become "pure in heart?"

3. What did the Lord say to the Prophet Joseph Smith about the pure in heart? (Doc. and Cov. section 97, page 340.)

4. A story may be introduced at this point in the lesson to illustrate the meaning of "pure in heart." (See *The Children's Friend,* volume VI, May number, page 214.

5. Concert recitation of third paragraph of the Word of Wisdom.

6. Discussion with the class as to the meaning of the paragraph.

7. Ask the members of the class to relate at the next meeting incidents which tell about men, women, boys or girls who had good principles.

Lesson 14.

Divisions.

1. Concert recitation of first three paragraphs of the "Word of Wisdom."

2. Discuss meaning of "principle." (See a good dictionary.)

3. What would you call good "principles?"

4. Name some principles that are not good.

5. Telling of stories by members of the class on "good principles." (Teacher should be prepared with stories in case class fails to respond.)

6. Recite the following:

BEN'S BANK.

It isn't on the mantelpiece,
  Nor made of painted tin;
It hasn't any fancy slot
  To drop the pennies in—
Oh, no! Ben's bank is different;
  It holds a richer store
That grows in value every year,
  And yields its owner more.

Benny began to fill his bank
  When he was very small;
He never cried at knocks or bumps,
  Or whimpered at a fall,
And so he laid up, every day,
  Some coins of Courage there,
Till now, if he has need of it,
  There's plenty and to spare.

Then Benny learned to store up Truth,
  Obedience, Justice, too,
And Generosity—dear me,
  How his deposits grew!
Year after year, the sums enlarged,
  A bank account indeed,
Which Benny draws upon at will
  Whenever he has need.

So, when our Benny is a man,
He will be good and true,
Generous and just to every one,
Courageous through and through.
His bank will never break, but still
With wealth his life endow.
Have you a bank like Benny's? No?
Well, why not start one now?
—*Barbara Griffiths.*

7. Discuss the principles that are referred to in the recitation.

Lesson 15.

Divisions.

1. Concert recitation of third paragraph of the Word of Wisdom.
2. The principle referred to in the third paragraph is obedience. Is there more than one kind of obedience? If so, name them.
3. In this case, what kind of obedience does the Lord expect?
4. To preserve our health and our lives there are some things we must do. Name some of them.
5. What are parents compelled to do to preserve the lives of their children?
6. Why is punishment necessary for disobedience?
7. Suggestive talk to be given by the teacher:

You have heard many stories of shepherds in Bible lands, and of their loving care of the sheep. Why do sheep need a shepherd? What does the shepherd do for his sheep? What must the sheep do? Yes, the sheep have only to follow and obey, but they must do that or they cannot be safe. Jesus told a story once of a lamb that belonged to a loving shepherd who led his flock of a hundred sheep and lambs every day where pastures were green and waters were still, who kept them safe from wild animals and everything that could harm them. But one day a lamb of the flock decided to go its own way, and, not heeding the shepherd's call, it ran into paths of its own choosing. For a time it probably seemed very pleasant to be free to go where it wished, but soon its feet were bruised with sharp stones, thorns tore its tender flesh, it was thirsty and could find no water, hungry in the barren woods where no grass grew, and terribly afraid in the storm that came up and made the sky grow dark. You know the rest of the story, which tells how the loving shepherd left the ninety-and-nine safe in the fold and went to look for the disobedient one, risking his own life to do so. The lamb was never safe a moment while it was disobedient. The safety of a lamb is in the care of the shepherd. Is that true? Why is it true? It seems strange, does it not, that any lamb should wish to have its own way and not be willing to follow a wise and loving shepherd?

David once said, "The Lord is my shepherd," which is only a way of saying that the heavenly Father wishes to guide and help his children and that they need a guide and helper. Sometimes, though, they are not willing to follow and obey. Will some one tell the story of life in the Garden of Eden, when Adam and Eve were living there in loving obedience to God, their Father? Were they happy? Did they keep on being happy always? What happened that brought sorrow and pain into the world? Did God love them even when they were disobedient? Yes, he loves his disobedient children always. But why, if he loved Adam and Eve, did he not let them stay in the Garden of Eden? God would not be a loving Father if he did not make the way of wrongdoing a hard way. That is why it is necessary to have such a thing as punishment. By the pain that it gives or by the taking away of some pleasure that would have been given to the obedient, punishment makes us think, and helps make us realize that the wrong way

is always the unsafe way and, in the end, the way of sorrow and death. So Adam and Eve were driven out of their garden home, and they never again knew the perfect happiness that they had when they were living in loving obedience to the heavenly Father. There is another story of disobedience to God and the punishment that followed. Who can tell about Cain and Abel? After the time when Cain killed his brother, years and years went by. God gave long life to his children in those days; their bodies were large and strong; and they grew in knowledge also and became skillful in many ways. Did they grow strong in spirit, too? Were they stronger to do right than their fathers had been? Did they learn to love God more perfectly? No, they did not, and the Bible tells a sad story of people who forgot the God who gave them life and all their other blessings and, through disobedience to Him, made their lives awful in wickedness and cruelty.

But in the midst of these people there lived a man who had kept his love for God and who taught his sons to serve the Lord, too. This man was Noah, and to him God foretold something that was to happen more than a hundred years before it came. He not only honored Noah in this way, but gave him a work to do. He told him to make a great boat in which he and his family might be saved. God had told Noah to preach to the people during all the years while the ark was being built and tell them of the love of God and urge them to be obedient to him. So Noah was a preacher of righteousness for more than a hundred years. What faith he must have had in God, for, with no sign of the coming of the flood, even after a hundred years had passed, he kept on with his work in spite of the jeers and taunts of wicked people who would not believe his message. All this time Noah was true to God in his own life.

Finally the time came when God told Noah to go into the ark with his family and the animals that were to be saved. Noah obeyed God's command, and when the door was shut the flood gates of heaven were opened and the earth was covered with water. Forty days and forty nights it rained until even the top of the highest mountains were covered. It was five months before the waters went down so that the ark rested on the top of the mountains. Nearly four months passed; then Noah sent out a raven to find out whether the waters still covered the earth, but the raven did not come back. Then Noah sent out a dove, but the dove found no place to rest and returned to the ark. A week later he sent her out again. This time she came back bringing a leaf from an olive tree, and Noah knew that the waters had gone down. After another seven days he sent out the dove once more, and then she did not come back. Soon God told Noah to go forth from the ark. Noah obeyed, and the first thing he did was to build an altar and offer a sacrifice to the Lord. God was pleased with Noah's sacrifice, and gave him a beautiful promise and made a covenant with him. We have an interest in these things, not merely for the sake of the story, but because they are for us as well as for Noah. Let us read the promises in Genesis 8: 22-27. The rainbow is always beautiful and we love to see its colors in the sky, but its color is not all that makes it beautiful to us. It has a meaning, which is that God has promised to care for and protect His obedient children. He cannot protect the disobedient but those who love and try to obey Him every day may claim these promises as their own. Every time we see the rainbow it reminds us of God's promises, and it should also remind us that the promises can only be fulfilled to those who are obedient.—*Selected.*

Lesson 16.

Divisions.

1. Recitation of third paragraph of the Word of Wisdom.
2. Review to bring out the value of the principle of obedience by asking questions something like the following:

What is a principle?
Name some good principles.
Name some principles that are not good.
What is a habit?
How may we cultivate good principles?
Why do you think it better to obey because you love rather than because you fear to disobey?

3. Read the following and relate in your own words to the class:

Fear and Love stood side by side,and a child played in the way. Fear spoke "Go," and the child went with a clouded brow and a swelling heart of rebellion. Love said, "Come," and the child moved swiftly and happily forward with a lighted face and a springing step.

Obedience is a lovely plant, but it does not grow in a night. It takes long to bring it to a perfect flowering, and then how beautiful and fragrant it is! No one can become a good citizen till he has learned to obey. As a Latter-day Saint he must obey God, and as a citizen he must obey the laws of his country. "Put them in mind," says the Book of God, "to be obedient to rulers."

This life is a great training school. In the family we learn to obey the "rulers" God has placed over us there. In the school our teachers exact obedience, and so step by step we learn that if we would grow into true men and women, "ready unto every good work," we must be mindful of the laws of both God and man, and ready to do our part in helping to build, first our own life, then our town, our state, our country, into right ways of living. A citizen must be a busy man.

"God is love," and His demand for obedience always means good. He says, "Come, work with me," and " He always wins who sides with God." It is beautiful to learn to obey in the right spirit, for it means a happy and useful life.—*Selected.*

4. Read paragraphs 18-21 of the Word of Wisdom and tell the class what the Lord promised to all who would obey this revelation.

5. Relate briefly some of God's promises, for instance:
The promise to Abraham and Sarah of a son.
The promise in the rainbow, etc.

6. How should we make and keep promises?

7. Relate the following to show how a great man kept his promise:

THE APPLE-GIRL'S FRIENDS.

Mary was not an unattractive girl, and the perpetually sad expression of her face caused all who saw her to give her more than a passing notice, and to this fact are due the details of this little romantic story.

One bleak wintry day a gentleman happened to look out on the street from his office window and saw a man examining a basket of apples held by a little girl, but instead of purchasing the man passed on. To compensate the child for her disappointment he called to her, bought some apples and told her to come every day and he would buy from her.

In this way be became acquainted with her history. She was an orphan and was selling apples to support herself. Among her customers was General Grant, who lived on Seventeenth street, as she told her new-found friend, who was the late Mr. D. R. Swingle, in charge of the internal revenue blank room, Treasury Department. Swingle bought apples from Mary every day, became interested in her, supplied her with pens, ink and paper, set copies for her and taught her to write.

In their early acquaintance she had told Mr. Swingle, in connection with the fact that Gen. Grant bought apples from her, that he once said to her: 'Mary, if I ever become President I shall give you an appointment."

Some years later, when Mary was about fifteen and Gen. Grant had become President, in her daily visits to Mr. Swingle's office, he said to her:

"Mary, you are getting too large now to be selling apples on the street."

"Yes," she replied, "but what shall I do?"

"Go and see the President, and remind him of his promise. Here, I will write you a card and you take it right up to him."

The card was written, and little sad-faced Mary wended her way trembling to the White House, where she delivered the card to a messenger, who delivered it to the President. The card read:

"MARY McCARTHY,
"The little girl who used to sell you apples."

Without waiting to tell the messenger to admit the visitor, the President came out, shook her hand cordially, said he remembered her, and asked what he could do for her.

"General, "she began, "I am getting too big to sell apples on the streets, and—"

"Yes, you are," the President interrupted.

"I thought I would come and remind you of the promise."

"I distinctly remember the promise, too, and it shall be done. I shall write right away. In which department do you wish to go."

"The bureau of engraving and printing, please."

"Very well, come back Thursday, and bring a card just like this," holding her card in his hand.

Mary thanked him, returned to Mr. Swingle, told him what the President had said, and then went out to dispose of her remaining stock of apples. But she had scarcely time to make a sale before some one approached her, asked if she were Mary McCarthy, gave her a letter, and returned toward the White House.

Frightened at the proceedings, for no explanation of the letter was given, Mary hurried to Mr. Swingle's office, related the circumstance, and handed him the unopened letter. On reading its contents, Mr. Swingle told her that it was her appointment. And so it was. The President had not waited for Mary to return Thursday, but had the appointment made out at once, and sent his messenger out to find her and deliver it.

There are many Washingtonians who remember "Little Sad-faced Mary," and who may have wondered at her sudden disappearance from the streets with her basket of apples. They will know now that it was one of President Grant's happy "removals."—*Washington Star.*

FIFTH GRADE.

(For children twelve and thirteen years of age.)

Subject: The Articles of Faith.

Lesson 13.

Divisions.

1. Concert recitation of Article 1.
2. Review of Article 1, as follows: What is belief? What good reasons have we for belief in God? Why do we call God our "Eternal Father?" Tell some incidents in the life of our Savior which proves that he is the Son of God? What is the Holy Ghost?
3. Concert recitation of Article 2.
4. Relate story of Adam and Eve.
5. What part of the punishment given to Adam and Eve must we bear?

6. Work was given to Adam as a punishment. What do you think about work?
7. How does working at hard labor improve a person physically?
8. How does working at studies improve a person mentally?
9. How does working at good habits improve a person spiritually?
10. Relate the following:

A GOOD TOOL.

He had just finished reading a wonderful tale of the finding of a great hidden treasure. He laid the book down with a little scowl of discontent. "It's a fine story—the trouble is, such things never happen in real life," he growled. "Now, if I could take a spade and go on and dig up any such treasure, what a lot of things I could do with it, for a number of people besides myself," for he was not a selfish boy. He was only a bit more inclined to dreaming of things that he might do, if—than to getting up and doing things that he might do without the "if."

The one who listened and knew him well, smiled and answered, "Suppose I tell you of a magic spade that will dig up a treasure for you anywhere, no matter where you use it—provided, of course, that you use it in the right way?"

The boy was too big for fairy tales, and he laughed. But he knew that there was something worth while behind the smiling question, and said, promptly:

"Go ahead, I know you mean more than that. I'd like to have that valuable spade, but I'm afraid it only stands for something else. What is it?"

"You ought not to be afraid of the thing that the magic spade represents. It is one of the best things in the world for a boy, or girl, or man, or woman, to have and use constantly. It is like real tools, too, in that it keeps better and brighter, the more it is used. And, of course, the oftener one uses it, the more treasure it brings him. I read about it a long time ago, in a queer old collection of wise sayings; and what you said about treasure brought it to my mind again. The saying ran something like this. 'Only with the spade of industry canst thou dig up treasure.'"

When one thinks about it, there are a great many kinds of treasure that the spade of industry will bring to light. For you, and boys and girls of your age, there is the treasure of education, of full and complete training for the work that will come later in life. If you do your school work well, putting into it your best effort and thought, you will find that you are not only laying the foundations for a good education, but you are at the same time training yourself in good habits of industry, of application to the work in hand, that will be as valuable in its way as the actual things you learn by your earnest endeavor.

Then again, there are many things that each one of us can do for others, if we look for the chances, and make use of them. It takes real industry, sometimes, to do the kindly, helpful things that take time and strength which we perhaps would like to use for ourselves. But the unselfish use is best; and the magic spade uncovers for us a great treasure of satisfaction and happiness in the knowledge that some one else is happier and better off for our kind service.

When you get older, there will come the problems of business and moneygetting. Industry will open the way to success; for it is said that genius in anything, is, after all, only an infinite capacity for taking pains; and no one takes pains who does not put into his work a good bit of industry, pride and heartfelt interest. The pursuit of riches is a perplexing question. Yet, if one puts before him as an aim and ideal the good that it will do, not to him alone, but to the world, by his unselfish use of it, it will prove another treasure that the magic spade has dug up. So you see that wherever you use your magic spade of industry aright—in school, among

your fellows, or in the later world of business—it will discover for you treasure that will help you to help others, and so give you the best treasures that you need want.—*Cora S. Day.*

Lesson 14.

Divisions:

1. Concert recitations of Article 2.
2. How did Adam and Eve suffer for their disobedience?
3. Why is punishment a good service to mankind?
4. Read and relate in your own words the following:

"Since there has to be authority in the family both for the child's good and for the welfare of the home, and since there must be obedience to prevent disorder and mischief, it follows that there must be punishment or restraint in case of disobedience; in fact, there is an animal nature in us with its passions and greed which requires to be curbed. If the child is intelligent and strong enough, he will curb his own passions and appetites; but if he has not yet learned to do this, some one must help him till he is strong enough to need no help. Punishment, therefore, ought to be directed to give the child selfcontrol. He should be made uncomfortable when he does injustice; he should find that falsehood will prevent his being trusted, that violence takes away his freedom, that by disorderliness he will have his privileges cut off, that if he behaves like a baby, he must continue to be treated accordingly; but punishment must always be for the good of the child and for the good of the home, in which case there will need to be very little of it."

5. What is meant by "Man's free agency." Lecture 3, paragraph 1-7. The Articles of Faith.
6. What would happen if every one did exactly as they pleased?
7. What is the value of government and law?
8. Where does government begin?
9. Relate in your own words the following:

"Let us ask what kind of home we should like best to live in and to grow up in. There would certainly have to be authority in it, or there would be disorder and discomfort. The authority would be such that every one could have the largest freedom of action consistent with his own good and the comfort of all. When the freedom of any one made annoyance to others, or when freedom was abused, it would have to be curtailed. As fast as children grew to deserve more freedom, it would be given them; but on condition that they prove worthy of trust. We should like also to be gradually taken into our parents' confidence and consulted upon matters affecting ourselves or the home life; and so fast as opinions came to be worth considering, they should have weight accordingly. On certain subjects, as we grew older, the decisions of the family should be taken by vote, and aa majority should determine what was best; but we should always trust our parents as wiser and more experienced. They would have to bear the responsibility for the conduct of the family; they should therefore always hold the "veto power" to overrule the opinions or wishes of their children. Moreover, the father and mother, while each having his or her own office in which each should be supreme, should work together for the common happiness of the home. There would be some subjects, as for example in the care of the younger children, in which the mother alone would be responsibile, as the father is responsible for the conduct of his business. The older children, also, after a while might be assigned certain duties, as for example the care of the grounds or of rooms in the house, for which they too should be responsibile, subject only to the oversight of the parents.

"Thus we have established a little state, with different departments in it, in which every one has a voice as soon as he deserves, and as long as he is trustworthy, in which each has liberty as far as he uses it fairly, in which

each also has duties and tasks for the good of all. In this government the parents are naturally the supreme authority, though influenced in many ways by the opinions of their children. This little state would change its character according to the members who made it up. If the children were very intelligent and good, there would be at the same time order and great liberty; if the children, however, were perverse and stupid, much authority would have to be exercised and many rules would have to be made, spoiling the liberty of each. If the mother were wise, but the father were foolish and incapable, some of his responsibility would have to be taken by the mother, and there might be conflicts of authority between the heads of the house. If, again, the father was tyrannical, he might take more power than was good for the home. Yet it would be a very bad government by the parents that was not better than to let the children grow up to do as they pleased."

10. What is the value of law in the Town and the State and in the Country? Relate the following:

"When we in the United States, speak of the government, we generally mean the President and the two houses of Congress at Washington. But, there is also a government or legislature in each state, as well as a government in every city or town. It is a government, for example, when at a town meeting the citizens decide how much money they will spend for roads and schools, and appoint a committee (the select men) and other officers who shall act in their name for the year. Congress is really a great committee of the whole people of the United States to make suitable rules or laws for carrying out the purposes of government; each state legislature is a similar committee of the people of that state. The Government is thus the method by which the people of a country manage to defend themselves against their foes. to secure life and property from injustice, and to carry on necessary public works."

Lesson 15.

Divisions:

1. Concert recitation of Article 2.
2. Review on value of government in the country.
3. Review of "Man's free agency" as given in The Articles of Faith, Lecture 3, paragraphs 1-7.
4. In what way may we exercise our free agency? Lecture 3, paragraphs 8-10.
5. Teacher discuss carefully with the class the plans for creating and peopling the earth. Lecture 3, paragraph 7.
6. In what ways may a boy choose to use his own agency?
7. In what ways may a girl choose to use her own agency?
8. Which brings the greater happiness to submit to authority willingly or to choose to do wrong?
9. What is the value of this statement "Do right because it is right to do right."
10. What will be the result upon the character of a person who chooses to do right?
11. Tell the following:

Some time ago a great American scholar told of an interesting incident in his early life. When he was a boy he was visiting one summer on his gradfather's farm, and, boylike, was attracted to a brook that ran across the land. How beautiful it was, winding its way here and there! And the boy followed it with glee. But there came a place where it went under a fence and dissappeared for a time among the underbrush; and the boy did not like it, for he could not follow it there. What could he do? He thought for a while and then decided on a plan. He would dig a new channel for the brook. Soon the boyish hands were busily at work, scraping away the dirt,

and in a little while the brook had been turned from its old channel to the new one. How glad the boy was! No longer did his lovely brook disappear from view. He could follow it now and play in it to his heart's content.

The years went by, more than thirty of them, and the boy had become a man. He had studied at home and in Europe, and had grown to be a scholar of great learning. And he had forgotten the little brook. One day, however, he visited grandfather's old farm, and what was his surprise when he saw the brook still flowing in the channel which he as a boy had dug!

Is there not in this something very interesting? It is helpful, too. People sometimes talk of the luck that others have and of the good disposition that they have inherited. After all has been said, every boy and girl digs the channel of his own life with his own hands. Some have started with very unpromising futures, but by the help of God they have overcome all of that. Sometimes boys and girls have bad dispositions, and they are liable to make a wreck of life, become very sinful and wicked. All of that is the underbrush which the brook is running. Now, that channel can be changed. "Create in me a clean heart, O God," is the way the psalmist expressed it. Will you not utter the same prayer? Dig the channel of your destiny out from the underbrush of sin and wickedness.—*Selected.*

Lesson 16.

Divisions:

1. Concert recitation of Article 2.
2. Review on the free agency of man.
3. What was Adam's transgression?
4. Name some of our transgressions.
5. The Lord says that "Every man will be called to answer for his deeds." Do you think that it will help us to do better if we remember this statement?
6. Review paragraphs 8-9-10, Lecture 2 on Man's Responsibility.
7. Who will judge us for the deeds done during our lives. Paragraph 10. Lecture 2.
8. Tell some of the ways in which we suffer punishment here for doing wrong. For instance through disobedience to parents; by the breaking of the laws of health, etc.
9. What are the two great commandments? Matthew 22: 36-40.
10. If we keep these two commandments will we be able to keep all the others?

MADONNA AND CHILD—*From Painting by Sichel. 1844.*

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND

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FOR THE GLORY OF THE "CRICKET"

"Sixty dollars short!" The editor turned fiercely upon the treasurer. "Graduation in four weeks! The class expecting the frieze! Why, Carrol, it's ordered!"

Carrol nodded. "West will have to get it," he said, briefly. "I hold the cash. I don't work for it."

The editor glared at West. "Hustle out, Bob! Have you tried Billings this year? Old miser! We could get Boyd and Jones, if we could get them. That front cover has been staring us out of countenance the whole year. See if we can't get Billings on it for the last number. Come, now, raise that sixty for the glory of the Cricket!"

Bob dragged leaden feet down the street from that staff meeting. "Billings" had been represented as unamiable, and Bob decided that the opinion was justified when he saw the coal man sitting on his high stool behind his high desk, calling off weight from the indicator which registered in the office.

"In a hurry for your winter's coal?" Mr. Billings grinned in greeting.

"I'm the business manager of the Cricket." Bob poked a paper through the slat fence round the desk, and began the speech he had been rehearsing all the way from school.

"Pooh!" interrupted Mr. Billings. "The annual thing. The only difference is the one who presents it. Sometimes it's a meek boy, sometimes a conceited one, and sometimes a bashful girl. I treat them all alike—turn them down!"

"Our inside cover page costs forty dollars, Mr. Billings, and we should like to see your name on it," Bob persisted, with quiet courtesy.

"Forty dollars!" echoed Mr. Billings. Why, I'd have to sell six tons of coal to cover that."

"You would be glad to give six tons if you thought the school needed it," smiled Bob. "Didn't you go to the school yourself?"

"Yes," admitted Mr. Billings; "I went a year when it was built, then I had to come out and go to work. No loafing in my day, and no

badgering people with an old school paper that hasn't a grain of sense in it."

Bob bristled. "I don't know about that. A number of exchanges praise the Manasquam Cricket."

"Honor among thieves, you know," and Mr. Billings grinned again.

"We aren't thieves," returned Bob, with dignity. "School papers help to keep up school loyalty, and most of them have a definite aim. We are working for a frieze for the hall."

"I like a freeze myself," roared Mr. Billings. "I never care if it lasts all winter."

Bob laughed, forebearing to tell the coal man that he had just learned from his rhetoric that a pun is not considered the subtlest form of wit. "So I may put your name down for advertisement?" inquired Bob.

"Not so fast!" cried Mr. Billings. "You may say you are working for the good of the school, when you come to screw hard-earned dollars out of folks' pockets. But I believe you're doing it for your own glory. Do you want that advertisement enough to work for it?"

Bob hesitated, then he replied, with spirit, "Yes, sir; I do."

Mr. Billings banged the desk with his fist. "That's the rock the whole bunch has split on. Some said they had work enough without their lessons. One chap said it was work enough trying to get something out of me. Some said I owed it to the town to give an advertisement. Oh, they said lots of things, but you're the first chap that's come out with a hearty 'yes.' But I don't believe you'll do it. So now, I'll tell you. I'll give you a full-page, forty dollar advertisement, if you'll bring me twelve frogs from the pond back of the house before six o'clock tomorrow night."

Bob stared through the slats in dismay.

"Mrs. Billings says she wishes those frogs were in Jericho," pursued Mr. Billings, calmly.

"If those are the terms," said Bob, desperately, "I'll see what I can do. Good afternoon, sir."

Bob started out, but turned back. "If I catch them—you—I can take them over to the marsh?"

"Take them home and put them in the parlor, for all I care," retorted Mr. Billings, with a great laugh.

Bob walked forlornly away. If Mr. Billings had asked him to learn, verbatim, a hundred lines of Caesar, or a long chapter of history, it would be a small matter, but to set a bookish fellow to catching frogs! He was feeling genuinely abused, when he recognized a vigorous whistling, and he ran back.

"Tom," he shouted, clutching the young brother by the shoulder, "you can catch frogs!"

Tom ceased whistling. "Are you crazy?" he demanded, with brotherly directness. Bob explained rapidly, and Tom grumbled: "What does he want them for? Doesn't he know? Miss Paine says

they eat grasshoppers, and help the garden. Huh! I like their songs."

"But tastes differ," urged Bob. "Will you help?"

"Doesn't he know a dozen will not count? There are plenty more. I'm going fishing tomorrow morning."

"Tell me how to catch them," pleaded Bob. "You ought to do something for the glory of the Cricket. Can you pick them up? They jump, don't they?"

"Well, I guess!" exclaimed Tom. "But you can jump, too, can't you?" And with that, Tom jumped and ran on ahead.

Tom was working in the cellar, when Bob poked his head down after dinner. I'm off for Billings' pond, Thomas," he said. "I'm taking the covered basket."

Thomas made no reply, and Bob went on. He had not been at the pond long before he found that frogs decidedly would not let him pick them up. After he had made several exasperating runs in a tiresome, stooping posture, with both hands grasping wildly, only to see the frog disappear with a splash, he stood up to wipe the sweat of honest toil from his brow.

"Big ones, aren't they?"

Bob turned. On the opposite bank stood Tom, looking interested, and Bessie, holding mother's big steam cooker.

"Tom," Bob drew a heartfelt groan. "What'll you take to tell me how?"

"Oh," remarked Tom, "guess I can do something for the Cricket. Bess, hand Bob that steamer. Dump those raspberries, and fill it partly full of water."

Bob obeyed, but inquired, meekly, "Won't they suffocate?"

"Don't frogs live in grandfather's old cistern, right along?" patronizingly asked Tom, drawing yards of white string from his pocket, then breaking off a length and tying on a cluster of berries. "They like red fruit," he observed. "They see white things easiest, but they can't see anything near to. I'll hold the string about a yard away, and when a fellow hops for it, and has both hands up stuffing in the berries, you sneak up behind, and catch him. Softly, though, because they are quick to hear. Then put him in the steamer. See? Bess, you sit on the corner."

Tom West," exclaimed Bod, admiringly, "how did you know so much?"

"Oh, I know more'n that," replied Tom, modestly. "Catching frogs isn't anything."

It proved to be a good afternoon's sport, however, and the three were ready for supper when the twelfth was clapped into the steamer and the cover bound down with Tom's extra twine. Bob decided that to the victor belonged some honor, and while Bessie was persuaded to run home and get ready for supper, Tom went down to the coal office with Bob, holding a handle of the steamer. "Well, youngster," laughed Mr. Billings, "you have a little color in your face."

"How can we show them to you, Mr. Billings?" Bob asked, anxiously.

"I don't want you to. I've heard them for twenty years; that's enough." Suddenly Mr. Billings grew very sober, and he looked at Bob sternly. "Do you solemnly declare that there are twelve frogs in that kettle?" he demanded.

"I do," responded Bob, solemnly, "Tom knows. I never could have caught them without Tom."

Mr. Billings took a long, narrow book from a drawer, and scratched away for a minute. Then he passed a pink check through the slats.

"Monday you can bring me a receipt, and I will have the ad. written," he remarked, not so very fiercely. "And after you've dumped the frogs, just step round and see Ben Boyd. He's having a public telephone put in the drug store, today. Tell him I sent you."

"Thank you, Mr. Billings," said Bob. "This will mean the frieze, sure. Will you come to graduation and see it presented—the second of July?"

Mr. Billings roared. "It'll be a roast instead of freeze, I guess," said he. "But I suppose your Cricket will get the glory, just the same." —*Selected.*

THE ONE POOR SPELLER OF THE FAMILY.

"Malviny Orchard—poor speller."

That was what the class report said, and the words had been ringing in Malviny's ears all day. Of course, she was poor in spelling—the girl realized that—and the fact that she deserved the name only made her feel worse about it.

Malviny had noticed the report when the teacher called her up to the desk for something. She could not help it; there it was before her in Miss Mallet's heavy hand-writing, and the words, "poor speller," seemed to the girl's imagination darker and heavier than the name.

Then there were individual reports which the scholars would take home to have signed. Malviny dreaded getting hers. Not that she would be punished in any way for it, but because she knew her father would look sad and reproachful, even if he said not a word. To be a poor speller was almost a mortal sin in the eyes of Mr. Orchard. It made no difference about anything but spelling, poor Malviny thought, bitterly. Her arithmetic was excellent, her reading good. Her penmanship was the best in the class. Yet all this was of no account so long as those hated words stood against her.

And Mr. Orchard did more than look sad and reproachful this time when the report came. He held forth to the girl these words:

"Malviny, my mother raised eight children, four boys and four girls, and there wasn't a poor speller among them. George Washing-

ton—named after the first President—could stand up against any man, woman or child at a spelling match. Zachæus—after the man in Scripture who went up a tree—could do likewise. Even Dorcas—who tried so hard to be like her namesake in the Bible that she often let go her lessons—was apt to be nigh the last spelled down, and, though I say it as should not, no one would ever have dared to call me a poor speller! You must have inherited the ability, it seems to me, and it's only carelessness that keeps you low down in the spelling class."

Malviny listened to these words in silence, and, when her father had finished, she rushed off to her room and burst into a passionate fit of weeping.

"I can't help it; I can't help it!" she kept saying to herself, again and again.

After a while she grew calmer.

"I'd be only too glad to have a good mark in spelling," she thought, longingly. "Just think what it would be, Malviny Orchard, if you could stand up against everybody else at the next spelling match!"

"You see, Malviny lived in a village and at a time when the people relieved the monotony of their lives by having a yearly spelling match in the school-house. These occasions were particularly interesting. People came there from far and near, and the ones who entered the competition were on the lookout for several weeks previous to the time for new and unusual words.

"There'll be a match at the end of the term," Malviny went on, "and I'll have to stay out of it, of course. How I wish I could be in it! But I can't, and that's all there is about it."

"I know what I'll do," she presently said to herself, with a sudden look of determination; and then she flew up into the garret, and, with glowing cheeks and sparkling eyes, she began to pore over some books and papers that she found in an old, uncovered trunk.

After that day the people who knew Malviny remarked that she seemed changed. She had always been a bright girl, quick to think, and ready with an answer when asked a question. Now she was slow and deliberate. When spoken to she appeared to weigh her words before replying.

"I'll ask Malviny Orchard," one of the girls said, in speaking of a certain matter.

"Well, you'd better ask her right away," another one remarked, "for it will take her until next week to answer you."

Malviny grew very quiet, too. She kept by herself a great deal, and was not inclined to talk much when in company with others.

"Seems like Malviny ain't like she used to be," Mrs. Orchard said to her husband one day.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"Why, she's quieter, and looks pale and thin. I wonder if that new teacher they've put in her class is making the girls study too hard."

"I don't know as to that, but I take notice that no more reports have been sent home since that teacher came. But I would not worry

about Malviny. A girl that will have 'poor speller' after her name won't kill herself with study."

"But I'll watch her," the anxious mother said to herself. "She ain't just right, I know."

But numerous other family cares took the mother's attention, and she forgot to watch Malviny's moods and actions.

The term passed slowly. And, before anyone realized it, the time for the spelling match had arrived.

The main room of the school-house was packed with visitors, and many were the conjectures as to the ones who would take part in the match and who would stand up longest. The Orchards were there in full force—that is, all but Malviny, for whose absence none of the others could account.

"Where is she, anyhow?" Mr. Orchard repeatedly inquired; and finally he was answered by a younger child, who cried out:

"Why, there she is, pa, right up there among the matchers!"

And, surely enough. Malviny had marched in with the spellers, and was looking as unconcerned as if she had always joined the ranks.

Mr. Orchard's face was in a flame.

"Does she want to disgrace us?" he said. "She knows she can't spell any better than a cat. She'll take her seat at the first word."

But Malviny did not take her seat at the first word, nor at the second, nor at the third, either; and then Mr. Orchard breathed more freely and held up his head.

Then when Malviny was the last one to sit down, a shout of applause such as had never before been heard in that building went up from the audience, and, in the midst of it all, the proud father rushed to the platform and took Malviny right in his arms.

"How did it happen, anyhow?" someone asked her afterward. "You used to be such a poor speller."

"Yes, I know," she answered, with a smile, "and that was how it came about. I was ashamed of it, and father said I disgraced the family. At first I was discouraged, and believed that I couldn't possibly do any better; but then I remembered that men we had learned about had overcome big obstacles, and it suddenly came to me that I might be a good speller if I tried hard enough, and I started in to try. I made sure that I knew how to spell every word I heard. Nearly every word I said I spelled over in my mind first. When I read I picked out the words I wasn't sure of, and learned to spell them. I studied up all the old lists of words that have been used in spelling matches for years. Father always kept them, and they were in the garret. I knew that, and I hunted them up. I spelled, and spelled, and spelled 'em. That's how I did it."—*S. Jennie Smith.*

GIRLS' DEPARTMENT

WHAT TO TEACH A GIRL.

Teach her that one hundred cents make one dollar.

Teach her to say "no" and mean it, and to say "yes" and stick to it.

Teach her to wear a calico dress, and wear it like a queen.

Teach her how to dress for health and comfort, as well as for appearance.

Teach her to regard morals and habits, and not money, in selecting her associates.

Teach her to have nothing to do with intemperate or dissolute young men.

Teach her to observe the old rule—a place for everything, and everything in its place.

Teach her to embrace every opportunity for reading, and to select such books as will give her the most practical information.—*Selected.*

WINDOW GARDENS.

The turnip basket is a delight to the youthful gardener. Take a large turnip and scrape out all the center, leaving a thickness of about an inch all around. Now plant a graceful, drooping vine in your turnip and hang it up with cords. Allow some of the vines to droop over the edge, and twist some about the cords. It will be a pretty sight, especially when the turnip itself begins to sprout at the bottom, as it will, sending forth leaves that will curl gracefully.

Baskets of green cress are a source of never-failing delight. Get a pretty wire basket and cover it both inside and out with folds of cotton batting or flannel. Twist the handle with it. Place in the bottom a saucer filled with water. Now get four or five ounces of garden cress seeds and steep them in luke-warm water for four or five hours. When the seed has become a little sticky spread it closely over the flannel, leaving no spot uncovered. Then leave the basket in the dark for two or three days—or long enough to allow the seed to sprout. After you have brought it out it will not take long to convert the wire basket into a luxuriant growth of feathery green foliage. Sprinkle every day with water that has had the chill removed, and keep the saucer in the center always filled with water.—*Selected.*

BOYS' DEPARTMENT

REDHEAD JIM.

Jimmy Jones was his proper name
When up from the country to school he came,
But the only name that stuck to him
Was the one they gave him of Redhead Jim.

It was house-afire, and sorrel-top,
And what would he take for the carrot-crop?
But he only laughed when they badgered him
He was grit clear through, was Redhead Jim.

Red hair was as good as the next, said he,,
If 'twas brushed and combed as it ought to be;
'Twas the brains it covered, it just struck him,
That made the difference, said Redhead Jim.

His brains were all right, if his hair was red,
So in study and games he shot ahead,
Till there wasn't a boy but was proud of him,
Yes, proud of a leader like Redhead Jim.

And his teacher said with a quizzical smile,
As he gave him the first class-prize the while,
Red heads were the best, it seems to him,
If they made such scholars as Redhead Jim!

—Blanche Trennor Heath, in Youth's Companion.

A REVOLVING TOY.

Here is a very simple and most amusing toy which anyone can make in a few seconds. Take two strips of thin paper about fifteen inches in length and from one to two inches in breadth and twist them together up to a point about five inches from the top. Then bend the two free ends, one to the right and the other to the left, so that the whole will present the appearance of a capital Y. As a result, you will have a toy which will surprise and amuse those who have never seen it work. If you throw it out of a window in calm weather, it will revolve like a screw with a vertical axis, and so quickly that the eye will not be able to distinguish one of its wings from the other.—*Selected.*

HOW TO MAKE A WHISTLE.

First take a willow bough,
  Smooth and round and dark,
And cut a little ring
  Just through the outside bark.

Then tap and rap it gently
With many a pat and pound,
To loosen up the bark,
So it may turn around.

Slip the bark off carefully,
So that it will not break,
And cut away the inside part,
And then a mouth-piece make.

Now put the bark all nicely back,
And in a single minute
Just put it to your lips,
And blow the whistle in it.

—*Selected.*

KEEPING ENGAGEMENTS.

In the Christian Endeavor World the story is told concerning "President Roosevelt on Keeping Engagements," by the Rev. Charles L. Godell, D. D., of New York, as follows:

"A friend of mine was closeted with President Roosevelt, discussing a matter of much importance, when the private telephone bell rang. The President answered it, and a boyish voice said, 'Who is this?'

" 'It is the President.'

" 'Is Archie there?'

" 'He is not here, but I think he is somewhere about.'

" 'Well, he promised to come and play with me at two o'clock, and now it is three o'clock, and he has not come, and I am very much disappointed.'

" 'I will look the matter up at once,' said the man of affairs. He spoke with as much interest and determination as would have been manifested over any question of statecraft or public policy. Turning to the house telephone, he soon located Archie, and said, 'Did you have an engagement to meet a playmate at two o'clock; and, if so, why have you not kept it?'

" 'Oh, yes; I promised to meet one of the boys, but I forgot all about it.'

" 'Go to him at once and apologize.'

"The President then gave his son a homily on the morality of keeping an engagement, something like this: 'Not to keep an engagement is to be guilty of a species of falsehood, and it should be as carefully avoided as any other variation from the truth. If you keep engagements as a boy, you will keep them as a man.' "

PARTIES AND GAMES

MELISSA'S EGG PARTY.

It was Aunt Eleanor's idea. She came to make us a visit just before Easter, and, finding that Melissa was having her Easter vacation, she had proposed giving the child a party. I knew that everything that Aunt Eleanor undertook was sure to prove a success, so gladly gave my consent. The next afternoon I watched a very happy little girl drive off with her aunt. She carried a package of dainty envelopes, each containing an egg-shaped card on which was written:

You are invited to
An Egg Party
From two to five
on Saturday afternoon, April third,
at the home of Melissa Aldrich.
Please bring an egg shell to be given away.

By two o'clock on the appointed day eighteen merry children had assembled, and each one brought several egg shells.

A small tin tub had been placed on a wire stand among the plants in the sitting room, and one of the first things the children did was to place their egg shells in the water, while Aunt Eleanor explained that soaking the shells made them less liable to break. The little bobbing shells caused much laughter. When they were all in the tub they were covered with a thin board so that they would stay under the water until they were needed.

Then half an hour was spent in playing bean-bag in various ways. The bags were egg-shaped and covered with different colors. There was also a game of "parlor football," a brightly decorated egg shell taking the place of the usual cotton ball, and such a time as the children had blowing it to and fro on the table.

Afterward bells were chimed in the library, and the children flocked in with many a pleased exclamation, for the room was very attractive. Upon a number of small tables were pretty colored papers, little scissors, paste, brushes, etc. Aunt Eleanor and two of her friends were at a table in the center of the room, and on the table were the children's egg shells and several paint boxes.

When the children were all seated she gave them a little talk on the joy of Easter, and told them that she and Melissa had thought it would be a great pleasure to make some people happy who could not go to

parties and have good times. So they had planned to have each little guest dress an egg shell and when Easter came to give them away and make some other children happy. Each little girl and boy could decide for herself, or himself, to whom the egg should be given.

A busy time followed. The little girls made sunbonnets for their egg shells, while the little boys made Brownies with pointed caps and standup collars, and Aunt Eleanor and her friends painted the faces, helped in trying places and gave advice as it was needed.

When there seemed danger of the little fingers growing tired a hunt for Easter eggs was proposed. Several dozen small candy eggs had been hidden in nooks and corners throughout the rooms, but the children soon found them. Aunt Eleanor's talk about looking out for the happiness of others seemed to have borne fruit, for when one of the little boys, who had found fifteen eggs, discovered that one of the little girls had but three he insisted upon sharing his with her. His generosity was contagious, and by the time the hunt was over each child had the same number of eggs.

Then work was resumed until each child had an egg shell dressed and tied up in a little white box. On the covers of the boxes were printed the words: "A Happy Easter from ——," and each child proudly added his or her name.

Refreshments were then served in the dining room. The table was prettily decorated. The place-cards represented little half-hatched chickens with the names printed on the shells.

There were egg-shaped sandwiches, olives, and stuffed eggs, dainty lemon, rose and orange jellies, made in egg-shaped molds: the cake also was cut in egg-shaped slices, and at each place was a paper egg filled with bonbons.

The afternoon had passed so rapidly that every one was surprised when a little boy discovered that the clock was striking half-past five and that the time had come for the happy little company to take leave.

When Melissa had watched the children out of sight she said, with a sigh of content: "It was such a nice party! And it isn't all over yet, for there's the part that is being carried around with the egg shells to the other children."—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

PARENTS' DEPARTMENT

AT THE TABLE.

Two years have sped since first I led
  You to the table, dear,
And you sat over there alone
  And I sat smiling here.

A year or two flew past, and you
  No longer sat alone.
A little one was in your arms,
  Your darling and my own.

And then another year or so,
  And some one else was there;
And Willie sat near me, you know,
  While Trottie claimed your care.

The years have sped since first I led
  You to the table, dear,
And you looked queenly at the foot
  And I felt kingly here.

Today, as I look down at you,
  On either side I see
A row of hungry little ones
  All gazing up at me.

We've added leaves, one after one,
  And you are far away—
Aye, thrice as far, my dear, as on
  That happy, happy day.

But though we sit so far apart—
  You there and I up here—
Two rows of hearts from one fond heart
  Stretch down to you, my dear.

Thank God for every extra leaf
  The table holds today,
And may we never know the grief
  Of putting one away.

—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

"ALL WORK AND NO PLAY."

A great many people think that time spent in amusement is a wicked waste. They take life very seriously. They believe that we were put here to work, to keep everlastingly at it. I know people who have lived such a strenuous life of work, and have had so little play that they have

lost the power of laughter and real enjoyment. One scarcely ever sees a smile on their faces. How unfortunate it is that a human being, who was made to be joyous and happy and to radiate sunshine, will go about with a long, gloomy face, with no play or fun in his life! It is certainly a very short-sighted policy, for there is no better investment for the business man than a lot of innocent fun, recreation, and play. These are great restoratives of power, refreshing the animal spirits. The brain requires a great deal of lubricating.

There is every evidence that we were intended for fun; that humor and play were to have a great part in our existence. The long, serious, unhappy, discontented faces we see everywhere are all wrong. They come from unnatural, abnormal living. To thousands of people living in great cities there is very little of the normal play or satisfaction of the fun-loving faculties.

Variety, change—new faces, new places, new environment—these are necessary for normal minds. Where the same thoughts, the same suggestions are held in the mind month in and month out we become rutty and stop growing. People who live monotonous lives cease to be interesting after a while, for they have no fresh food, no variety.—*Success.*

SPRING GARDENING.

"April showers bring forth May flowers," is the old almanac legend. It is beautiful and inspiring to watch the sequence of all Nature's plans and works. The children's quick minds soon detect and follow them. To be sure April showers will spill over into May, and the coming of the flowers is more or less delayed, but the work of the time is preparation for them. What is there equal to the delight of digging, the pleasure of planting, and the joy of spying the first tiny sprouts?

Give the children all these; they are their natural privileges. Let them have a plat of their own to work in, to dig, plant, and produce in. You know yourself how much the "ownness' of the place means, how much it means to have a spot where you have a right to do as you please, to follow out your own ideas. That is the way, in fact, to get ideas.

Yes, give the children a plat of ground, and give them seeds of different kinds and sizes, give them bulbs and slips. Never mind if they do muss and muddle some. It is a small matter if they do spoil a few seeds and plants by digging them up "to see if they are growing." The experience and the observation pay the expense. It is often surprising to witness the prosperity of the children's gardening in spite of their methods. The plant life seems to respond to the concern and curiosity of the baby eyes and fingers.

The coming of the birds is a matter of great interest. Teach the little eyes to distinguish the different kinds; first, of course, by size,

form, and color; then follow up the acquaintance by learning notes, nests, and habits.

Notice the bugs, bees, worms, and spiders. Do not let the children fear them; very few are harmful. Do not let the first impulse be to kill, but to protect and to examine. Their little lives are as good as fairy lore, and oh, so much more healthful than much of the stuff and nonsense showered upon children under the guise of "literature."

As we outline these delectable ways of interesting and occupying our active children, there comes all at once a cold wave like those which spring upon us as we turn an eastern corner when we have ventured out into the alluring, warm sunshine in our spring attire.

This cold wave of conviction chills us with the realization that there are hundreds, thousands of children who cannot have a square yard of earth to call their own to farm upon:

Think of the cityful—
Isn't it pitiful?
No place to dig!

In the name of pity give them a square foot of earth, a boxful, or a flower-pot. Let them make some mud pies! Do let them have a little window-garden, with plants and vines to climb up, and vines to hang down.

Aren't the poor children in the tenement districts a shade better off in being able to dig in the alley or gutter, than the pampered, hampered children of blocks and flats, where they can only look out the window and skip on polished pavements, and all the time wear "cuffy" clothes.

Wouldn't it be beautiful, wouldn't we all be better if every window in the blocks of houses, the towers of flats, and the rows of the tenements should bloom forth with God's glory on earth—flowers watched over by our glory on earth—children!—*Mrs. Richard H. Wyman.*

GROWING.

A little rain, and a little sun,
And a little pearly dew,
And a pushing up and a reaching out,
Then leaves and tendrils all about;—
Ah, that's the way the flowers grow,
Don't you know?

A little work, and a little play,
And lots of quiet sleep;
A cheerful heart, and a sunny face,
And lessons learned, and things in place;—
Ah, that's the way the children grow,
Don't you know?

—*Little Men and Women.*

OFFICERS' DEPARTMENT

THE WORK WITH CHILDREN.

The normal child is cheerful. He comes "with smiling face" to Primary, and if he does not, something is wrong. He may be sick, or there may be other abnormal conditions to account for the lack of cheerfulness; but whatever it may be, there can be no effective work on the child's part until the cause is removed. The teacher may by her own cheerfulness remove the burden, or she may induce the child to forget his trouble, and if she can, she has administered a medicine better than any doctor could give. "Anxiety and indifference are more frequently attributable to mental than to physical causes." There are many emotions that the teacher may appeal to with certainty. Surprise is always effective. Vary the program; lay aside the text-book often, and give something new. Arouse expectation. Send the class home speculating as to what is coming next. There should be, however, nothing sensational. "It is easy to overdo the matter, and by falling into the grotesque to defeat the purpose in view; but judiciously used, surprise is a legitimate and valuable element in spoken and written expression." Hope may also be appealed to, and admiration. Fear should be avoided utterly, though shame may often be used with advantage. Sometimes a boy may be made ashamed at being rude or tardy or unprepared in his work. Mrs. Harrison tells how she once punished an obstinate boy by saying: "Well, children, we shall have to give up this nice exercise because Charley has spoiled it for us." All eyes were then turned reproachfully upon Charley, and his punishment seemed greater than he could bear. The sense of humor should not be overlooked. Many teachers frown upon anything that in the least tends to create a smile while the lesson is being studied, but this is against all pedagogic and even spiritual law. There are times when a good honest laugh is the most useful thing that the teacher could bring to her class. Children have a keen appreciation of humor, and it should be cultivated. The sense of humor is the regulator of life; indeed, it may be called the safety valve. Many a puritanical old Sunday School teacher has seen his class gradually fade away because he was utterly destitute of the sense of humor. Too much cannot be said about the culture of the emotions. We too often think that if we train the intellect of the children, we have done all that is needful. It is even more necessary that we train those volcanic forces that arise so easily, that scatter such destruction at times, and that increase in force with such fearful rapidity. Many a life has been ruined because the emotions were neglected in youth. The greater percentage of crime is committed in moments of excitement or depression or emotional tension of some kind, and all of this crime is simply the result of early emotion allowed to run wild.—*F. L. Pattee.*

MEETING OF STAKE AND LOCAL OFFICERS.

All stake and local officers are invited to meet with the General Board at a meeting to be held in the 18th Ward Hall, Saturday April third at 2 o'clock p. m. All interested in Primary work are invited.

RECITATIONS

APRIL WEATHER.

(Recitation for small boy.)

First it hailed a little
  Then it rained an hour;
Then the sun came peeping out,
  Kissing every flower.
Then the sky grew darker,
  Rain began to patter,
Faster, faster, dashing down,
  Spatter! spatter! spatter!
Next the sun shone through the clouds,
  Made a rainbow glisten,
Till a little bird flew out
  Just to look and listen.
But the birdie flew away,
  As the sun went under,
While a flash of lightning came
  And a crash of thunder.
Then the sun shone out again,
  But the wind went wailing,
And a-crickle! crackle, crack!
  It was really hailing!
Mamma says, "I tell you, child,
  This is April weather."
Guess that must mean every kind
  All mixed up together.

Selected.

THE DREAM ANGEL.

The days when I've been good
  I'm glad to go to bed,
Because I know an angel stands
  Above my head.

And then my dreams are glad,
  And happily I roam,
With dear-dream-children in the fields
  Of their dream home.

But after naughty days,
  My kindly angel stands
Above my bed with drooping wings
  And empty hands.

And then my sleep is sad,
  And all the night-time long
I have no happy dreams, because
  My day was wrong.—*My Lesson.*

LESSON DEPARTMENT

LESSONS FOR THE MONTH OF MAY.

FIRST GRADE.

(Children four and five years of age.)

Suggestions:

One of the greatest helps in working with small children comes from good order. This order must be in the teacher, be a part of her and an influence which reaches out from her to the children. It is almost useless and positively harmful for a teacher to say, "Now, children, I want you to be quiet," unless she is quiet herself. Know your lesson thoroughly. Have plenty of songs and rest exercises ready. Have the place where your children are to meet in perfect order. Be very quiet yourself. Speak in a low tone and be very careful that you do not sing any louder than the children do. We repeat again, "Have plenty of good songs."

Lesson 17.

Memory Gem:

"Our hands are small, but every day,
They can do something as well as play,
They can help mamma and she will be glad,
For all that is done by her lass or her lad."

Suggestive Talk:

Let everybody hold up their hands and see how many things we can do with them. Shake them—roll one around the other—put them up, down—out—clasp together—shake hands with our neighbors, etc. How do they help us?—to eat—drink—dress and undress, etc. How may they help others? Father—mother—baby, etc.

The following may be made interesting by the teacher asking the first line and the children giving the answer in concert:

QUESTIONS FOR YOU TO ANSWER.

What are your hands for—little hands?
"To do each day the Lord's commands."

What are your feet for—busy feet?
To run on errands true and fleet."

What are you lips for—rosy sweet?
"To speak kind words to all I meet."

What are your eyes for—starry bright?
"To be the mirrors of God's light."
—*Mary F. Butts.*

We are so pleased that we are big enough to help mother, who is so good to us. I will tell you about two little girls who thought they could get along without their mother for a little while.

THEIR FIRST VISIT.

Sue and May were going to make their first visit.

"Can't we stay a whole month?" pleaded Sue, as she kissed her mamma good-bye at the station. "I should like to stay a whole big month," she urged eagerly.

Mamma smiled. "We'll see, if you want to," was all she said, as she gave them each a kiss.

Papa carried a big black bag with their clothes packed snugly inside, and the two little girls had their very best dolls in their arms.

They did so wish they could have had a trunk, but then people couldn't have seen it, because trunks are always put in the baggage car.

It was nearly two o'clock when they reached auntie's house, and Sue felt tired and hot and hungry.

"I don't think I like traveling," she said, slowly, as she sat down in the big rocker.

"And I don't either," said May, "unless mamma comes with me!"

But after dinner they forgot all about being tired, as they hunted for eggs in the old barn and fed the pigeons and rabbits.

"I think we will stay a whole year instead of a month. Don't you?" asked Sue.

"Yes, we will," murmured May, giving a downy yellow chicken some dough from her plump little hand.

When six o'clock came Sue and May sat quietly on the red settee.

"I'm going home with papa," said May, over and over again.

"And you promised to stay a whole month!" said Sue.

"I'm going home with papa," said May, "and he is going right now. See, he is coming down the front steps."

She rushed across the lawn as fast as she could go, and Sue followed.

"We've decided to go home with you," both the children said, taking hold of papa's hands.

"Well, well!" exclaimed papa, laughing, "this is not a whole month, Sue!"

"It seems almost a year," answered Sue, solemnly; "we're tired of visiting, and we want to see mamma."

And that night mamma tucked her two little girls up in their cribs just as if they had never been visiting at all.—*Selected.*

(Note. There need be no break between these two stories. Go right on as though the incidents were really part of your own experiences.)

THE FIRST SIGHT OF HIS MOTHER.

Not long ago I read of a little boy named Johnnie, who was born blind. When he had grown to be six years old, his parents thought that perhaps a doctor could so treat his eyes that his sight might be restored. So his mother took him to the doctor, and after a very careful operation, Johnnie's eyes were so much improved that the doctor declared that presently the boy would be able to see.

For a while Johnnie's eyes were kept carefully bandaged. At last the time came when the doctor thought it would be safe to take off the bandages so that Johnnie could have his first look at the beautiful world. With Johnnie in the room were the doctor, Johnnie's mother and the Bishop. When the shade was taken off Johnnie's eyes, at first he looked bewildered.

"Johnnie," said the Bishop, "this is your mother."

Then Johnnie's little arms went up, and he clasped his mother around her neck.

"Oh, mother," he cried, "is this really you, or is it heaven?"

What a beautiful time this was for little Johnnie!

Now he saw his own dear mother! And the very first thing he thought was, Now I can help mamma.

Lesson 18.

Memory Gem:

"A little child may have a loving heart
Most dear and sweet;
And willing feet."

Suggestive Talk:

Do not forget to review the memory gems. Ask the children occasionally to relate some of the stories.

What does father do for us? Why? Father has a loving heart. What does mother do for us? Why? Then mother has a loving heart. What may little folks do for father, mother and others? Then we have loving hearts, too. (Repeat gem.)

When we forget to be kind and sweet we are like Marion, who was in her room one afternoon, feeling very cross; for she had quarreled with her cousin Jane and had come home in tears.

"Dear me," half-sighed a voice behind her, "you do make me such a lot of work!"

Marion turned around quickly and saw a little gray-bearded man with a sad countenance, carrying a large bag quite full of something that bulged it here and there very roughly.

"Well," she exclaimed, "I don't see how that can be! I do not know you, and I certainly never told you to do anything. Who are you?".

"Why, I am the Shadow Man. I pick up and carry away all the shadows you make. You have rag men to take away the rags, junk men to take away old bones and bits of iron and such things, and of course you need to have a Shadow Man to take away the shadows. If you did not, you would soon be covered so you could not have any sunshine at all."

"What do you give for shadows?" asked Marion.

"O, I never give anything for them. Shadows are things no one wants, so the ones who make them pay for them.

"I do not understand," said the little girl.

"Well you were cross to-day with your cousin. You were to blame about wanting the doll all to yourself, and so you have paid one good afternoon's pleasure already for making a shadow on Cousin Jane's face. To-morrow you will be sorry, but you cannot go there and enjoy yourself, you will pay some more; and you will keep on paying, herhaps, till you have paid a very high price."

"Well, what is it to you if I do?" grumbled the child, half ashamed that she had been so foolish.

"O, I have to come around and take care of the shadows! See,, here are some you have made to-day!"

The little man opened the bag and pulled out a handful. They were very light and thin, but quite broad. He laid them out on Marion's bed for her to look at. "Here is the first one," he remarked. Marion saw the shadow of a lazy girl lying in bed. "That one," continued the Shadow Man, "I found clinging to your mother. You put it on her; for she did not sleep well last night, was tired, and needed you to help get breakfast. This one, you see, is the shadow of a hand. I found that on the side of your little brother's face."

"Yes," owned Marion, with a guilty air, "I did threaten to strike him. I raised my hand to do it, but I did not suppose the shadow would stay like that."

"Here is a small shadow I found on dear Aunt Caroline's heart," con-

tinued the old man. "She spoke pleasantly to you when you were going to school, and you did not answer her because you were in a hurry. So the shadow settled upon her."

"What!" said Marion, as she felt her cheeks burn at the sight of the great heap of shadows before her, "these all my shadows! But I will try not to make any more."

Just then a ray of sunshine fell upon the Shadow Man, and Marion saw that it shone right through him. He siezed his bag, and whisked out of sight in a moment, just as Marion's mother came into the room and said:

"Well, I declare! Here is my little girl fast asleep!"—*Selected.*

Lesson 19.

Memory Gem:

"My heart is God's little garden,
And the fruit I shall bear each day,
Are the things He shall see me doing,
And the words He shall hear me say."

Suggestive Talk:

Talk about gardens and the things in them, how they are planted and cared for. The blossoms and fruits, etc. Tell how fathers, mothers and others try to plant good things in the hearts of little people. We are made to do things, sometimes we have to be punished, just like the gardens we have to be digged and raked so that good things will grow in our hearts. The blossoms and fruits are the kind things we say and do, etc. When we say our prayers we will ask our Father in heaven to help us just like David did. (Tell briefly the story of David and Goliath. I. Samuel, chapter 7.) Then continue by telling the following story:—

YOUNG DAVID.

The boys called him Davie; so did his father and mother; but grandmother called him David. She liked the name; it had been his grandfather's. David was seven years old. He was out in the front yard with Tom and John Porter. Aunt Frances heard his voice. This is what he was saying:—

"Ho! I could make him mind; I'm not afraid of his teeth. Wait till you see how I will fix him. 'Towser,' I'll say and stamp my foot, 'go home!' And he'll put his tail down between his legs and run. Susie is a real 'fraid girl; but I'm not."

Then Aunt Frances raised the window sash and called: "Goliath! Goliath! come here a minute, will you?"

David looked all round the yard and up and down the street. Then he called: "Why, Aunt Frances, there isn't anyone here. Tom and John were here, but they have gone home; their mother called them. Aunt Frances, who is Goliath!"

"Don't you know him? He is always boasting what great things he could do; how strong he was, and wise, and all that."

David's cheeks grew red; he knew what his aunt meant.

Aunt Frances," he said, "that was me, and I'm not a bit afraid of Towser; but I'm just David."

"I'm glad of that; but you didn't talk like David; it was like Goliath. So you don't know him? Come up here and I'll tell you his story."

David liked Aunt Frances' stories. She was a new auntie, and she seemed to know all kinds of wonderful stories.

In the afternoon of that same day David was playing in the carriage

house, and Aunt Frances was lying in the porch hammock reading.

By and by she heard some one calling "Davie, come back here and shut this door." There was a moment's quiet, then bang! went a stone against the carriage-house door. A little later David came round to the side porch.

"Aunt Frances," he said, "I killed him!"

"Killed whom, David?"

"Why, Goliath. I slung one of my stones at him and killed him dead!"

"Oh, did you? What did he want of you?"

"Why, Nancy called me to come back and shut the door, and Goliath wanted me to say, 'I won't!' He wanted it bad so I just sent a stone after him. He can't come to life again, can he, Aunt Frances?"

"I'm afraid he can; he has a great many lives."

"He didn't come to life after the other David killed him?"

"No, but you know what I told you: this is the other kind of giant that comes to trouble us; and he has to be watched all the time. I wonder if you remember where the other David got his help to fight Goliath?"

"Yes," said David, "I know it: 'From the Lord.' I asked him to help, Aunt Frances, I did, truly."

"Then I am not afraid of the giants for you, dear boy; so long as you fight them in that way."—*Pansy.*

Lesson 20.

Memory Gem:

"Even I, a tiny child,
May help some one today,
I can make my parents glad
If quickly I obey."

Suggestions:

Relate briefly the story of Jesus in the temple to illustrate his obedience to his mother. Talk about the ways in which a child should obey, willingly—cheerfully. Emphasize the fact that it is safest to obey. Tell some incidents from daily experiences which show how we are preserved from dangers by obeying those who know better than we do. Animals and birds must obey also. "I know a story of a chicken. I will tell you about it."

A CHICKEN STORY.

Oh, come under my wings and be safe, there's a hawk sailing up in the sky! C-r-r, c-r-r, c-r-r!" That's what Mrs. Hen seemed to be saying to her chickens, and how they did run! Under her wings they stuffed themselves until she looked like a pillow too full of feathers, and still four of them were outside. The hawk sailed a little nearer. Mrs. Hen looked at him anxiously out of her bright, beady, black eyes, and three more chickens crowded under her wings.

But Fluffkins, who didn't know any better, hopped up and down on his yellow toes after a fly, flapping his comical little wings.

"C-r-r, c-r-r!" Said Mrs. Hen, purring almost like a cat, and tipping her head to get a better view of Mr. Hawk. That meant, "Fluffkins, you foolish, baby stand right still or Mr. Hawk will see you!"

Now Fluffkins, although he was only a baby chicken, knew what his mother meant when she spoke in that tone, and if he had been made out of fluffy wool with beads for eyes, he couldn't have stood any stiller.

"C-r-r, c-r-r, good chicken, keep it up!" said Mrs. Hen, very much pleased.

Fluffkins liked to be praised, so he didn't even wink his little black eyes.

Mr. Hawk looked down from the sky, and saw only a tiny yellow spot near Mrs. Hen. "Chickies all in," he thought to himself. "Nothing out from under her wings but that yellow spot. Can't be a chicken. Keeps too still. I'll have to go somewhere else for my dinner."

So up he flew, tipping now this way and now that in the air to get a view of any stray chickens which looked as if they might be good for dinner. When he was well out of sight Fluffkins ran to his mother, and she gave her a ride on her back to pay for minding her so well.

Now if you don't think that chickens mind their mothers, just watch some day when Mrs. Hen is frightened, and see them do just as she says. —*Oliver Going.*

SECOND GRADE.

(Children six and seven years of age.)

Subject: The Lord's Prayer.

Lesson 17:

Topic: Thy Kingdom Come.
Concert recitation of the Lord's Prayer.
Review of the lessons on Reverance.

Suggestive Talk:

When we say "Thy Kingdom Come" we are asking our heavenly Father to give us something; we ask that He will have His kingdom here where we live. God's kingdom means God's home. I wonder if we can remember any thing about God's home in heaven. Review lessons on heaven as given in the February number of The Friend especially lesson twelve.

If we ask our Father in heaven to come here and make His home with us we will surely try to get ready to live with Him. Our fathers and mothers will help us if we are willing to try. I will tell you a story of a mother who was trying to help her little girl.

JESSIE MISSED THE GOOD THINGS.

"I'm going to ask Jessie to come and see me this afternoon after school, Mamma."

"Are you, dear?"

"Yes; and couldn't you let us have a little afternoon lunch?"

"I think I could."

"Something very nice?"

"I'll see about it."

"I know what that means," said Patty, giving her Mamma a very nice loving kiss. "But wait, Patty," said Mamma, as the little girl was tripping away. "I want you to come straight home from school, so as to attend to your little duties before Jessie comes."

"My dusting my own room, you mean?"

"Yes, it ought to have been seen to this morning, hey, Patty?"

"Yes, Mamma, but I had to study my reading lesson this morning."

"I thought the evening was always the time for that."

"But I put it off because I wanted to play checkers with Jack."

"I wonder if my little daughter will ever learn to put off duties for pleasures? And it seems to me there was something out in the arbor which ought to have been looked after."

"Oh, I remember! I was pasting scraps out there with May the day before yesterday, and I put off picking up the things till morning, and then I wanted to weed my flowers."

"I hope you will do it before Jessie comes."

"That's what I mean to, Mamma. Goodby."

"Where's Mamma?" asked Patty, on her return from school, after the short afternoon session.

"She's gone out," said Jane, the girl.

"Gone out! Did she say anything to you about a little lunch for me, Jane?"

"No; I didn't hear anything about it."

"That's very strange of Mamma," said Patty. "She must have forgotten it. Oh, perhaps she put it off until she comes home. I wish she hadn't."

The "put-off" reminded Patty of the room she was to dust. But, as she passed a window, she caught sight of some of her flowers which grew outside.

"Oh, my pansies!" she cried in great concern. "They are all drying up and withering." She was very fond of her flowers, and everything else was for the moment forgotten as she hurried for some water to give them.

"You dear little things," she said, "you almost seem to know I am giving you a nice cold drink. You look just as if you wanted to say, 'Thank you.' Oh, I wish I was a fairy, and lived in the times when they could hear flowers and lambs and birds and things talk."

Watering on with her water-pot, dreaming of the delights of such a condition of things, she came near the arbor.

"Now, I must tidy up that arbor, Jessie'll be here in a minute, and I'd better put off my dusting until she's gone home. I shan't take Jessie up to my room. I'd hate to have her see how untidy it is. I do wish Mamma did not think little girls ought to keep their rooms dusted, and pick up their things after they're done playing. Ah! look at that great weed growing so near that beautiful white lily."

The weed was removed with little fingers, which took tender care not to disturb the roots of the queenly lily. And then Patty looked up, and smiled a very loving greeting to a bluebird which chirped above her in the branches of a tree.

"There you are, you little beauty! Are you singing of this lily? Of course you are."

And off went the little lassie into a train of fancies as to which flowers she would sing to oftenest if she were a bird, springing up at length to say, "But I must be sweeping up the arbor."

She ran for the broom; and as she hurried back, her little friend Jessie came down the garden walk.

"Ah! there you are, Jessie. I'm glad to see you. I was just going to sweep this arbor, but it can wait until you go."

The sweeping of the arbor would not have taken more than five minutes, and Patty felt a little prick of conscience as she led the way to another part of the large, pleasant garden. But she quieted it with the reflection that it would not be polite to work when she had company, and that, of course, Mamma would not wish her to.

They played croquet for a while, and then made dolls of daisies and holly-hocks. When they had a long row of the flower maidens, Patty thought it was full time for the treat which had been promised; and, excusing herself to her friend, she ran into the house.

"Hasn't Mamma come yet?"

"No," said Jane.

"Dear me, Jane, can't you give me something nice for a lunch with Jessie?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," said Jane, good-naturedly. "To-morrow's baking day; and there's nothing much in the house now, for we are to have hot biscuit for supper by and by."

"Not a bit of that cocoanut cake?"

"Not a bit," said Jane, going to look.

"There was a little this morning, I know."

Jane did what she could for her, and Patty returned to the garden with a piece of apple pie, some crackers, and a little currant jelly—a very poor sort of lunch, she thought, and wondered more and more how Mamma could have neglected to see to it when she had promised. Mamma was famous for getting up nice little treats when Patty's friends came, and it was easy to see that Jessie was rather surprised.

Patty's mother came home in a few minutes after Jessie was gone, and Patty met her at the door with a very mournful face.

"I suppose, Mamma," she said, "that you put off fixing my nice lunch until you came back. But it's too late now, for Jessie's gone."

Mamma smiled at Patty's injured tone, and asked, "Did you dust your room, dear?"

"No, Ma'am, I went to water my pansies, and'——

"Did you clean up your paper in the arbor?"

"No, Ma'am, I put it off because Jessie came."

"Well, I think you had better go at once and do them."

Not a word of regret for the neglected lunch.

Patty went up to her room and began dusting.

What was that behind her toilet cushion? A game for which she had been for some time longing. There it had been all the afternoon, when it would have been such a delight to try it; for they had become tired of those flower dolls.

She put her room in good order, and then went down to the arbor. An unfolded napkin lay over something in the seat, and Patty lifted it up to see what it might be hiding.

"Oh, my!"

What a dainty lunch lay on the little tray! The last of the cocoanut cake was there, with macaroons and kisses, some cunning little sandwiches, sliced pineapples, and bunches of grapes. And Jessie was gone, and there was no one to see it or help her enjoy it.

Poor Patty sat down and cried. Then she swept the arbor sighing to herself,—

"Oh, dear! If only I hadn't put off!"—*Selected.*

Lesson 18.

Topic: Thy Kingdom Come.

Concert recitation of the Lord's Prayer.

Review of last lesson and story to bring out the thought that if we desire something and ask for it we must be willing to help in the obtaining of the desired gift or blessing.

Suggestive Talk:

A boy was noticed looking up into the sky very earnestly one evening, and his mother asked him what he was thinking about so anxiously. He said he was thinking how far away heaven was, and how hard it must be to climb up to it, as there were no roads through the sky. His mother answered him very wisely: "My boy, heaven must come down to you. Heaven must first come into your heart." We never can climb up to heaven. It is way above the highest mountains, and there are no stairs reaching up to it. But heaven will come down to us—down into our hearts.

If we can feel in our hearts like the people do who live in heaven, who are always kind and good, then we will be getting ready to have our Father in heaven come and live with us.

I will tell you about a little girl who was trying to be a good girl by sharing her dolls with another little girl who had none.

(Where you have classes of boys only in this grade change the girls in the story to boys and the dolls into tops or marbles or whatever is most interesting to boys.)

CLAIRE'S DOLLS.

There were nine of them, and they all were dressed in their best, and arranged to "have their pictures taken in a group," Clair said. Beautiful waxen Aurelia sat in the center and held the newest and tiniest doll of all, and the others were placed around her chair. It was great fun getting them ready, but Claire soon tired of them after that. She had so many pleasant things to do, and so many kind friends to help her do them, that she didn't care for anything very long, so when Charlie asked her to go for a ride, the dolls were left to themselves.

"Oh, aren't they be—yew—tiful!" said a hushed little voice outside the low window, and a small girl in a faded calico dress tiptoed across the soft grass for a nearer look. It scarcely seemed possible that so many treasures could belong to one child, and yet Mollie knew that the pretty room into which she was gazing was not a store. She quite forgot where she was, or how long she was staying, in her delight, until she heard Claire's voice right behind her.

"What are you doing, little girl?"

Molly started, and her cheeks grew red, but Claire seemed younger than herself, and the round face was so sweet and kind that it was easy to explain.

"It's the dolls—I've been looking and looking. My, but they are pretty!"

"Yes; they're mine," said Claire.

"All of them!" Molly's voice was full of wonder. "I shouldn't think you could stand being so glad."

"Haven't you many?" asked Claire.

"Not any at all, only two made out of corncobs. My little sister and I make them ourselves."

Claire looked at her in astonishment. Not a single doll! Then a bright thought came.

"Why, I know what you must do," she said. "When folks don't have any children of their own they can 'dopt some. I know, 'cause my mother told me about a lady who did. You come right in and I'll see if you can't 'dopt two of mine—one for you, and one for your sister. I 'most know you can, 'cause mother said yesterday nine dolls were too many to have round."

Half an hour later a little girl with a doll hugged tightly in each arm was hurrying home to a tny house down the street, and the heart under the faded calico dress was so full of happiness that it seemed as 'f it could not hold any more.

Claire watched her from the window.

"I guess when folks have so many good things, it must be so that they can let others 'dopt some of them," Claire said. "I never thought about it before, but I mean to remember it."—*Selected*...

Lesson 19.

Topic: The Golden Rule.
Concert or individual recitation of the Lord's Prayer.

Suggestive Talk:

When Jesus lived on this earth and told people how to be good and kind, He would do kind things Himself so they would know just what He meant. One day He told them that they must love God and love their neighbors just as much as they possibly could. I wonder if you know who

your neighbor is. (Let children discuss this point with you and help them to understand the meaning of the Golden Rule.)

A long time ago some good person thought they would tell in a different way how to be kind to our neighbors and this is what he said:

"Do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you."

The following story may be simplified and told to suit the children in this grade.

A MULTIPLIED HOLIDAY.

Peggy stood in the dingy old doorway and looked up at so much of the sky as was visible from the narrow street. The fragment was sunnily blue, and undoubtedly promised a clear day. Bump, bump, bump, came some object down the stairs at Peggy's back, and there was a howl from the bottom of the flight, and a shriek from the top.

"Are ye kilt, Tommy?" questioned the latter.

"No, he's just thumped a bit and skeered," answered Peggy's reassuring voice, and Peggy's strong young arms had lifted the child, and he was being soothed and comforted while she spoke. "Hush, now, that's a darlin'. Stop cryin' an' Peggy'll take ye with her today."

All the tenement knew that this was a high holiday for Peggy. She had worked for weeks to obtain it, and had resolutely saved two nickels for car fare, one to take her somewhere, and the other to bring her back. Her promise to Tommy, therefore, was so marvelous that a small maiden with a tangle of flaxen hair stared for one moment in breathless astonishment, and the next formed a resolution.

"Will ye take me along if I roll down, too, Peggy? I'm goin' to."

She was climbing the rickety steps as fast as her chubby legs would allow, and Peggy interposed in haste:

"Stop that, Mitty! Stop it! I'll take ye without yer breakin' yer bones."

The tidings of her good nature spread, and there were pleading and importuning children issuing from ever doorway of the old hive within five minutes. Half of them had fallen downstairs some time in the past, and needed comforting for remembered bruises, and the other half felt that they, like Mitty, deserved a reward for not falling.

"Come along, then, the gang of ye," agreed Peggy, cheerfully. "Git yer faces washed and come. It's likely outdoors is big enough to go round."

So it was a considerable and very mixed company that finally accompanied the girl when she set forth on her pleasure trip. One of the numerous and relieved mothers—one who had accepted Peggy's generosity with the greatest alacrity—exclaimed as she looked after the departing group: "Goin' out to injoy herself an' taking' a gang like that along! Wouldn't the thought of it just kill ye?"

But Peggy was not killed. She looked round at the children and her own face brightened at the delight in theirs. Riding in the street cars with only two fares was manifestly impossible, so she walked into a store and expended her ten cents in ginger snaps. Such unheard-of luxury moved the children to squeals of pleasure and hops of ecstasy as they crowded round their leader, and the party attracted the attention of a young man in an automobile.

"Orphan asylum?" he asked Peggy.

"No, indeed!" There was a touch of indignation in Peggy's answer. "There's fathers an' mothers in plinty to 'em, but it's out for a bit of pleasure we are."

The boy—he was scarcely more—laughed as he looked at her with a heavy child in her arms. Then he looked at his watch. "Say, I've nearly an hour to spare. Pile your outfit in here, and I'll take you all for a spin," he offered.

There was no need to repeat his invitation. Peggy's thanks came with a gasp that said more plainly than words that such a wonderful piece of fortune was too good to be true, and must be seized before it vanished into a dream. What that ride was to the children they had no language to express, and the boy of the automobile enjoyed it quite as much as they. He not only had his appreciation of their keen delight, but his own fun in the astonished gaze of acquaintances whom he passed with his queer load.

"Won't I have a jolly time answering questions tomorrow!" he chuckled to himself. Then a happy thought struck him, and he turned to Peggy.

"Say, we're almost at the park; don't you and the orphans want to go in and have a good time for an hour or so? I have to go home and take some guests of my mother's to the station, and then I'll come and take you to where I found you."

Oh, that beautiful day! The merry, good-natured boy never knew what a wonderful gift he gave. As for Peggy, she explained both her creed and her holiday in what she said to the mothers that night.

"Good times most always do double up when ye divide 'em with other folks, but this one—I'm thinkin' it doubled a hundred times."—*Ruth Cady.*

Lesson 20.

Topic: The Golden Rule.

Concert or individual recitation of the Lord's Prayer.

Questions:

Who can tell me about the little boy who was looking up into the sky?

Who can tell about Claire, Molly and the dolls?

Who can tell about Peggy and the poor children and the boy with the automobile?

Suggestive Talk:

Review the point in the prayer, "Thy Kingdom come." We are asking for something; how may we help to get the answer? What did Jesus tell us to do about it? (Love the Lord and our neighbor.) Review the "Golden Rule" and how the little people in the stories told were trying to obey it.

Today, I will tell you of a little boy who loved his neighbor:

A LITTLE KNIGHT.

Not to look at. No. He looked rather funny as he laboriously climbed the street-car steps, for his legs were very short and he could get no help from his hands, for one carried his school-books, and the other held something squeezed up tight.

But the conductor knew him well and helped him up, and he appeared in the doorway smiling broadly at the passengers, who all smiled back into the round, freckled face with such a mere button of a nose that it looked as if it had been pounded in.

A little friend of his, who evidently had been crying, was sitting in the other end of the car, and the little knight made his way up to where she was sitting.

"Hello, Jennie!" he said, in his cheerful voice.

"O John," said Jennie, with a little catch in her voice, "I've lost my money, I think, down here on the floor; and now I can't go to the show. I've looked and looked for it."

"Can't you get another?" asked John, anxiously, looking sharply at the floor.

"No; we are such a big family, you see, and I am in the middle of it, and people in the middle of families I don't think get extras. They always take what's left."

"Yes, I've noticed that," said John; "I'm in the middle, too, and things are always too big or too small for me."

"I got ten cents running on an errand for grandmother," he added, opening up his squeezed up hand and showing the moist bit of silver which meant so much to him. "I say, Jennie," he added, heroically, "you take mine. Girls care more about things that—than boys."

But Jennie was proof against temptation. She shut her eyes and shook her head. "No, indeed, I won't take yours," she said, firmly. "I guess I know about boys and shows. I've saved this money for the longest time, and I was glad when the man said the school children could come for ten cents. But now—"

The tears were coming again, and John dropped down to look for the coin.

He hunted for some minutes, and a sharp-eyed woman saw him drop his coin in the straw and pick it up; then he rose up.

"Here you are, Jennie!" he said.

"O John, thank you," she cried. "I can never find things."

When they got off at the school-house the sharp-eyed woman got off, too. And that may have explained the fact that John's teacher at recess handed him a square envelope. In it was a ticket to the show, a bright silver dime, and a tiny slip of paper, on which was written, "For the good knight, John." John did not understand that very well. The only night he knew much about was a disagreeable time of day connected with bedtime. But he understood the money and ticket very well, and he beamed like a small, freckled sun, as you do when you are young and in the middle of a family, and delightful things happen.—*Selected.*

THIRD GRADE.

(For children eight and nine years of age.)

Subject: The Ten Commandments.

Lesson 17.

Topic: Power of God.

Concert recitation of the First Commandment: "Thou shalt have no other gods before me."

Suggestive Talk:

When God gave Moses this commandment He meant that we must love God more than anything or anybody else, even more than our own dear fathers and mothers. I wonder why He asks us to love Him so much? Suppose we try to think about it and see if we can find out the reason? First of all I think it is because He loves us so very much. Can you tell me of some things that He does which shows how He loves us? (Lead the children to tell you about the blessings of home, health, pleasures, light, warmth, flowers, birds, etc.)

God is very powerful. He makes the sun shine by day to give us light. The moon and stars make night beautiful and pleasant. He causes the rain to fall so that we may have plenty of water and He also has charge of the wind.

A man who was very fond of children wrote this poem about the wind.

"I saw you toss the kites on high,
And blow the birds about the sky;
And all around I heard you pass

Like ladies' skirts across the grass.
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song."

I saw the different things you did,
But always you yourself, you hid.
I felt you push, I heard you call,
I could not see yourself at all.
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song."

The wind is such a wonderful thing. Tell me about some of the things it does? It can blow hard enough to bend the strongest trees, and so softly that it is just the breath we breathe. It blows the clouds to us so that we may have rain and then it blows them away again so the sun will shine on us. It dries all the snow and mud and sweeps up all the dirt, sometimes it is called "Mother Nature's Broom." And yet we cannot see it. Is it not wonderful? But God knows all about it and takes care of it and tells it just what to do.

There are many other wonderful things that God can do.

"I had a dream the other day. I thought I was lying looking up at the stars and thinking how beautiful they were, there were so many of them, and how wonderful it was that God could keep them all in their places and not let one run into another!

And just then I heard a tiny but sweet voice at my elbow, and looking down I saw a daisy, and the daisy said: 'Oh! you need not go so far for wonders. The same Power that keeps the stars holds my flower upon its slender stem, and gives me strength to keep it there all day. It is God's will that the wonderful Power that rules the stars is in me, the little daisy of the fields."

"And just then I saw that the sun was beginning to shine and to throw its rays across the city. And I said: 'What an amazing light is that which can give to the whole world light to do their work!"

And just then another little voice piped at my elbow, and looking down I saw a glow-worm shining in the side of the hedge. And the glow-worm said to me: "Oh, you need not go so far for wonders; for the same God that stored the sun with light, keeps my lamp burning until my day is done. It is God's will that the light which fills the world should be in me, the lowly glow-worm in the hedge.'"

God is the greatest and that is why we must be careful and keep this commandment: "Thou shalt have no other gods before me."

Lesson 18.

Topic: Power of God.
Concert recitation of the First Commandment.
Review of last lesson.

The following may be adapted and used to follow up thought of last lesson:

A gifted kindergartner of wide experience says that in teaching little people something of the mysterious, invisible powers that are all about us she found that the wind stirred their imaginations as nothing else did. She had told them of the unfolding of the little acorn into the great oak, of the lifting of rain and dew from the earth by the sun, of the heat-expanded drop of water that split the rock, of the crystals that form according to a law of their own in the deep places of the earth, of the promise of the rainbow and the when and how of its coming, but no wonder of the world of nature seemed to them so delightfully mysterious as that whose voice

sings so softly in the summer breezes and roars so fearsomely in the winter's tempest.

When the teacher showed that the wind is but the air we breathe in motion, and that upon it and its purity our life and health depend, they were keenly interested, but when this great, strong, invisible force was pointed out as able to bend the strongest trees or even to rock the waves of the ocean, their eyes grew large and dark with wonder and a shade of fear.

Then the teacher spoke of the influence of one person over another, for good or ill, as silent, invisible, but resistless as the wind, and the little faces grew thoughtful. Finally her voice took on a reverent tone, and she told them that wind and spirit in Bible language often mean the same thing, and that there is a great, invisible power that stirs little or large hearts as the wind the trees or the waves, and that we call it the Spirit of God, and that it is our duty to yield to its influence. Then she read them the first chapter of Genesis, the story of creation, and of how the Spirit of God, moved on the face of the waters. They listened in solemn silence, but when the sublime command came, "Let there be light—and there was light," the realization of a great, wondrous power flashed suddenly upon one little fellow, and for days he could be heard repeating as he turned his glowing face to the sunset sky, "The wind bloweth where it listeth." "Let there be light, and there was light."—*Selected.*

Suggestive Talk:

(Show a small piece of iron or a piece of iron ore.) Do you know what this is? For ages upon ages iron ore lay in the hills of this world before men knew that it was there. After it was discovered, they began making things out of it. First they fashioned rude weapons and tools; then men learned how to heat the iron until it became tempered. From this iron they could make blades that would bend without breaking and that would have an edge so sharp that it would cut a hair if it were dropped upon it. Finally the time came when skilled workmen, taking a piece of iron not so large as this, would make out of it tiny wheels and springs, and, by fitting them together, make a watch that would keep pace with the movements of the sun and tell the time to its owner at any moment of the day or night. Indeed men have learned to take the stone and wood and iron and other materials that they have found, and with them do such marvelous things, that we cannot help wondering what there is left for the people of the future to find out; but no doubt things just as great as or greater than any we have seen will be done in the next hundred years. What do you think is the most wonderful thing that men have made? (Let the conversation be free for a few moments, commenting on the answers given, emphasizing the marvel of the power of man which enables him to make a watch that would keep pace with the movements of the sun. Then talk about one or two of the more simple ones, and ask:) What did the man who made this use? What did he have to have to work with?

This power that man has seems very wonderful and it is; yet there is a power so much greater that it makes the skill of man seem as nothing at all. Man can take the things which he finds about him, fashion them into other forms, and out of them make engines of power; but he must always have something to work with. He can make but he cannot create. There is but one Creator, and that is the great God, the source of all power, and He is so great that simply by His word He can call worlds into being and clothe them with beauty.

Let us think now of a time when this world upon which we live did not exist, when there were no stars in the heavens, nor any sun or moon, but only black darkness filling all the universe. Somewhere there was light and glory, for God lived, and where He is it is always light. In God's heart

was a plan to change the darkness of the universe into light and make a home for people whom he would create in His own image to be His children. (Review story of the creation.)

Lesson 19.

Topic: The Love of God.
Concert recitation of the First Commandment.
Review to bring out thought of the Power of God.

Suggestive Talk.

We love our fathers and mothers because they love us first. Tell me some of the things they do for us when we are little tiny babies? That is the way with God. Before we come here to live He gets everything ready for us. He makes the world beautiful for us and has our food growing all the time so there will be plenty to eat and drink. Talk about the way our food supplies are kept ready. Sometimes He does things in a different way so that we can know how wonderful and how kind He is. I will tell you a story of how kind He was to a little boy who lived a long time ago. (Review briefly the story of Joseph, how he was sold into Egypt and through the goodness of the Lord became a great man in that country.

If there is time the story of Moses may be reviewed.

Lesson 20.

Topic: The Love of God.
Concert recitation of the First Commandment.
Review of last lesson.

Suggestive Talk:

Question the children to find out if they realize that the reason we must love God is because He loves us and is willing to do a great many things to make us happy and comfortable.

Tell briefly the story of the birth of the Son of God, who came here and lived among the people to show them just how to live and keep the Ten Commandments which were given to Moses.

Review briefly some of the main incidents in the life of the Savior, which showed His love for the people.

We give one incident which may be used:

FEEDING THE FIVE THOUSAND.

"Father, I'm so hungry!"

"Hush, hush, little Samlah. The Master is speaking, and father wants to hear all He says."

The patient little fellow sat down on the green grass and tried to forget his hunger, but his face grew white with the gnawing of it. It had been such a long walk into the wilderness, and they had hurried so fast to get round the lake before the Master should cross it. They had not thought of taking food with them. They had rushed off too hurriedly for that. A rumor had come that Jesus had started into the wilderness to rest, and the multitude had rushed headlong after Him.

Of course, His plan of rest was spoiled, but Jesus did not rebuke them for that. Instead, He taught them till late afternoon. It was not until He stopped speaking to them that they began to think of food. The disciples, looking at the people with the love they had learned from Jesus, saw that they were quite exhausted.

"Master, send them away, that they may go into the country round

about, and into the villages, and buy themselves bread," they said. But Jesus looked at little Samlah sitting white and patient before him, and at the rest standing round, and a look of heavenly love and compassion was in his face as he said to the disciples, "Give ye them to eat." The twelve looked at one another aghast.

"It would cost two hundred shillings for us to buy bread enough for each one to have a little," they said. "We have not that much money all together."

"How many loaves have ye? go and see," said the Master.

Then through and through the great company the disciples went, asking for bread. But hardly anyone had any; and those who did, needed it for themselves. Just as the twelve were turning back with nothing, a boy came running up to them.

"Does the Master want bread? Is he hungry?" he asked, eagerly. "Here is my luncheon. I would gladly give Him more if I had it. Tell Him to take it and eat it."

Then the Master, with a gracious word of thanks and a smile that the boy remembered with unspeakable joy as long as he lived, took the five little loaves, no bigger than our cookies, and the two tiny dried fishes. But He did not take it to eat Himself, as the boy had thought He would do. He blessed it, and broke it, and gave it to the disciples, and they passed it on to the people until every one was more than satisfied. They had had as much as they could eat, and more, and started on their journey back, refreshed and wonderfully strengthened.

FOURTH GRADE.

(For chillren ten and eleven years of age.)

Subject: The Word of Wisdom.

Lesson 17.

Topic: Fourth paragraph of the Word of Wisdom.

Divisions:

1. Concert recitation of the first three paragraphs of the Word of Wisdom.
2. Review by member of the class on first paragraph of the Word of Wisdom. (See the four lessons on this subject in the January number of *The Children's Friend.*
3. Review by member of the class on the second paragraph of the Word of Wisdom. (See the four lessons on this subject in the February number of *The Children's Friend.*
4. Review by member of the class on the third paragraph of the Word of Wisdom. See the four lessons on this subject in the March number of *The Children's Friend.*
5. Reading of the fourth paragraph of the Word of Wisdom by the teacher. The class should be asked to memorize the paragraph at home, to think about it and what it means.
6. The Lord tells us in this paragraph that He warns us of evil that may come to us. What do you think is the reason for this warning and what feeling for us does God prove in giving it?
7. Relate the story of God's warning to Adam and Eve and the result of the disobedience to it.
8. Have the class relate personal incidents of warnings. Who gave

them? Why they were given and the results of obedience or disobedience to such warnings.

9. Teacher may give a brief talk on God's protecting love for His children. Also the love and care which is manifested by parents, the authorities of the Church, etc.

10. The following story may be related:

WARNINGS OF THE SPIRIT.

There are no people on the earth, that we are acquainted with, that exercise so much faith in God our Heavenly Father as do the Latter-day Saints. No other people seek for His protecting care as they do. Nor are there any people to whom His protection is oftener extended or made manifest more visibly than unto this people.

Especially has this been the case with hundreds of our elders, when traveling and preaching the gospel. One of these instances of divine protection in my own experience I wish to relate.

While on my way to Nauvoo, Illinois, in the month of June, 1845, going down the Ohio river, the steamer I was aboard of ran aground on the "Flint Island Bar," just above Evansville, Indiana.

I remained on the boat for thirty-six hours; when, the water in the river being very low, and getting lower every day, and, seeing no prospect of our getting past this bar, I concluded to go ashore and work a few days, as I understood laborers were in demand in Evansville. The captain of the steamer aground, accordingly, refunded me a just portion of the passage money I had paid him.

I procured work for one week, at the end of which time the river began to rise. Being very anxious to pursue my journey, I went aboard the first boat that landed at Evansville, which I learned was going as far up the Mississippi River as Galena. I made arrangements with the clerk for passage to Nauvoo, but did not pay him at the time, as he said the boat would not leave for two hours.

I was never more desirous of pursuing my journey than I was on this occasion, yet soon after going aboard a feeling of aversion to going on that steamer took possession of me. Instead of a sensation of joy, an undefinable dread, or foreboding of evil was exercising an influence over me, that increased its power every moment, until I could resist no longer, and, snatching up my trunk, I fled with it to the shore, just as the deck hands stopped to haul in the gangway, and the boat moved off.

I put my trunk down on the bank of the river, and sat down on it, too weak to stand on my feet any longer.

This was a new experience to me, then. What did it mean? One thing was certain: I felt as if I had just escaped from some great calamity to a place of safety.

Two days after this I took passage on another steamer for St. Louis, where in due time I arrived in safety. As I walked ashore I met a newsboy crying his morning paper, and among the items of news it contained the most prominent was an account of the ill-fated steamer that I had made my escape from at Evansville, on the Ohio River. I purchased the paper, and found the boat had been snagged in the Mississippi River, below St. Louis, in the night, and sank, with a loss of nearly all that were on board.

The mysterious feeling that impelled me to leave that boat was cleared up to my staisfaction. There remained not the shadow of a doubt that Providence had interposed between me and the great danger.

The thanks, gratitude, and joy that filled my whole being on this occasion, I will not try to describe.—*H. G. S.*

Lesson 18.

Topic: A Warning from God.

Divisions:

1. Concert recitation of the fourth paragraph of the Word of Wisdom.
2. Read Ezekiel 3: 17-21. Tell to class in your own words and also what you think would happen to parents, teachers, etc., if the boys and girls were not given the warning in the Word of Wisdom.
3. Tell the following story of Noah:

"BY FAITH, NOAH."

Noah was a good man in a world of wicked people. The record says that he "walked with God." It speaks all the more for his worthiness that he was the only one in his age who lived right. He was not only passively good, but asserted his godliness. Peter says he was a "preacher of righteousness." Probably he was an unpopular man, for he testified against the sins of his neighbors. The name Noah means rest, suggesting that he was a quiet man, a man of peace, although firm as a rock.

If there had been scientific men in the days of the flood, they would have found some natural cause for the deluge. The Bible, however, writes from the divine side of life, and tells us that whatever the physical causes may have been, the moral cause for the flood was sin. This gives us a hint of the divine government in and behind all natural events. The flood was a great judgment in which the wicked were swept away from the earth. Yet mercy appeared as well as justice in the event. Warning was given to men, with ample time for repentance, while the ark was being built. Noah's ark was itself a sermon. God had forewarned him of the coming destruction of the race and the building of the ark was an expression of his faith. He believed God and accepted the way of safety which God had marked out for him. Jesus tells us that in the days of Noah, the people ate, drank, married and were given in marriage until the flood came and destroyed them all. That is, they paid no heed to Noah's warnings.

As for the ark itself, the description may not be so definite that the ark could be reproduced. We have not the architect's details. We know, however, that the ark was not a ship for sailing on the seas. It was rather a great vessel built for floating on the water. It had neither sail nor oar nor rudder. There was no pilot at the wheel. It must have been guided in some supernatural way upon the rushing waters. God must have taken care of it. During a great freshet in the West, when the river overflowed its banks and swept houses, and out-buildings, and fences on its wild current, some men in a skiff saw a baby'cradle borne along in the rushing stream. Rowing to it,they found in it sleeping as quietly and sweetly as it ever had slept in its mother's bosom, a little baby. God had taken care of it in all the perils of the flood. So God cared for Noah's ark in the deluge which had swept from the earth all the human race save the one family.

Our lesson says that "God remembered Noah." He did not forget him for a moment. For a whole year Noah and his family were in the ark. For five months the ark was floating about on the waters, amid perils, but it received no hurt, was dashed against no rocks, was kept safe in all the rushing waters. So in all the storms and floods of life, God cares for His children. He is Lord also of the forces of nature. Not a drop of water in the angriest tempest ever gets away from the control of God who is our Father.—*Selected.*

4. Read Ezekiel 33: 3-11. Tell from this what you consider to be the duty of a watchman. State who are given the duties of watchmen in our Church.

5. Who is the first watchman in our Church?
6. Who are the assistants to the first watchman in our Church?
7. Who are the watchmen in our ward?
8. How do the Bishop and his assistants try to keep us safe from evil?
9. How do you think the Primary association helps in the watching and warning?
10. The following instance may be related:

SAVED FROM A PRISON.

H. G. B. tells how, on another occasion, when on a mission in the State of California, in the year 1857, it became necessary for him to make a visit from the north to the south end of San Francisco Bay. He says:

"There were two ways open to me to make this trip. One was to take the steamer and go by water from Petaluma to San Jose, the place I wished to visit. The other was by land, on horseback, around the east side of the bay, by way of Vallejo and Benicia.

"I had stayed over Monday night at the house of a Mr. H—, who was preparing to move south with his family, and who prevailed on me to accompany him around by land. He offered to feed both myself and horse as far south as I desired to go, thus relieving me of any expense.

Mr. H— had taken great pains to tell me of a Mr. O—, who was very favorably inclined to our people and doctrines. He thought that I ought, by all means, to visit him, and that I could do so on the coming Friday evening, and join him (Mr. H—) on Saturday morning at Vallejo, on the proposed trip.

This all appeared right enough to me, as Mr. O—lived nearly in a direct line from Petaluma (the place I would start from on Friday) and Vallejo.

Mr. O— had often invited me to make him a visit, and I therefore promised Mr. H—that I would accept of his kind offer, and meet him at Vallejo as proposed.

On the Friday following, I took dinner at A. J. Mayfield's, near Petaluma. Soon afterwards I caught and saddled my horse, when I began to feel opposed to going to Mr. O—'s.

I remarked to Mr. Mayfield that I was tempted to give up my visit, at which he and wife (who were both great friends of ours) began to insist that I must not fail to visit Mr. O— and family, as they were very anxious for me to do so. His acquaintance and friendship, they said, would be a great advantage to me, as he was a man of wealth and great influence. Having nothing to offer as an excuse for not going, I mounted my horse and rode away.

The distance was about four miles; and, as I proceeded, the same mysterious influence was brought to bear upon me that had saved my life on the other occasion, related last week.

This aversion grew and increased upon me until I came in sight of Mr. O—'s house, which was located in a beautiful vale, some half a mile away. From this point I could proceed no farther, or, to say the least, it seemed madness to do so.

So powerfully was I impressed that some impending evil awaited me if I went farther, that I turned my horse about and started back on a gallop, which I did not break until I arrived at Mr. Mayfield's again, feeling all the time as if I were fleeing from some great calamity.

The explanation I gave this family did not seem to satisfy them. I could see they thought me a little inclined to lunacy. However the next morning all was made plain enough.

Having given up my trip around the bay, I went in company of Mr. Mayfield, to Petaluma, to take steamer and make my way by water.

We had been in town but a few minutes when we met with Mr. O—,

who had come in to get out a warrant and an officer to arrest Mr. H—, whom I was to have met that same morning at Vallejo.

Mr. O— had been robbed the night before of eight thousand dollars in gold, and he charged H— with being the guilty party, which afterwards proved to be true.

If I had not been prevented by a kind Providence, I would doubtless have been arrested at Benicia with him, as an accomplice.

The reader can easily perceive the dilemma this would have placed me in. And no doubt Mr. H— and his family would have done all in their power to fasten the guilt upon me, in order to save themselves.

As soon as Mr. Mayfield and I were alone, he exclaimed: "O, I know now why you could not visit Mr. O— last evening."

That family no longer regarded me as being superstitious.

As in the other case, I considered this a wonderful escape from a terrible snare, and was full of gratitude, giving thanks to Almighty God for the same.

Since then I have given more heed to the still, small voice of the Spirit, and, consequently, have escaped many snares and evils that I might otherwise have fallen into.

Many other incidents I might relate of a similar nature. And there are thousands of our people that could testify to a great many marvelous deliverances, many of them more wonderful than those I have given in this sketch. Therefore, I advise the youth of Zion to seek always for the guidance of the Holy Spirit, and for our heavenly Father's kind and protecting care to be extended over them.

Lesson 19.

Topic: The Value of a Warning.

Divisions:

1. Concert recitation of the fourth paragraph of the Work of Wisdom.
2. Review to bring out thought that it is because of the love God has for His children that He sends warnings of dangers to come.
3. Tell why you think the rainbow is a warning to all people.
4. Tell of other ways by which we may be warned of impending evils, such as dreams, visions and promptings of the Holy Spirit.
5. The following incidents which show some of the ways which God uses to send warnings may be told by the teacher or members of the class:

AN INCIDENT TOLD BY JACOB HAMBLIN.

I settled with my father and brothers, in Tooele valley, thirty-five miles west of Salt Lake City. The people built their houses in the form of a fort, to protect themselves from the Indians, who frequently stole their horses and cattle. Men were sent against them from Salt Lake City, but all to no purpose. The Indians would watch them during the day, and steal from them at night.

This kind of warfare was carried on for about three years, during which time there was no safety for our horses or cattle. We had a military company, of which I was first lieutenant. I went with the captain on several expeditions against the thieves, but without accomplishing much good. They would watch our movements in the canyons, and continually annoy us.

At one time, I took my wife three miles up the canyon, to gather wild fruit while I got down timber from the mountain. We had intended to remain over night, but while preparing a place to sleep, a feeling came over me that the Indians were watching with the intention of killing us during the night.

I at once yoked my oxen, put my wife and her babe on the wagon, and

went home in the evening. My wife expressed surprise at my movements, and I told her that the Indians were watching us. She wished to know how I knew this, and asked if I had seen or heard them. I replied that I knew it on the same principle that I knew that the gospel was true.

The following day I returned to the canyon. Three Indians had come down the road during the night and robbed a wagon of a gun, ammunition and other valuables. One of them, from the size of the track, must have been an Indian known as "Old Big Foot." I thanked the Lord that He had warned me in time to save my wife and child, as well as myself.

AN EXPERIENCE TOLD BY PRESIDENT WILFORD WOODRUFF.

After attending a large annual conference in Salt Lake City, and, having a good deal of business to attend to, I was somewhat weary, and at the close of the conference I thought I would repair to my home and have a rest.

As I went into the yard the Spirit said to me, "Take your team and go to the farm," which is some three miles south of the tabernacle. As I was hitching the horses to the wagon Mrs. Woodruff asked where I was going.

I said, "To the farm."

"What for?" she asked.

"I do not know," I replied; but when I arrived there I found out.

The creek had overflowed, broken through my ditch, surrounded my home and filled my barnyard and pig pen. My wife was wading in the water trying to turn it from the lot to save the home and family.

Through my own exertions I soon turned it, and prevented much damage that might have occurred had I not obeyed the voice of the Spirit.

This same Spirit of revelation has been manifested to many of my brethren in their labors in the kingdom of God, one of which I will here name.

Elder Chas. C. Rich was going from Sacramento to San Bernardino with a company of the brethren. He had in his possession a large amount of money to make payment on their land purchase. This was known to some road agents in the vicinity, who gathered a company of robbers and went on ahead of Brother Rich and lay in ambush, intending to kill the "Mormons" and rob them of their money.

Before reaching the company of robbers Brother Rich came to a by-path or trail. The Spirit then told him to take that path.

The brethren with him marveled at his course, not knowing that enemies awaited them, but they arrived in safety at San Bernardino with their lives and money, while the robbers wondered why their prey did not come.

Lesson 20.

Topic: The value of a warning.

Divisions:

1. Concert recitation of the fourth paragrpah of the Word of Wisdom.
2. The following may be given by the teacher:

In order to obtain revelation from God, and in order to know, when we do obtain a revelation, whether it is from God or not, we must follow the teachings of the revelations of God unto us. St. James says: "If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him." Again, it is said, "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you."

It was upon this promise that Joseph Smith went before the Lord and prayed in the name of Jesus Christ, and asked for knowledge, wisdom and understanding, in order to know what to do to be saved; and he proved the promise of St. James before the Lord, and the heavens were opened to

his view, and the Father and the Son were revealed unto him, and the voice of the great Eloheim unto him was: "This is my beloved Son; hear ye Him."

This was the first revelation of God to him. He did hearken to the voice of Jesus Christ all his life afterwards, and received a code of revelations and the word of the Lord unto him as long as he dwelt in the flesh.

Joseph Smith left as strong a testimony as was ever given to the human family, and sealed that testament with his own life and blood.

We all have to pursue the same course in order to obtain revelations from God. But I wish to impress this truth upon the rising generation, and all who read this testimony, that the Lord does not give revelations or send angels to men, or work miracles to accommodate the notions of any man who is seeking for a sign.

When we have the principles of the gospel revealed to us through the mouth of the Savior, or by inspired prophets or apostles, we have no need to ask the Lord to reveal that unto us again. While the priesthood is restored to the earth, and the revelations of God are revealed to us through the mouths of prophets and apostles concerning the fullness of the gospel—doctrines, ordinances and principles, we should study them, and treasure up knowledge by faith. We should study out of the best books, and the Holy Ghost will bring to our remembrance those things which we stand in need of, in the self-same hour that we are called to teach the people. But when any priest, elder, prophet, apostle, or messenger is sent of God to preach the gospel, gather the Saints, work in temples or perform any work for the Lord, and that man is faithful and humble before the Lord, in his prayers and duty, and there is any snare or evil in his path, or the righteous to be sought out, or danger to the emigration of the Saints either by sea or land, or knowledge needed in a temple, then the Lord will reveal to him all that is necessary to meet the emergency.

The teachings of the Prophet Joseph Smith to President John Taylor and the rest of us was to obtain the Holy Spirit, get acquainted with it and its operations, and listen to the whisperings of that Spirit and obey its voice, and it soon will become a principle of revelation unto us.

We have found this true in our experience, and in order to prove whether a revelation is from God or not we follow out the principles revealed to us, and if we find that which was manifested to us prove true, we know it is from God; for truth is one of his attributes, and the Holy Ghost deceiveth no man. When a man becomes acquainted with the whisperings of the Holy Ghost, which is revelation, he should be very careful to obey it, for his life may depend upon it.

Revelation is one of the gifts of the Holy Ghost, and for the benefit of my young friends, I will give an account from my own experience of listening to the revelations of the Holy Ghost to me.

In 1848, after my return to Winter Quarters from our pioneer journey, I was appointed by the Presidency of the Church to take my family and go to Boston, to gather up the remnant of the Latter-day Saints and lead them to the valleys of the mountains.

While on my way east I put my carriage into the yard of one of the brethren in Indiana, and Brother Oson Hyde set his wagon by the side of mine, and not more than two feet from it.

Dominicus Carter, of Provo, my wife and four children, were with me. My wife, one child and I went to bed in the carriage, the rest sleeping in the house.

I had been in bed but a short time when a voice said to me: "Get up; move your carriage."

It was not thunder, lightning or an earthquake, but the still, small voice of the Spirit of God—the Holy Ghost.

I told my wife I must get up and move my carriage. She asked: "What for?"

I told her I did not know, only the Spirit told me to do it. I got up and moved my carriage several rods, and set it by the side of the house.

As I was returning to bed the same Spirit said to me, "Go and move your mules away from that oak tree," which was about one hundred yards north of our carriage.

I moved them to a young hickory grove and tied them up. I then went to bed.

In thirty minutes a whirlwind caught the tree to which my mules had been fastened, broke it off near the ground, and carried it one hundred yards, sweeping away two fences in its course, and laid it prostrate through that yard where my carriage stood, and the top limbs hit my carriage as it was.

In the morning I measured the trunk of the tree which fell where my carriage had stood, and I found it to be five feet in circumference. It came within a foot of Brother Hyde's wagon, but did not touch it.

Thus, by obeying the revelation of the Spirit of God to me I saved my life and the lives of my wife and child, as well as my animals.

In the morning I went on my way rejoicing.—*Wilford Woodruff.*

3. Have class recite the fourth paragraph of the Word of Wisdom.

4. Discuss with the class the thought that all that God does for us, even when He finds it necessary to punish His children, is all because of His great love for mankind.

5. Have the class bear testimonies of God's goodness to them.

FIFTH GRADE.

(For children twelve and thirteen years of age.)

Subject: The Articles of Faith.

Lesson 17.

Divisions:

1. Concert recitation of Article 3.

2. Give the meaning of "Atonement." Lecture 4, paragraph 3.

3. If "atonement" means to bring about a reconciliation or to bring persons together, who have been separated, what is the special reconciliation meant by the atonement of Christ? Who are to be brought together? The teacher will answer these questions by explaining as plainly and simply as possible the plan which was adopted by God for sending us away from Him, the experiences which we must pass through here and our hopes that we shall some day all be at home again with our Father in heaven. Read chapter on General Salvation in the Gospel by Roberts; also lecture 4, in the Articles of Faith by Talmage.

Note to teachers.—Do not attempt to go deeply into the subject of the atonement, be satisfied with making a few statements on the three main points, as follows: We existed before we came here. We are here now to do the commands of God. We expect to live in another place and under different conditions after we pass from this life.

4. Let a member of the class relate briefly the story of Adam and Eve and the Fall. Articles of Faith, Lecture 3, paragraph 21-23.

5. What were the results of the Fall? Articles of Faith, Lecture 3, paragraph 27.

6. What is sin? Articles of Faith, Lecture 3, paragraphs 11-13.

7. Tell what you can about punishment for sin. Articles of Faith, Lecture 3, paragraphs 14-18.

8. What is the character of Satan? Articles of Faith, Lecture 3, paragraphs 19, 20.

Lesson 18.

Divisions:

1. Concert recitation of Article 3.
2. Review by asking questions on the story of the Fall—the results of the Fall—the nature of sin and the character of Satan.
3. If man could not get away from the results of the Fall, what was God's plan to change this dreadful condition? Articles of Faith, Lecture 4, paragraph 4.
4. The teacher should give a brief talk to help the boys and girls to understand that the atonement of Christ set us free from the sins of Adam and Eve. Explain as plainly as you can general salvation and individual salvation. See The Gospel, by Roberts, chapters 2, 3 and The Articles of Faith, Lecture 4, paragraphs 22-28.
5. Who is Christ and what place does He hold in the kingdom of God?
6. If Christ is among the greatest in the kingdom of God, what was His spirit in coming down to this earth to obey His Father's commands? Articles of Faith, Lecture 4, paragraphs 10, 11.
7. Tell of the humble birth of Christ.
8. Relate the story of the temptation in the wilderness. Matthew 4: 1-11.
9. Tell the following:

A little son of Peter sat on the house top and looked up at the stars. But he did not see the stars. He was thinking so hard that he saw nothing at all. That little boy had heard a wonderful thing that day, a thing we would give anything to hear. He had heard Christ tell the story of his temptation, to his disciples.

"Oh, I couldn't have stood it. I couldn't have resisted. To be so terribly hungry, and look down at the stones that looked just like loaves of bread, and know that by a single word I could change them to bread—as easily as He made the five loaves and two fishes feed the five thousand! Oh, I am sure that I should have turned them into bread, and eaten them! I shouldn't have known that it was a temptation of Satan," he whispered to the stars that he did not see.

It may be that Christ did not know that it was a temptation of Satan. Christ was tempted just as men are, and Satan takes great pains not to show himself to men, as Satan. If they saw him as he is, they would not want to yield to him. He appears rather as an angel of light, that he may make us do wrong without our knowing it.

Why would it have been wrong for Christ to have made the stones into bread? I do not know, but I think that, in itself, it would not have been wrong at all. But Christ came down to earth to save men by enduring their temptations, and conquering them. We cannot turn stones into bread; and if Christ had done so, then he would not have been tempted in all points like as we are. So he endured the terrible gripping hunger, when he could, by a word, have made food for himself. Shouldn't we be thankful to him for enduring all this for us?

The second temptation was a temptation to use his power to make himself a leader and king. The Israelite nation would not have rejected Him if they had seen Him come floating down through the air sustained by angels. It was in some such way as this that they expected their Messiah to come. But the third temptation was the hardest of all.

Satan showed him all the kingdoms of the world—the world he must die to save. "If you will just bow down and worship me for a minute," said Satan, "I will give it all to you. Your kingdom shall come without any cross, without any martyred disciples, without any suffering. I will go away from it and leave it to you."

It was just what he had come to earth to do, to save the world from

sin. All His love for men made Him want to yield to this temptation. How much suffering He could have saved men, not to speak of the dreadful suffering He would have saved Himself! There hardly could have been a stronger temptation. But Jesus resisted. He answered, "Get thee hence, Satan."

Lesson 19.

Divisions:

1. Concert recitation of Article 3.
2. Brief review by teacher of the results of the Fall, the atonement of Christ and the thought that now we have no need to worry about what others do but to try and make ourselves better and by right living and doing be preparing to finish out the plan of the atonement and be reconciled and happy again with our Father in heaven.
3. Part of the atonement was the manner in which Christ lived. Tell some incident from His life which proves that He lived to make others happy.
4. What did Christ say was the greatest commandment? Matthew 22: 36-40.
5. How is it possible for us to keep these commandments?
6. Who tempts us constantly to do wrong and what power have we to resist evil?
7. We are told that the life of Christ was a continual sacrifice. What is a sacrifice?
8. What is the test of a great sacrifice? John 15: 13.
9. History tells us of men and women who have been willing to give their lives for friends, dear ones and for the sake of great principles. But the difference between them and Christ is, that He lived as well as died for the benefit of all who have lived, or who live now, or may live in the future on this earth. To hear about the sacrifices that human people sometimes make helps us to understand a little of the meaning of the great sacrifice made by Christ. Ask the members of the class to come to the next session prepared with incidents from history of sacrifices that have been made which have assisted to bring about a better condition of things among the people who live upon the earth. For instance: Stories from the Christian era, the Reformation, the establishment of the gospel in these last days, also incidents where people have given all their time as well as life itself to establish truth and to make the conditions of life better and more comfortable. A short time may be given to reviewing some of the wonderful inventions in science which have made so many extraordinary changes in our daily life. Tell the story of the saving of so many lives by the use of wireless telegraphy, as illustrated in the incident of the steamship "Republic."

Lesson 20.

Divisions:

1. Concert recitation of Articles 1, 2, 3.
2. Review each article carefully to establish in the minds of the class the thought of God's great power and divine love as expressed in the plan of salvation, general and individual. That all that has happened has been for our special benefit, that the Fall and the Atonement were necessary to bring about a condition of things so that each one is responsible for what he does and each one is given a fair opportunity to choose between right and wrong, between good and evil. We are God's children, and we have been very much blessed in being born members of His Church. Discuss with the class the name of our Church, how it came to be known as the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. (See section 115, Doctrine and Covenants. Impress the thought that if we are members of the Church of Jesus Christ we must try to do as He did. Remember His commandments

and follow Him by doing just such things as He did when He lived upon the earth. We must be humble and obedient.

3. To whom must we be humble and obedient if we would learn the lessons which God gives us.

4. Repeat together the great commandments given by Jesus, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy might, mind and strength; and thy neighbor as thyself."

5. Who are our neighbors?

6. Relate the following instances:

HIS CREATURES.

The daughter of an army officer, whose life had been spent in the far West, told the following anecdote: "Indians, when they accept Christianity, very often hold its truths with peculiar simplicity. They are not hackneyed to them.

"There was near our fort an old chief called Tassorah. One day when I was an impulsive girl I was in a rage at my pony, and, dismounting, beat him severely. The old man stood by, silent for a moment.

"'What words have I heard from Jesus?' he said, sternly. 'If you love not your brother whom you have seen, how can you love God whom you have not seen?'

"'This horse is not by brother!' I said, scornfully.

The old man laid his hand on the brute's head and turned it toward me. The eyes were full of terror.

"'Is not God his Creator? Must He not care for him?' he said. 'Not a sparrow falls to the ground without his notice.'

"I never forgot the lesson. It flashed on me then for the first time that the dog that ran beside me, the birds, the very worms were His, and I, too, was one of His great family."

SHOW YOUR LOVE.

The strongest proof of love is willing service. The Master said to His disciples: "Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you;" and, "If a man love me, he will keep my words."

This rule which the Savior applies to those who profess love for Him admits of application in our earthly relationships. It is the standard by which our earthly loves must be measured. The following story, which we read, well illustrates the point: "A group of girls were telling of the love each felt for her mother, and, as the testimony went on, the strength of the statement grew, each child feeling obliged to surpass her mates. Finally one said positively: "I love my mother so much I would die for her." The impressiveness of this declaration subdued the circle. The climax had been reached. A wholesome turn was given to the situation by the quiet observation of a lady sitting near: "It seems very strange to me that a girl who loves her mother enough to die for her, doesn't love her enough to wash the dishes for her."—*Selected.*

WHEN THE LOCKET WAS OPENED.

Henry Drummond tells of a young lady of very beautiful character—one whose growing loveliness of spirit was remarked by all with whom she associated. Everything evil shrank away from her pure spirit. At length she sickened and died. Hung about her neck was a locket which she had always playfully refused to open when teased by her friends regarding its contents. The spring was now reverently touched, and the face of Christ was disclosed, with the line underneath: "Whom not having seen, I love."

"This," said her friends, "is the secret of that immortal beauty, that heavenly-mindedness, which we have seen deepening and brightening in her, especially in recent years."

7. Tell incidents of sacrifices made for the benefit of others.

CHRIST AND THE DOCTORS. From Painting by Hofmann. 1824.

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND

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NED PORTER'S EASTER.

By Minna Stanwood.

"Well, this vacation happens right for Porter Brothers," remarked Mr. Porter, jovially, passing the deliciously browned fish with a generous hand. "Uncle Joe went home with his sciatica to-night."

Ned's knife fell with a clatter. "The Swiftwaters play the Roseboros to-morrow," he gulped. "You said I could have some Saturday."

"So," returned father, smiling at Josie as he took her plate. "I guess that Roseboro folks are going to do a lot of decorating. Joe said he'd have to make an extra trip for their lilies."

That was all the notice father was going to take, was it? Ned had kicked football since three o'clock, and had been prodigiously hungry; but now his appetite failed. It was always the way. Drive the old express whenever Uncle Joe chose to nurse that convenient rheumatism.

"Well, Ned, we'll put up for the night, I guess," observed father, cheerfully, after supper.

Then they went out, Ned lagging behind, cherishing his grievance. The sky was clear, and the stars were twinkling in the reassuring way that seems to say, "A fine day, to-morrow, good people."

"Yes," muttered Ned. "It'll be great—great! If I don't get out of this before many years, I'll know why."

At the stable door father turned. "Very disappointed, Ned?" he asked.

Ned dropped his head. "Yes, sir, I am," he admitted. "It's always so. All summer long I have to go on the teams, and Thanksgiving, Christmas, and Saturdays. I'm sick of it. I hate the old business. And I'd promised the fellows. You said I could join the sophomore team, but what's the use?"

Father sighed as he slid back the heavy door. "Is the team made up?" he asked, kindly.

"Well" Ned hesitated, "it's going to be. We're kind of getting down to a basis to see what we have."

Father raised the lantern until it shone full in Ned's face. "Who's going to-morrow?" he asked.

'Fitzgibbon, Graham, Larrabee—oh, the whole crowd."

"Bannigan, Wall, Peters—that crowd?"

Ned flushed under the lantern light, although there really was no reproach in father's voice.

"Yes, sir," he said, in a low tone, "they're going."

Father hung the lantern on its hook, and walked to and fro, his broad back bent. "I want you to have some sport," said father, slowly. "It wasn't work out of school with me, it was school out of work; but I don't want to discourage you, so you'll"—

Father stopped, lighted another lantern, and stepped to Billy's stall, where Ned was spreading fresh straw.

"You said I promised you some Saturday, and you pick this one because it's Easter time, and you wanted a little treat." Father was speaking lightly as he reached into his pocket for his old wallet. "It's all right, Ned. I'm glad you explained, instead of going off sulky. Here's a dollar. That'll get you to Roseboro and back, and give you a hot dinner."

"But—father," stammered Ned, "What'll you do?"

"I put the case to you, Ned," returned father, cheerfully. "Dave Leonard can take Joe's wagon. He'll cost us ten times his day's pay in the things he'll lose, and forget, and break, but you say I promised, and I never went back on my word. You see Dave to-night, and tell him to be here at five sharp, to-morrow morning."

In the middle of the old wooden bridge leading to the outskirts, where shiftless Dave lived, Ned stopped. That bridge was a thing of unceasing interest to him. As a little lad he had thought it a marvel of workmanship, but now his ideal was the airy iron structure at Tead's Falls. He knew that there were even more wonderful bridges than Tead's, for he had read of them. But to see them—to climb over them—to design such beautiful things! For to Ned a bridge was more beautiful than the finest painting that ever left the artist's brush.

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Ned, impatiently. "How can I be a civil engineer? I suppose I'll have to drive an old express all my life."

But even as he muttered, the honest face and earnest words of his hard-working father came back to him. Father had not promised that particular Saturday—Ned admitted that.

It was an aggressively loud and determined whistle that father heard when he stepped into the stable precisely at five next morning.

"Ned!" Why, the boy rubbing down Bess almost could see the anxiety rolling away. Then some of it came back. "Where's Dave?"

The whistle subsided briefly. "Couldn't say, sir."

"Isn't"—began father.

"No, sir, not to-day," came in brisk tones from Bess's stall, and then the whistle.

"Gritty," smiled father to himself, as he backed big Billy into the heaviest wagon.

The Swiftwater train was just pulling in as Ned drove past the Roseboro station. He stopped, partly to observe how splendidly the shining rails converged in the distance and partly to see if the boys were on the train. Yes, out they tumbled, gay and sportsmanlike in their padded trousers.

"Whe—ee! Whe—ee!" whistled Ned.

"If there isn't Porter!" screamed a strident voice, and presently a dozen red-and-white sweaters were swarming over the old wagon.

"What are you on this thing for?" demanded Wall in surprise.

"Couldn't get off to-day," explained Ned. "Uncle Joe's sick."

"Whew! if your father isn't a hard one!" cried Bannigan. "He works you to death. I'd get out!"

It was not the first time Bannigan had spoken that way, but somehow Ned resented it to-day.

"No," he declared loyally, "father doesn't work me to death. Where's Fitzie and the other crowd?"

"Oh, Fitzie backed down," roared Bannigan. "Hitch the old nag, and come on, Porter. You'll see the sport of your life."

Then they made a leap and ran screaming up the main street, while Roseboro's two policemen stood together, watching.

It was a hard, long day. Ned had to make two trips to the city on account of the lilies, but he had the satisfaction of delivering every pot in prime condition. When he drove into Roseboro for the third time he wondered a little how the game came out, but he really was more interested in the hot supper at the end of the route.

"Keep it up, Bess," he urged, sleepily. "The lilies to the girls in the vestry, Job Tarr's groceries, and then home!"

Hi, hi, Porter's Express!" came an authoritative voice. "In the name of Pembroke County I command you to stop!"

Then Ned looked back. "It's the Roseboro policemen, Bess," he confided. "Whoa!"

"Who's in that wagon?" demanded an officer, catching up, stout and breathless.

"Six Easter liles and a box," promptly responded Ned.

"Yes, and a load of those young hobos we saw on your wagon this morning," said the officer sternly. "Hankins, take the lantern and search."

"I haven't seen the boys since morning, sir," said Ned, handing down the lantern. "What's up?"

"Enough," retorted Hankins, crossly striding to the back and throwing down the backboard. "Nobody here, Jones. That chase for nothing. Some of your Swiftwater hoodlums threw a can of red paint at the statue."

"What!" gasped Ned. "Not Roseboro's brand-new soldiers' monument?"

"Yes, sir. returned the officer, fiercely.

"It's a shame!" began Ned, but the indignant officers waited for no condolences, and Ned drove on, awed and frightened by the news.

"Ned." It was mother's voice, in a whisper, and Ned opened his eyes.

"I've been in three or four times to see if you were awake," said mother. "I could hardly wait. Father said I might tell you. Yesterday, father added twenty-five dollars to the money in the bank to your name. When you're ready to go to the Technological we hope to have enough to put you through. I'm so glad you made the choice to stand by father. He's your best friend, Ned—except One. Don't ever doubt it again, dear."

GIRLS' DEPARTMENT

THE KISS.

Last night I had to go to bed
All by myself, my mother said,
'Cause I'd been naughty all day through.
She wouldn't kiss me good-night, too.
I didn't want to let her know
How much I cared 'bout that, and so
I dropped my clothes right on the floor—
A thing I'd never done before—
And put each stocking in a shoe—
She just hates that—and didn't do
My hair, or wash my face, or brush
My teeth, and left things in a squash
All 'round the room; and then I took
Her picture and my fairy book
She gave me on my last birthday
In June, and hid 'em both away.

I put my father's picture right
Up in the middle of the light,
To show 'em just the way I feel,
'Cause he said, "Kiss the child, Lucille,
Don't let her go to bed like this
Without your usual good-night kiss."
But she just shook her head and turned
Her back, and then my eyes they burned
Like fire . . . It's been a horrid day . . .
And then, of course, I didn't say
No prayers at all, but went to bed
And wished and wished that I was dead.

Well, I don't know just how it was,
For I'd been half-way sleeping, 'cause

I was so 'pletely tired out—
When I heard something move about
So quiet, and the next I knew
The door moved back and she came through
And put her arm around me so,
And said, a—whispering very low,
"My poor, dear child," and was so sad
And kissed me twice—My! I was glad.
—*Selected.*

THE MATCH-SCRATCH.

As a protection to walls and woodwork from the "match fiend" try having a "scratch" hung wherever there is the least danger of a match being struck. In every room near where the lamp is to be lighted, by the stove, at the bedside, and even at the foot of the stairs, they should be placed if you would do away with the unsightly marks that are so annoying and so hard to erase.

They are easily and quickly made at little cost. The foundation of heavy pasteboard may be cut in any desired shape, and covered as one fancies, the main thing being that they should fulfill their mission without looking like a mere ornament out of place. The covers of art catalogues and the like make good "faces" for these, and bright-colored blotting-paper adds a touch of color.

One may be made of the center part of the lid of a handkerchief-box, one of the red-and-cream-colored Japanese ones, made of rice-straw inlaid. The sandpaper, one of the finer grades, is first mounted on dark green art-paper then on the foundation; a small sea-shell attached to the ribbon hanger adds to its appearance without affecting its usefulness.

One may be made of gray art-paper back-ground over heavy pasteboard, the "scratch" being mounted on deep red blotting-paper, then on the gray. Above is an embossed picture of kittens at play, which may be in a way suggestive of the scratching to be done below. Make holes all around the square, running in a baby-ribbon as a finish.—*Hale Cook.*

THE TELLTALE SHOES.

Look at the feet, for instance, of a row of schoolgirls on the front bench in the recitation room, beginning, appropriately, at the foot of the class.

The feet of the last lowest girl are short, clumsy, and crowded into French kid boots with painfully narrow toes—so narrow that the owner cannot keep her feet still, but shifts them uneasily from one position to another in a vain attempt to find one that will be comfortable. It is not difficult to imagine why their owner holds no better rank; dull and vain girls do not usually lead their classes.

Her next neighbor's feet, wear sloppy kid boots, with high heels

trodden to one side and she must have forgotten her overshoes this morning, for her boots are wet through.

A little farther up the line a daintily formed and elegantly shod foot taps the floor so nervously one feels sure its possessor does not know her lesson as she ought, and is wondering what question she will presently have to answer. Her neighbor's feet, large, well-formed, and comfortably clad, rest firmly and serenely on the floor, and suggest no mental anxiety.

Glancing farther up the row, the eye encounters an interesting variety—stout boots, thin boots, shabby boots, showy boots, high heels, low heels, no heels; stubby feet, slender feet, trim feet, bunchy feet.

There is a girl with square-toed number sixes, and a girl with shiny patent leather threes. There is a pair of purplish, worn, bronze dancing-shoes, party finery being used up at school.

There is a pair of laced boots with trailing shoestrings, and a pair of buttoned boots with nearly half the buttons gone, and a goodly portion of the remainder hanging by a thread.

There is a farmer's daughter, who has two miles to walk every morning over country roads to the train, and fifteen to ride afterward. She is a notable scholar; and there is little doubt that next summer those sturdy feet of hers will mount the platform steadily and gracefully when she delivers her valedictory.

A LITTLE GIRL INVENTOR.

That a little school-girl of fourteen should invent something remarkable enough to arouse the interest of trained engineers, something important enough to lead a government to treat for its purchase, seems hardly to be believed, and yet it is what has just happened in Belgium, according to the New York Tribune. The school-girl is Ernesta Carston di Lusi, and her invention is a kind of turntable, which will allow a vehicle to revolve on its own axis, so that it can revolve its direction in a moment. Every one who drives, whether horses or an automobile, is naturally interested, for the device will, it is said, revolutionize the present methods of traction; but it seems odd that it was a little girl who thought of it.—*Boys and Girls.*

BOYS' DEPARTMENT

A BOY'S FIRST ROOM.

I've got a room, now, by myself,
A room my very own,
It has a door that I can shut,
And be there all alone;
It has a shelf, a closet, too,
A window just for me;

And hooks where I can keep my clothes
As neat as neat can be.
A lovely paper's on the wall;
A rug is on the floor—
If I had known how fine it was,
I'd had a room before.

I like to go there after school,
Way off from every one;
I felt—well—sort of scared at first,
But now I think it's fun.
The voices of the folks down-stairs
Seem faint and far away.

I hear the rain upon the roof;
I watch the birds at play;
Oh, yes, it's often very still,
At night there's not a sound—
But I let mother in, of course,
When bedtime comes around.

Youth's Companion.

HOW TO RESEAT A CHAIR.

A neat, strong and durable chair seat can be made at home with little trouble or expense. Get some brown paper, cut out the shape of the seat, with a firm paste stick six thicknesses of paper together, trim the edges smooth, get some small brass tacks and nail it to the frame. Allow it to get quite dry, then varnish it, and you have what *The Decorator and Furnisher* calls quite a nice seat to the chair.—*Clipping.*

THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH.

"Every school boy, in beginning his study of American history, has read of Ponce De Leon and his search for the fountain which could restore youth and beauty.

Foolish Ponce De Leon! You smiled, and your teacher, no doubt, smiled with you.

There are to-day, however, a lot of men,—and boys, too, for that matter—who have found the Fountain of Youth.

Don't smile.

That precious fountain is right at hand—it is as old as creation—perhaps you have been drawing from it without being conscious of its immense value to your life and happiness.

This fountain is inexhaustible. Indeed it furnishes the greatest good when drawn upon the most freely.

Its name is Exercise.

Its full name is Daily Exercise.

Cicero said, "It is exercise alone that supports the spirits and keeps the mind in vigor."

All machines rust out from disuse, and the human body is no exception to the rule.

Napoleon said: "The first requisite of good generalship is good health."

It is said that Caesar won his victories by activity and giant determination rather than military skill.—*Selected.*

WHAT MAKES A BOY POPULAR?

All boys wish to be popular and to wield as large an influence over their fellows as possible.

What makes a boy popular? Manliness. During the war how schools and colleges followed popular boys! These young leaders were the manly boys whose hearts could be trusted. The boy who respects his mother, has leaderships in him. The boy who is careful of his sister, is a knight. The boy who will not violate his word, and who will pledge his honor to his own hurt and change not, will have the confidence of his fellows. The boy who defends the weak will one day became a hero among the stronger. A boy who will never hurt the feelings of anyone will one day find himself in the atmosphere of universal sympathy.

Shall we tell you how to become a popular boy? We will. Be too manly and generous and unselfish to seek to be popular; be the soul of humor, and love others better than yourself and people will give you their hearts and delight to make you happy. This is what makes a boy popular.—*Selected.*

PARTIES AND GAMES

A VIOLET PARTY.

Our "Violet Party" was a great success. To begin with, our invitations aroused the curiosity of all the children who received them for several days. They were plain white egg-shaped pieces of paper upon which was inscribed in violet ink:

Ethel and Robert Allen
At Home
May eighteenth.
Progressive————

The missing word in the last line, the principal occasion for conjecture, was supplied by a small bunch of violets held in place under a little bow of violet ribbon. To seal the envelopes violet wax and a seal which bore a violet were used.

The rooms were decorated with pots and jars bright with fresh wood violets and mosses interspersed with several pots of lilies Here and there were draped scarfs of violet gauze. The mantel was banked with greens and violets in profusion. Tissue paper flowers made by the little folks themselves serve as suitable decorations in case wood violets are scarce. Conveniently near the entrance flourished a green plant that had originated in a paper mill but had since undergone a transformation. Its leaves grew in set clusters of four, and as the guests arrived each one was instructed to pick one leaf—the girls from one side of the plant, the boys from the other. Those for the girls were of good size and shape, but the boys had to be satisfied with inferior leaves nibbled about the edges and otherwise defective.

The back of each leaf bore an inscription varying according to circumstances. "Table 1—A" indicated that the holder was to play at the first table, and with the one who held a leaf similarly lettered. The curiosity which everybody shared grew more intense when the game was brought in. Little booklets with characteristic sketches on the backs were passed around; the inner leaves were firmly secured by strands of violet baby ribbon. A small brass ring was tied in the bowknot with which each booklet was neatly finished. On each table was placed a small dish of loose violet leaves which had been cut from a mucilaged sheet of violet paper.

Then the game began. At a signal all the players closed their eyes and each tried to place a leaflet properly on the green calyx which appeared on the first page of his or her booklet. About a minute was allowed for this, and at the end of that period the leader called "Time!"

Such topsy-turvy growing and such haphazard planting made all laugh when at the signal they opened their eyes. Leaflets were then chosen for a second attempt, and then a third, fourth, fifth and last, after which the couple showing the best blossom went up to the next table, first fastening to the tiny brass ring, as a token of a game won, a unique marker. Some were tiny flower pots, other were small rabbits and numerous little affairs, all purchasable at the "Five and Ten Cent Store," under the supervision of the little host and hostess who found quite as much pleasure in preparing for the Violet Party as they found at the party itself, an entertainment which was a subject of joyous conversation weeks before the event.

After this a blackboard on an easel was brought in and the fun ran riot as the various guests tried their hand at drawing scenes or objects which the others had to guess. In the midst of the merriment hidden music sounded and many familiar tunes were played.

The hostesses then distributed broken paper flowers, one half to a girl and the other half to a boy. Those whose flowers matched became partners and were ushered into the dining room, where a symphony of green leaves and violets prevailed. Here, too, the mantel was banked, sending forth fragrant woody odor. In the center of the dining table was a minature pond (a mirror) banked irregularly with mosses and violets, and on each side of the table were tall candelabra twinkling with wax candles of violet tint with shades to match. The refreshments as far as possible reflected the violet shade.

FEATHER-TENNIS.

The only requisites for the stirring game of "feather-tennis" are a couple of downy feathers borrowed from an old-fashioned feather bed and a cord long enough to reach across the room. Tie the cord to the door-knobs at opposite ends of the parlor, and divide the company into two exactly equal parts, one on either side of the cord. Each side receives one of the feathers. The fun consists in blowing the feather into the court of the opposing party, and endeavoring to make it fall to the ground there. Any feather sent from one court falling to the ground in the opposite one counts a point for the division that blew it, so the excitement of the game is twofold. The enemy must be prevented from wafting a feather into the near court, and if possible a feather must be wafted into the enemy's domains. No special player is detailed on a side to blow the feather back. Any person who happens to be near it endeavors to give it a puff in the right direction. Sometimes half a dozen players will scramble together, all blowing excitedly in hopes of "returning the ball." The game lasts twenty minutes or half an hour. If desired, some dainty gift can be presented to the side winning the most points. Members of the victorious side draw lots to decide which shall have the trophy. This game is always productive of great enthusiasm and good cheer.

PARENTS' DEPARTMENT

THE LITTLE TADS AT HOME.

"Of course we know we love 'em when we're with 'em every day,
And we'd know it in a minute if one chanced to get away,
But we take a lot for granted, in the common course of life,
And the world keeps tugging at us with its everlasting strife;
But when a little journey of a hundred miles or so
Gets between us and the garden where the olive branches grow,
There's a sense of something lacking when the quiet hours come,
And a rush of tender longing for the little tads at home.

"We think they're awful noisy, and we wish they'd let us be.
When there's half a dozen scrapping for a place upon our knee,
We want to read the paper, and we'd like a chance to think,
It's a wonder such a racket doesn't drive a man to drink;
But the little hotel chamber is as quiet as a tomb,
Not a note of childish laughter comes to drive away the gloom,
And we'd give a thousand dollars, as we glower in our room,
For a jolly evening tussle with the little tads at home.

"We do a little reading, then we try a quiet thought,
But the page gets dim and blurry as with tears we are caught,
And we sit beside the window in the twilight still and gray,
While our thoughts go flying homeward to the cottage far away;
The same old moon shines on us that has kissed them with her beams,
As we seek our lonely pillow to be with them in our dreams,
And the last coherent murmur the mind begins to roam
Is a whispered, 'God bless mamma and the little tads at home.'"

Mortimer Crane Brown.

TAKING CARE OF THEM HERSELF.

"Yes'm, she's pretty well, mother is," said the old man, pausing with his foot on the wagon-wheel to answer an inquiry concerning his wife; "pretty well, if only 'twan't for worryin' about the children. 'Lizabeth's up to Conway this season, and mother's all the time afraid she'll be took sick away from home. Samuel's got a good place at Tanfield, and he's doing' well, too, but his boardin, place is across the river. Sometimes he goes by ferryboat and sometimes he goes by skiff, and mother she can't get over the feelin' that he's likely to be drownd. The two younger ones is home yet, but she says she's anxious about the time John'll be wantin' to strike out for himself; and she's always been afraid we'd never raise Car'line.

"No'em, there's nothin, special the matter with any of 'em now, and the truck-garden has done fine this year. Mother hain't had a touch of her rheumatism all Summer, and she'd be pretty well off, if 'twasn't for worryin'.

"Christian? Bless you, yes, this forty year! She ain't afraid but what the Lord will take care of her and all the rest of the world, but

seems like she ain't got faith yet to b'lieve He's to be trusted with the 'hildren."—*Wellspring.*

PARENTS AND CHILDREN.

The inflicting of punishment is a serious and solemn thing, and although many recognize this, a large number do not, but punish carelessly with a light heart. "Punishment" means literally "pain," and should not lightly be caused by man to his fellow-man.

To inflict punishment is undoubtedly requisite. Those who have to be trained are certain at times to fall into error, either ignorantly, carelessly, or wilfully. The punishment meted out should be less in kind, as well as in degree for the two former, than for the latter, and we ought to think carefully, and really ascertain, before deciding that a fault was committed wilfully.

We need a word of training in these matters ourselves, before we are competent to train others, and we shall probably all be ready to admit that we are daily learning with, and through, and from the young ones whom God has put in our care.

How many there are who feel these difficulties, and from being in a position of compulsory authority, how many become somewhat haughty in manner or spirit, even overbearing and tyrannical! If this spirit grows upon us, we shall not succeed in training, though we may succeed in punishing those under our care. A wrong spirit in us will certainly produce a wrong spirit in them. This is probably the secret of much failure to induce good results from punishments. More especially does it happen in dealing with older girls or boys or adults. Then we must remember that we are dealing with sinful natures prone to evil, which fact we know by our own bitter experience. We are dealing with human beings, with strong individual proclivities which cannot be overcome in a day.

I believe that nothing will disarm hostility, and bring down a defiant spirit in boy, or girl, or even child, like a frank confession of our own difficulties or mistakes of which we may be feeling conscious—for this very good reason, that the child probably knows it as well as we do!

I would suggest three rules by which to guide your actions and decisions, when called upon to punish:

1. Put yourself in the child's place by careful thought.
2. Be without any animus—very naturally caused by previous insubordination, annoyance, or insolence on the child's part. A test of one's sincerity in this matter is to note whether the punishment or reproof gives you as much pain to administer as it does the child to receive.
3. Lastly, there is the golden advice and command of the Bible—"considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted." Let us remember that training is the work of a father—that relationship made holy by the fact and pattern of the Fatherhood of God, and therefore let us learn from His training of ourselves how to act towards our children.—*A Learner.*

OFFICERS' DEPARTMENT

The Annual Convention of Primary Workers will be held at Salt Lake City, June 4, 5, 6, 1909.

THE "INTERMEDIATE"—A CHARACTER STUDY.

Perhaps the most difficult age to deal with in Primary work is the period from eleven or twelve to sixteen. No other age presents so many puzzling propositions, and the earnest teacher is often discouraged at her apparent failure to meet emergencies from week to week.

The boys and girls are now no longer children. In their own estimation, at least, they are mature and wise, and they resent being treated as "youngsters," And if the teacher fail to recognize this, she will never succeed in winning them to an enjoyment of the work.

But many adults, perhaps most of them, forget or do not understand this obvious truth. A man, addressing a class of boys aged about fourteen, called them "fine little fellows." He was a good preacher, and popular, but from that instant his influence over that class was gone. "He thinks we're a lot of kids," they said. I knew a superintendent, an earnest, good-hearted man, who sincerely desired the good will of all his scholars, but who was intensely disliked by the boys of twelve and fourteen because it was his habit to greet each of them with the exclamation, "Well, my little man, how are you today?" To fifty, or even twenty, twelve and fifteen seem young, and perhaps insignificant; but twelve and fifteen look at themselves with different eyes.

One of the best ways to put oneself into sympathy with the emotions of older boyhood and girlhood is to look back in memory to the time when one was of the same age. If we live to be ninety, we shall never feel as mature and important as we felt when we first studied algebra or "took up" Latin. That particular self-conceit is long ago outgrown, but it should never be forgotten, for we may be sure that what we then felt is now felt by the young adventurers on life's journey.

This time of life has been called, facetiously, the "giggling age." Often grown people are annoyed by the incessant tittering indulged in by girls, and often by boys as well. Of one thing, however, you may always be certain: whatever else boys and girls may giggle at, they never giggle at themselves. At no other stage in life will they view themselves as seriously as they do now. The half-grown lad is often awkward, and in some of his conduct and utterances may appear to critical eyes to be almost ridiculous, but to himself his lack of grace is never amusing. No giggling girl ever finds amusement in her own discomfiture. And surely, if we desire the confidence and affection of these strange growing creatures we must at least understand their own valuations of themselves and of their circumstances. "Put yourself in his place."

During this period boys and girls attain a new and vivid consciousness of their powers, but along with this consciousness comes a baffling realization of helplessness. To intimate to twelve-year-old John, who is convinced that he could conquer the world in a week, that we are amused at the way he holds his hands, is not the best way to win his affection. And Mary, who is fourteen, and who spends her waking moments in dreams of noble self-sacrifice, will be deeply hurt, possibly hurt for life, by a disrespectful reference to the funny little jerk which she calls a bow. All this, perhaps, we know in a vague sort of way, and it may seem a waste of space to print it and a waste of time to read it. But how many of us heed-

lessly continue to "hurt the feelings" of the young people whose love we seek! The primary child rarely becomes angry when he is laughed at, but if only he is sure the laughter is good-tempered; the junior child does not care for the laughter if we laugh with him; but it is an unforgivable offense to "make fun" of the intermediate, of perhaps thirteen or fourteen years of age.

An experiment was once made which should never be repeated; but, it having once been made, its results are worthy of careful study.

A Primary teacher, disturbed by the continuous whispering of her class, tried the effect of this observation: "Children, you make me think of little yellow-jackets, all buzzing away in a garden. Now, don't you think it would be nice to be quiet flowers for a little while, instead of noisy bees?" The little folk lived in the country, and garden flowers and insects were familiar to them. Understanding that their teacher was laughing at them, they smiled back with pleasure, entered into the spirit of play thus suggested, and became quiet.

A teacher with experimental tendencies overheard this remark, and on the following Sunday made it herself to a junior class. But it was received in a very different way. "It's a hornet I am!" said one young hopeful; "just hear me buzz!" And under his leadership the class buzzed as no hornets had ever buzzed, and the whole school was disturbed. And yet, although these energetic buzzers made the teacher angry, they never once thought of being angry themselves because the teacher had laughed at them. They enjoyed the laughter.

This all occurred where the teachers met each week to consult each other, and in process of time a teacher of intermediate tried the same tactics on her class. This time the remark met with no response whatever. The whispering continued, for no one seemed to have heard any criticism. But when the class was dismissed indignation was freely expressed. "She's a smarty," said one boy. "My, ain't we sarcastic!" exclaimed another. And a third expressed his contempt for the teacher's incapacity by saying: "She thinks we're babies!" The teacher, a woman of sympathy and good-humored toleration, had alienated her pupils by patronizingly assuming that they were on a lower plane than she.

Perhaps the most important characteristic of the intermediate age is that its inmost purpose is a serious one. The meaningless giggle may furnish relief for a gravity that might otherwise be too tense. One of the most constant gigglers I ever knew was a girl who when alone and unobserved indulged in the saddest reveries.

It is an age of merciless judgments also, and of swift analysis. Woe betide the teacher whose life and teaching do not tally when brought before the keen scrutiny of young eyes! Going out of Sunday school one day a boy laughed a strange little laugh as he said: "Mr. Moore says we should be honest in all things." Two companions walked in silence beside him. After a little one said: "My mother says he gives short weight." And the other sneered: "He's honest every Sunday; his store is closed then."

A hard age, an age that understands neither itself nor others, is this intermediate age. But upon our dealing with it how much depends! At its beginning the classes in our association are many and large. At its close empty chairs often speak with bitter eloquence. Where are the boys and girls who once filled them? When did they begin to drift away? Why? Can they be won back?

To know the Bible from cover to cover is not enough if we wish to reach and to keep these boys and girls. We must know them. As the Divine Teacher knew the hearts of His disciples, so we must endeavor reverently to understand the hearts of our pupils, their individual likings and dislikes, the reason the certain illustrations and stories appeal to them while other repel them, and why they unconsciously respond to, or withdraw from, our best efforts in their behalf.—Angelina W. Wray.

RECITATIONS

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

Scatter your flowers alike today,
Over the graves of the Blue and Gray.
Time has healed all the nation's scars,
Peace has hushed all the noise of wars,
And North and South, and East and West,
There beats but one heart in the nation's breast.
— Mary N. Robinson.

FLOWER VERSES.

(To be recited by a number of small children, each carrying suitable flowers.

I am the Mayflower, pink and white,
In the sweet month of May
I raise my head above the ground,
And bid the world good-day.

And I am called the Dandelion,
With brightest curls of gold;
The children know they turn to white
When I am growing old.

With my sweet violet hood I grow
In many lands the same;
All children love to gather me—
The Violet is my name.

The Buttercup once more is here,
A very welcome sight;
Dotting the green fields everywhere,
In yellow robe so bright.

I'm Daisy bright, with dress of green,
And dainty, snow-white frill.
I hold my cup so carefully
Till it the sunbeams fill.

Then comes the sweet Forget-me-not,
The color of the sky,
Save where the sun has dropped a kiss
Right on its yellow eye.

Now all these little flowers see,
Well loved in field or garden;
But best of all, we children-flowers
In our dear kindergarten.
—Maud L. Betts.

LESSON DEPARTMENT

LESSONS FOR THE MONTH OF JUNE.

FIRST GRADE.

(Children four and five years of age.)

Lesson 21.

Memory Gem:

"To do to others as I would
That they should do to me,
Will make me always kind and good
As a little child ought to be."

Story, "Mary Ann Finds a Pet:"

It was noisy and dirty where Mary Ann lived. The big trains thundered past every hour of the day, causing the floors and windows of the little home to shake and rattle.

But there was a tunnel. Not forty feet from Mary Ann's front gate it opened its great black mouth, and Mary Ann was never tired of watching it swallow the great, long trains.

And at the other end of the tunnel was the country. Mary Ann had never seen the country, but she knew all about it, for that was where her mother had lived when she was a little girl.

"O, child, if we could only get your father into the country!" Mary Ann's mother would often say, and then she would sigh and look up from her work at the clouds of smoke pouring from the chimneys of the factory where her father worked.

Mary Ann knew why her mother sighed. The doctor said it was the smoke which made father's face so white.

One hot day in summer she was swinging on the front gate, eating a radish. She took small bites to make it last as long as possible, and stopped now and then to lean out over the gate.

Suddenly Mary Ann heard a pitiable little whine. She looked and listened. She heard it again, and this time she saw that it came from a dirty, woolly little bundle of hair that lay quivering on the track. She called excitedly to her mother, and they picked up the poor little bundle, which they found to be a dirty white dog, with big brown eyes.

"Run for some water, Mary Ann," said her mother, putting the dog down on the tiny porch.

"Look, mamma," exclaimed Mary Ann. "He has a shiny collar on, and it has something written on it."

Her mother looked and read it: "'Wiggles,' that must be his name."

"Dear Wiggles," murmured Mary Ann, patting his head softly.

When Mary Ann's father came home that night he said Wiggles' home was just the other side of the tunnel ,and he would take him home on the next train; Mary Ann might go, too. Mary Ann caught her breath. To go through the tunnel and see the really, truly country! It was all like a wonderful dream.

Mary Ann cannot remember just what happened next, but she remem-

bers that she was walking by her father's side, the dog clasped tightly in her arms, when a little girl in a white dress came flying toward them, and Wiggles gave a bound from Mary Ann's arms into those of the little girl. And the little girl's father shook hands with Mary Ann's father, and then Mary Ann and Wiggles and the little girl sat down on the grass.

And what do you think happened then? The little girl's father found that the factory smoke was making Mary Ann's father ill, and he asked him to bring Mary Ann and her mother and live in a little cottage covered with roses and take care of the lawn and big stable.

And so he did. The first night that Mary Ann was tucked into bed in the new home she murmured happily: "An' 'twas all on account of Wiggles."—Selected.

Suggestions:

Repeat the memory gem a few times and then let the children tell of as many things as possible which other people do for them. It will be necessary for the teacher to think out carefully all the little things which are interesting to the little folks so as to be able to suggest and ask many questions which will help the children to remember the points desired in this lesson. Tell the story and talk about the return which came to Mary Ann because she was kind to Wiggles. Repeat again the memory gem.

Lesson 22.

Memory Gem:

"Help us to do the things we should,
To be to others kind and good;
In all we do in work and play,
To grow more loving every day."

Story, "An Afternoon Call:"

The boys had fortunately gone off to the woods, or Grace and Louise would not have had so good a chance to carry out their plan undisturbed. As it was, the "grown-ups" were all busy down-stairs, and paying no attention to the two small girls who, shut in Louise's room, were giggling at every move, and having a delightful time. The curls and braids were being twisted up in wonderful fashion, and the dresses—

"Oh, you look too funny for anything in that sprigged muslin of Hannah's!" laughed Grace. "We both could get inside of it."

Hannah's ample proportions certainly made her dress a peculiar fit for its present wearer, but Louise looked down upon its trailing ruffles and was unwilling to give it up.

"Never mind; I'll put my belt on, and it will not show when I get auntie's jacket over it. What are you going to do with that silk waist, Grace?"

"Wear it," answered Grace, comfortably, fastening a collar never intended for her plump little neck.

Then it was Louise's time to laugh, and she dropped down upon the bed as her cousin turned round.

"If you could only see how it looks in the back!" she cried.

But the bonnets were the funniest, when their feathers and ribbons framed the merry young faces, and there were several experiments in tying bows under rosy chins before the toilets were completed. Nobody heard the whispering and rustling on the front stairs, and so the two queer figures were out of the house, and off to call on Aunt Emma before anyone at home saw them.

Aunt Emma was sitting on her front porch, and she laughed when she looked at her little visitors, but her eyes seemed to be fixed on the muslin dress.

"It's Hannah," giggled Louise. "Don't it look queer on me?"

"She must be very good-natured to let you dress up in it."

"Oh, she doesn't know," confessed Grace. "She's away this afternoon, and nobody knows. We did it all by ourselves, just for fun."

"But I'm afraid it'll not seem funny to Hannah when she finds her dress all creased and rumpled—even if it isn't soiled," answered Aunt Emma, doubtfully. "She was ironing it the other evening, when I was over at your house, so that she could have it all ready for Sunday. She said it took a good while, and she was tired, but she couldn't find time to do it any earlier because she had been busy all day, cooking and getting ready for that picnic you children were to have."

The two young callers looked at each other in dismay.

"I guess we'll have to be going, now," said Grace.

They were only anxious to get home, and see how much mischief they had done—that was a part they never had thought of. Alas! the waist that had been so smooth, and the carefully ironed sleeves, were a mass of wrinkles.

"Could we iron it, do you think?" suggested Grace, hesitatingly.

Louise shook her head.

"We'd make it worse, I'm afraid," she wisely decided. "Mrs. Cowan was here ironing curtains for mother today. If she hasn't gone, maybe she'd make it right."

Mrs. Cowan was just depa ting, but the irons were still hot, and she looked at the two petitioners who rushed into the kitchen.

"Me day's work is done an' paid for," she said, "but if yer mother's willin' to give me a bit extra for the extra work"—

"We will," interposed Louise, eagerly.

An hour later the dress, immaculate, was once more hanging in Hannah's closet, and two little maidens were looking at their depleted funds.

"I guess we can't afford to make calls any more," said Louise.

"Not in other people's clothes," added Grace.—Kate W. Hamilton.

Suggestions:

Review some of the memory gems and the thoughts they suggest. By questions and suggestions let the children tell you the story of Mary Ann and Wiggles. Repeat the new memory gem a few times. Be prepared with all the things little people may do to help and in telling the story of "An Afternoon Call," emphasize the thought that even little people should stop and think about what they are doing. It is great fun for children to dress up in older people's clothes and there need be no harm done if the children ask permission to play with other people's property. Try to make this point clear, that children should always ask for privileges and be sure to say "Thank you" for them. In play children should learn the golden rule and be very careful when they use other people's property.

Lesson 23.

Memory Gem:

"Do your best, your very best,
And do it every day,
Little boys and little girls,
That is the wisest way."

Story, "Mabel's Mistakes:"

Mabel Quick was one of those little girls who seem to be making mistakes all the time. If there were ten ways of doing a thing and nine of them were right and one was wrong, Mabel would be almost sure to choose the wrong way.

It was not that Mabel always wanted to do the wrong thing, but she

was an active little girl and often she would go ahead and do a thing without stopping to consider whether or not it was right.

The other day Mabel thought she would give her Kitty a bath. Now, if she had only spoken to her mamma or to some older person, she would have been told that of all things a cat dislikes to get its fur wet. Mabel knew nothing about this, however, and taking her Kitty up in her arms, she went down to the water's edge. Now, Mabel was usually kind to her Kitty, and knowing this, Kitty made no objection to going in Mabel's arms. But when Kitty felt the first drop of cold water on her back, then she made a violent struggle to get awav. For a few moments Mabel held her firmly, but soon Kitty managed to free one paw. Then, to Mabel's astonishment, she gave her a long scratch on her arm, and finally ran off as fast as her legs would carry her.

With tears in her eyes Mabel went to her mamma.

"See what my horrid Kitty has done," she cried, between her sobs, showing the long red scratch on her arm.

"What were you doing to Kitty?" asked Mrs. Quick, quietly.

"I was only giving her a bath," replied Mabel.

"But don't you know that no pussy likes to be treated in that way?" asked her mamma.

"Why, I didn't thing anything about it," answered the little girl.

"Well, next time you want to do anything like that to Kitty, just come and ask me about it, and that will save you lots of trouble, my dear little girl."

So now before Mabel tries any experiments with Kitty she always asks her mamma about it, and in this way she is avoiding some of the many mistakes that she used to make.—Selected.

Suggestions:

Review last memory gem and story. Think of some of the little thoughtless acts that all children do, such as leaving their toys and clothes out of their places, forgetting to obey, etc. Talk these things over with the children, then tell your story and repeat the memory gem. Help the children to understand that to do our best we must think about what we do, and always remember to go to our mothers and talk about the things we would like to do. It is never safe to do anything unless mother knows all about it, and if the thing we want to do is right to do mother will help, and that will make it so much more pleasant.

Lesson 24.

Memory Gem:

"Such goodness, Lord, and constant care,
A child cannot repay,
But may it be my daily prayer
To love Thee and obey."

Story, "The Great Doctor:"

It was very lonesome for Maurice not to have Ethel to play with, and as the little fellow crept by her door on tiptoe he wished with all his heart that they would allow him to see her. Grandmother saw him in the hall and beckoned for him to come in her room.

"O, grandmother, isn't Ethel ever going to get well?" he asked.

"We are not going to give up hope yet, my dear, although the doctor says she is very, very ill."

"Well, I don't think Dr. Higgins is much of a doctor if he cannot make a girl as little as Ethel better," remonstrated Maurice.

"Yes, dear; but you know she is in the care of a greater Doctor."

"Why, what do you mean, grandmother? Who is he?"

"The Lord is the one I mean, dear," softly answered grandmother.

"And do you think he can make Ethel better?" Maurice asked, anxiously.

"Yes, I think it is only He who can do it. Have you asked Him in your prayers to make Ethel well again?"

"No, I haven't grandmother," honestly answered Maurice. "Mother did tell me to, but I forgot, and besides I thought that Dr. Higgins could make her well."

"My little boy should have known better than that. Dr. Higgins is trying to help, but it is only the Lord who knows whether or not it is best for her to get well. And so, tonight, when you pray you will ask Him, won't you?" And the grandmother kissed the lips that readily promised.

Maurice was in the hall one day when the doctor came out of Ethel's room, and the nurse went with him to the door. Then it was that Maurice knew there would be no one to keep him from seeing his little sister; so, quickly and noiselessly, he slipped into the room.

How white she looked, and how thin! It quite frightened him to see her so still, with her eyes closed, and he threw himself on the bed, with his arm flung around her, sobbing out: "O, Ethel, Ethel, do get well! I am so lonesome without you, and I have been asking the Lord every night to make you well!"

When the nurse returned and saw Maurice she was much alarmed, but as she drew near the bed she saw the eyes of the sick child open, and heard her say, in a weak voice, "Hello, brother, where have you been all this time?" Her little thin hand gently patted his cheek as she added, "Stay and take a nap with me, I am so sleepy."

"Hush!" whispered the nurse in Maurice's ear; be perfectly still, for she is really going to sleep at last, and will now get well."—Selected.

Suggestions:

Talk about Jesus and how He helped people here on earth. And though we cannot see Him now we can go to Him and have help when we need it. How? When we are sick we can be administered to. Explain the ordinance of administration as simply as you can, being careful to express in your voice and bearing the sacredness of this blessing which the Saints may enjoy. Relate instances of Jesus blessing the sick; also instances in your personal experience, and let the children tell of similar incidents which have occurred in their homes. Repeat the memory gem. Tell story and finish with the little prayer here given.

Prayer:

"Bless all little children;
Be near those who are ill,
And help them to grow well again,
If it be Thy will."

SECOND GRADE.

(Children six and seven years of age.)

Subject: The Lord's Prayer.

Suggestions:

Use songs and rest exercises whenever possible. Be sure to have pictures to illustrate the lessons and extra stories ready to keep up the interest in the lessons. A Life of Christ for the Young, by Weed, is recommended, as it contains many good pictures and stories from the life of Christ.

Lesson 21.

Topic: Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven.

Concert recitation of the Lord's Prayer.

Review of previous lessons to bring out the thought of prayer. Why we pray; to whom; and for what we pray.

Suggestive Talk:

When we say, "Thy will be done," it means that we want to do the things which our Father in heaven asks us to do. What are some of the things he has told us to do? Talk about obedience to parents, teachers, etc. Being kind, pleasant, helpful, etc. When Jesus taught this beautiful prayer He did the things Himself that He asks us to do. Relate the story of Jesus in the Temple to illustrate His willing obedience to his mother. When Jesus grew to be a man He was very kind, and people who were ill or in trouble were always seeking for his help. "Once a long time ago in Jerusalem happy children were playing together; they were laughing and singing and having such a good time. Breeze after breeze whistled a merry tune. The sunbeams made no sound, but filled earth and sky with light and gladness.

In one home in the city of Capernaum no one thought about the sunbeams. No one heard the breeze's merrily whistled tunes. No one heard the shouts of the happy children playing in the streets.

In this home the father and mother looked at one another with trouble in their eyes. Their boy was sick, so sick they were most afraid he was going to leave them.

As the boy lay so sick upon the bed, a message was given the father. The message said that Jesus had come to the city of Cana in Galilee.

Many people from Galilee had been in Jerusalem at the time of the feast of the Passover. They had seen Jesus cleanse the Temple, or had heard Him teach. They had seen Him help the sick and the poor. They knew he had power to do great and wonderful things.

These people told their friends at home whom they had seen and what they had heard in Jerusalem. Thus it came to pass that when Jesus reached Galilee many people knew about Him. The father, whose son was sick, must have been one from among them.

When the father heard that Jesus had come to Cana, he hurried to find Him. Maybe the father walked, I think he must have ran. That is the way fathers do when they are anxious to help their children.

The father had to go about twenty miles to get from Capernaum to Cana, where Jesus was, and he hurried as fast as he could. When he reached Cana and found Jesus he pleaded: "Come with me and heal my son; for he is at the point of death."

Jesus must have wondered if the man truly believed in his power to make the child well. And Jesus asked him some questions, but the poor father was so anxious, and he begged, "Sir, come down ere my child die."

The man's words told Jesus what he wanted to know. He knew that the father believed in His power to make sick people well. In answer to the father's pleading Jesus said: "Go thy way; thy son liveth."

Back over the way he had come the father hurried. He "believed the word that Jesus spoke unto him, and he went his way." As he hurried toward home and his boy, messengers came to meet him. They came to speak the words that Jesus had spoken. They came to say, "Thy son liveth." They came to tell him the hour the boy had been made well.

The hour was the hour when Jesus had said, "Go thy way; thy son liveth." It was also the hour when the father had obeyed Jesus, and believed on him.

To believe in Jesus means to trust Him, to believe in His power. It means that when he says anything to us that it is sure to be right. That we must obey Him and do as He has said. That we shall go to Him when

we are in trouble and need help. That when we pray He will hear what we say.

This story tells us that Jesus wants us to be very kind and good to others, to obey our fathers and our mothers, and to remember when we say the Lord's prayer to think about what we say, and be ready to do His will. Repeat the Lord's Prayer.

Lesson 22.

Topic: Thy will be done in earth as it is done in heaven.
Concert recitation of the Lord's Prayer.

Suggestive Talk:

To assist in helping the children to understand what is meant when we say, "Thy will be done in earth as it is done in heaven," review the lessons in the December number, especially the stories of David and Elisha, which show the will of God in relation to life and death. Relate the story of "The Great Doctor," found on page 197.

When Jesus lived on the earth He said we must be very kind to others, especially any who were sick or poor.

Relate the following story, "Jesus Feeds the Five Thousand:"

Green grass covered the fields and hills beside the sea of Galilee. The grass was soft, thick and cool to one's touch. The blue waters of the sea gently rocked a little boat. It was the boat in which Jesus and His disciples had crossed the sea that day.

In one place beside the sea hundreds of people were gathered. Some of these people had seen Jesus sail across the water. They had seen His boat land. They knew where He was and hastened to Him.

Other people had seen the crowds upon the seashore. These people had wondered where the others were going and had followed to find out. Still other people had been told: "Jesus is where the boat is and where the many people are." They had wanted to be near Jesus and had crossed the fields to find Him.

When Jesus saw the many people he was sorry for them. They made him think of sheep that are without a shepherd, and need someone to take care of them. He said: "I will be their shepherd," and went to them.

To the people who were sorry or sad he spoke cheering words. He made them smile and feel glad. To the people who were puzzled and did not know wrong from right he taught right things to do. He also made the sick well and did many great and wonderful things. In and out among the people on the seashore ran a little lad. It may have been that never before had he seen so many people in one place. I am quite sure that never before had he seen so many great and wonderful things as Jesus did. Never before had he seen a man with such a kind, kind face. Never before had he heard a man speak such loving words.

In a basket the little lad carried five loaves of bread. The bread was made of barley flour. It was darker than bread made from wheat. The loaves were small. Some people think that the loaves were like very large flat crackers. Other people think that they were round like the rolls that we buy at the baker's.

The boy also had some fish. It may have been that the boy's mother had given him bread and fish for his lunch. It may have been that the boy had been sent to sell the bread and fish and earn a little money. If the boy had been given the bread and fish for a lunch he forgot to eat it. If he had been given the bread and fish to sell he forgot to sell them. I think that he forgot to be hungry and forgot to go home.

I think that the boy thought only about the people and the wonderful way in which Jesus was helping and teaching them. I think he waited to see Jesus do one more wonder and to speak one more word. As the little

lad ran in and out among the people, a man stopped him. The man was one of Jesus' disciples. He said that Jesus had need of the bread and the fish.

Think, if you can, how long it took the boy to reach Jesus and give to Him what He needed. I, for one, do not think it took him as long as it does to tell the story. I think he ran quickly and gave gladly all that he had to give.

Jesus needed the bread and fish, for the day was growing late. The people were far away from home and from stores. They were out in the fields and upon the hills beside the sea, and were hungry. Jesus knew they were hungry and meant to help them. He was their shepherd.

The disciples thought, "What good are five loaves and two fishes?" Jesus thought, "I can make them enough for all these hungry people." First He took the bread and looking up toward the skies thanked God for it. Then He broke the bread and gave it to the people who were sitting on the ground. Next Jesus did with the fish as he had done with the bread.

Jesus made the five loaves and two fishes enough for five thousand hungry people. How Jesus did it we do not know. He had the power to do it because He is God's son. He did it because He loved these people. He did it because He was their shepherd and was glad to help them.—Selected.

Lesson 23.

Topic: Thy will be done in earth as it is done in heaven.

Concert recitation of Lord's Prayer.

Review of last lesson. Let the children repeat the stories that were told last time. Then ask such questions as will help them to an understanding that to do God's will means to be kind and helpful to others. Continue the thought of the loving kindness which Jesus was constantly showing by telling the following story, "Jesus Heals a Man Born Blind:"

Beside the gates of the temple in Jerusalem beggars were always to be seen. Some of these beggars were lazy and would not work and earn their money. Very many of them were not able to work. Among the men who were not able to work were men who were sick, lame or blind. These men did not go into the Temple. They sat beside the Temple gates and begged

On some days many people passed, of whom the beggars begged. These days were the Sabbath days, holidays, and the days when the people went to the Temple to hear Jesus teach.

A part of the work that Jesus came to do in the world was that of teaching. He taught the people that God was His Father. He taught lessons about keeping the Sabbath day holy. He taught lessons about being kind and loving each other. He taught lessons about sharing our good things with others. He taught that we should be brave and strong to do right.

Among the many men who begged beside the temple gates was a certain blind man. He had never seen the bright sunshine. He had never seen a flower. He had never seen his father's or his mother's face. He had always been blind, for he had been born so.

One day as this man sat begging, Jesus passed by. We think that Jesus had been teaching in the Temple. The disciples spoke to him about the blind man and Jesus picked up some clay from the ground and wet it. Then He laid the clay upon the blind man's eyes. When He had done this He said to the blind man, "Go, wash in the pool of Siloam." The pool of Siloam was the pool from which the priests drew water for the Temple. The water was carried to the Temple in a golden pitcher.

When the blind man reached the waters of Siloam he washed off the clay from his eyes. It was what Jesus had told him to do. Then he opened his eyes and looked about him and saw men walking. He saw earth and sky, trees, and flowers. He saw the road which led into the

city and to his home. He saw all these things and knew that he had power to see. He knew that Jesus had given this power to him.

The man went back into the city. His neighbors and the people from whom he had begged saw him. They pointed to him and cried, "Is not this he who sat and begged?" Others said "It is he; still others said, "No; he is like him." The man who had been born blind said, "I am he."

When the man said, "I am he," people began to crowd about him. They asked, "How then were thine eyes opened?" He answered, "The man that is called Jesus made clay, and anointed mine eyes, and said unto me, Go to Siloam and wash; so I went away and washed, and I received sight."

Again and again and again the Jews asked the man to tell his story. They called his parents, saying, "Is this your son, whom ye say was born blind? How, then, doth he now see?" His parents answered, "We know that this is our son, and that he was born blind; but how he now seeth we know not; or who opened his eyes, we know not; ask him; . . . he shall speak for himself." And the man told again how Jesus had blessed him and given him sight.—Selected.

Lesson 24.

Topic: Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven.
Concert recitation of the Lord's Prayer.

Suggestive Talk:

We say in our prayer, Thy will be done as it is done in heaven. What are some of the things our Father in heaven wishes us to do? (The teacher should have ready a great number of the little duties and kindnesses which children may do in and around their homes, so as to help by suggestion and questions to develop the thought of what is meant by God's will. The teacher should keep in mind the important fact that God's will is found in the two great commandments, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy might, mind and strength, and thy neighbor as thyself." Children will develop this love in being kind to each other.)

How do you think God's will is done in heaven? Review briefly the lessons as given on heaven in the February number of *The Children's Friend.*

To know how to keep God's will in heaven we must first learn to do His will here on the earth. I will tell you another story of the loving kindness which Jesus was always showing to the people, entitled "Jesus at the Pool of Bethesda:"

It was on a Sabbath day. The priests in the temple remembered and walked more solemnly. The Pharisees held their heads very high and said, "We remember the Sabbath day and keep it holy." Then they passed by the poor and the sick without doing anything to help them.

Not far from the temple, where the priests walked solemnly and Pharisees walked proudly, was a pool of water. It was called the pool of Bethesda. Around this pool five porches had been built. I think that each porch was covered over at the top. I think that from each porch, steps led down into the water.

On this Sabbath day the five porches were crowded with people. Some of these people were blind. Others were lame. Others had a hand or a foot which had grown so small that it was helpless. Still other people were sick in their body or mind.

The sick and the lame and those who had a helpless body watched the water in the pool. The blind listened. They all were waiting for the water to be "troubled," as they said. They meant that they were waiting for the water to bubble up in little bubbles, as sometimes it did.

It may have been that the water bubbled up in bubbles every day. It

may have been that the water bubbled up only once in many days. Whenever it bubbled the sick, the lame, and the blind were waiting for it.

As the people waited in the porches they dreamed dreams. They dreamed that when the water bubbled one of God's angels touched it. They dreamed that when next God's angel touched the water they would step into it and be made well.

Among the lame and the blind at the pool of Bethesda, lay a man who had been sick for thirty-eight long years. As he lay beside the water he, too, dreamed.

The man dreamed that he would be the first to step into the water the next time God's angel touched it. But each time that the water moved other people stepped in ahead of him. He was crowded out or else did not reach the water until it had grown still. Then it was too late.

As the man lay watching the water Jesus stepped beside him. The Pharisees had passed the man by as you may have guessed. The man did not know who Jesus was, but he looked and looked at Him. Jesus seemed so good, so strong, so full of power.

Jesus looked at the man. He seemed so weak, so sick, so sad. Jesus looked at him and asked: "Wouldst thou be made whole?" The sick man answered: "Sir, I have no man, when the water is troubled, to put me into the pool; but while I am coming, another steppeth down before me."

Jesus had no thought of waiting for the water to be troubled. He said to the man: "Arise, take up thy bed and walk." And the man who had been sick stood up. Then he picked up his bed. It was something like a rug or blanket. Next he walked. To his great surprise and joy he was a sick man no longer. He had been made well by Jesus, who had power like God's and had made him well.

And Jesus said: "My Father has sent me to do His work in the world. He has sent me to love and help everybody at the time and on the day they most need me.—Selected.

That is what we are all here for—to do God's will, and that means being kind and helpful.

THIRD GRADE.

(For children eight and nine years of age.)

Subject: The Ten Commandments.

Suggestions:

The teacher should read and re-read the stories of Joseph and Moses to keep in touch with the story of how and why the Israelites went to Egypt and their return journey to the land of Canaan. The lives of Joseph and Moses are beautiful examples of God's power and wisdom in preparing men to do his will. The Israelites in their journey across the desert had many trials and difficulties, and the Ten Commandments were given to them to help them to overcome their faults and weaknesses and to change them from slaves into a strong and civilized people. It will be necessary and helpful in these lessons to go back again and again to these experiences to explain why the Ten Commandments were first given.

Lesson 21.

Topic: Idolatry.

Concert recitation of the second commandment.

Suggestive Talk:

Review briefly the story of Moses and how he helped the Israelites to get away from Egypt. There were a great number of Israelites, and Moses was just like a father to them; when they needed anything they would go to him and ask him for it. If they were good and kind he would be very much pleased and happy; but if they forgot to do right, then he was sorry and he would have to help them. When boys and girls do wrong, who is it that helps them to do better? How do fathers and mothers help us to do better? I expect when a boy or girl needs to be helped father and mother talk it over and decide just what will be the best way to help their children.

Sometimes the Israelites gave Moses a great deal of trouble, and there were times when he did not know what to do with them. They had learned so many bad habits when they lived in Egypt and now they found them very difficult to overcome, so Moses was often very much discouraged. Moses was the leader of all the Israelites, yet he was a servant and had to obey commandments. Who was his Master and Leader? What do you think he would do when he was discouraged and in trouble with his people? I expect when God called Moses up into the mountain that they talked about what the people were doing. How some were trying to do right and were helpful and kind, and how others were giving so much trouble because they would not mind and did things that were wrong.

So the Lord gave Moses laws and commandments which would help the Israelites to do better, and it was decided that if the people did not do the things which were right they should be punished. If our father or mother say to us that we must do something or we will be punished, the thought of the punishment, sometimes, helps us to remember and if we keep on doing right we get into the habit of it, and by and by, as we grow older and stronger we like to do right and are able to do it without so much help. So the Lord gave these commandments to Moses for the people that they might become a better people. The Ten Commandments were written on plates of stone so that everybody could see them very often and help them not to forget.

We have been learning something about the meaning of the first of these commandments, which says: "Thou shalt have no other gods before me." Let us all say it together.

We cannot have other gods because our God is the true God. He is our Father in heaven, and He is the greatest and has all power. He is the kindest and best, and we must not think more of anybody or anything than we do of our Father in heaven.

Review the lessons in the April number of *The Children's Friend* to illustrate the power of God and His loving kindness to His people.

How do we show our fathers and mothers that we love them? Then how shall we let God know that we love Him?

The following incidents may be related to illustrate the point in the lesson of obedience:

"I will not go."

"Oh, yes, Louise, please do. It is half past one now and Miss Warren said to be back by a quarter of two."

"I don't care. I'm not going. School doesn't begin until two o'clock, and I'm going to stay and finish this."

"Well," said Alice, "I'm going without you, then, for I want to do as Miss Warren said."

"But what difference will it make? She doesn't need you, and if you wait fifteen minutes you won't be late."

"Oh! cried Alice, "it does make a difference, because I love Miss War-

ren and I always want to obey her. Just wait, Louise, until you have been in the class a little longer and you'll find that all the boys and girls do as Miss Warren says, for we all love her."

"Pshaw! I suppose I'd better go with you, anyway, for it's no fun to play all alone."

The girls reached the school at a quarter of two to find such a happy surprise awaiting them. Miss Warren, having told the class a little about astronomy, had asked the astronomy professor of the High School to let the children look through his telescope at the sun-spots that afternoon. Only the children who remembered what Miss Warren had asked them to do and obeyed, were in time to go with her and enjoy the treat.

Louise could not thank Alice enough for getting her to go so early. "I just love Miss Warren for planning such a nice surprise for us," she said.

"I've been going to that school for two years," said Alice, "and I've never had any trouble except when I disobeyed Miss Warren. She seems to know exactly what is best, and we always are happy when we obey her will."

Just as the teacher and your parents wish us to obey them, doing immediately what they tell us to do, so the king or ruler of a country expects all his people to obey his will. And as we have been learning, God is the King of heaven and the whole earth; He is our heavenly Father, and he expects us to obey Him. If we love God we will be glad to do every day what will please him.

Many years ago God made a mother very happy by sending a dear little baby into her house. Hannah loved her heavenly Father and called her son Samuel, saying, "For this child I prayed; therefore, as long as he liveth he shall be given to the Lord." When he was old enough Hannah took him to the tabernacle to live with the priest Eli. She knew that by helping Eli to take care of God's house, Samuel would learn how to serve God and obey Him as a loving, dutiful child.

Samuel did learn to love the heavenly Father and was very happy in doing the things which his good friend Eli told him would please God.

One night, after he had gone to bed he heard a voice call "Samuel, Samuel." He went at once to Eli, and said, "Here am I," but Eli said, "I called not. Lie down again." In a few minutes, hearing the voice again, he went as before, and Eli said, "I called not. Lie down again." The third time Samuel heard the voice and came to him. Eli knew it must be God speaking to the boy, so he said to Samuel, "Go, lie down, and it shall be, if He call, thou shalt say, 'Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth.'"

God had been watching Samuel all the time, as he lived in the tabernacle, and knew he could trust him to obey His will. When Samuel answered the voice as Eli told him to do, the Lord gave him a message for Eli about his two wicked sons, whom God said he should punish because they were not sorry for their disobedience.

Oh! how glad Samuel would have been to take Eli, whom he loved, a happy message, but this one was so sad. It was very hard for Samuel, but he knew that if he truly loved his heavenly Father he should obey His will, so in the morning he told Eli all that had happened. When Eli heard it, he said, "It is the Lord. Let Him do what seemeth Him good." Eli had learned that God always knows what is best for His children and that it is always safe to trust Him.

There are a great many people in this world who are not doing the Father's will. Some because they live in heathen lands and have not yet heard about His love, and others who are foolish and, like Louise, would rather have their own way. As Alice helped Louise to obey the teacher, so we can help others to obey God by "doing always the things that please Him."—Selected.

Lesson 22.

Topic: The Second Commandment.

Concert recitation of second commandment.

Suggestive Talk:

Review of last lesson to develop the thought in the minds of the children that one of the best opportunities we have of showing love to God is by obeying His commandments.

We have been learning why we should honor and obey and love God more than anybody else. When Jesus, who is God's beloved Son, lived upon the earth, He said we should "love God with all our might, mind and strength," this means a great deal and no matter how long we may live or how wise we may become we can never know all that is meant by "loving God with all our might, mind and strength."

The Israelites were not able to do this, and, indeed, they sometimes forgot all about God. But they always wanted to show honor to something and so they made gods of their own, and very strange gods they were. They made gods out of stone, and wood, and brass, and even of gold; these gods were made to look very wonderful and sometimes they were beautiful, for they were decorated with all kinds of precious stones. These gods were made like some person, or animal or thing; sometimes it would be the sun or the moon or the stars, which these poor people would worship and pray to and ask for help. They did not know that it was God who commanded the sun, moon and stars, and that they could do only the things for which they were created. All kinds of animals, and birds and fishes were made into idols. The Israelites would kneel down in front of these idols and pray to them and ask them questions, although it was impossible for them to speak. Food would be brought and laid in front of these figures, that they could not eat. The Israelites were like cihldren with dolls and teddy-bears and other toys which they play with and make believe that they can talk, eat and do just as people do. In Egypt the people worshiped idols like these. The Israelites had lived there so long they had grown to believe in them. Moses was doing his best to teach them to know better and to understand that if they wanted help they would have to pray to God, for they never could get any help from figures of animals or birds or fishes, or anybody but God.

So God gave this second commandment, which is all about worshiping other gods or idols. The first part of the commandment says, "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image." Graven images are idols made something like the statuettes we sometimes have in our homes for ornaments. Then the commandment says, "Or any likeness of anything that is in the heaven above, or the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth." The Israelites did make these likenesses, just as I have been telling you. What did they worship that is in the heaven above? (Sun, moon and stars.) In the earth beneath? (Animals and birds.) In the waters under the earth? (Fish.)

God wished the people to be very careful about obeying this commandment and told them he would punish any of the Israelites who would make or worship anything like these idols. At the very end of this commandment God tells us something to make us feel happy. He says, "And shewing mercy unto thousands of them that love me and keep my commandments."

As I have already told you, the Israelites were like children and needed to be helped, like you and I. We need to be punished sometimes and we like to be praised and loved. But we cannot have our own way about every thing; we do not know enough and it would not be good for us. "I once heard a conversation between a boy and his mother. She had work for him to do, which interfered with some of his plans of enjoyment, and though Karl obeyed her, it was not without grumbling. He had much to say about never being allowed to do as he pleased, and it would be time enough for him to settle down to work when he was older. While the sense of injury was

strong upon him, I came out and sat down beside him and said, "Karl, why do you try to break that colt of yours?"

The boy looked surprised.

"Why, I want him to be good for something."

"But he likes to have his own way," I objected. "Why shouldn't he have it?"

By this time Karl was staring at me in perplexity. "I'd like to know the good of a horse that always has his own way," he said, as if rather indignant at my lack of common sense.

"And as for working," I went on, "I should think there would be time enough for that when he gets to be an old horse."

"Why don't you see, if he doesn't learn when he's a colt"—Karl began. Then he stopped, and blushed, and looked at me rather appealingly. I heard no more complaints from him that day."

Lesson 23.

Topic: The Second Commandment.

Concert recitation of second commandment.

Suggestive Talk:

Review this commandment to help the children to understand its meaning. What does God do for us? Let the children tell of all the good gifts that they enjoy, in their homes; school; Primary; the blessings of nature; games, pleasures, etc. All these good things come to us from God. What do you think the children of the Israelites did in the wilderness and what were the blessings that they enjoyed. Picture them on the desert, living in camps, and being compelled to move slowly along on their journey; how it took them forty years to travel across the desert. Those who were children when they started from Egypt were almost old when they reached the end of their journey. What the children may have done, how they probably helped to bring water and picked up kindlings to make fires so that food could be cooked, and gathered the manna which fell every day but Sunday. Then, when their duties were done, they could run and play and have a good time. Very likely they played some of the same games that we play now.

God wanted the Israelites to be happy, and if they got into trouble was always willing to help them. What did he ask them to do for him? Did they always remember about God? How do we know that they forgot? What kind of gods did they make and pray to? Why did God ask the Israelites not to pray to all these things? Which do you think is the best, to pray to idols like the Israelites or to pray to God our Father in heaven? Why?

Sometimes we forget about God and think so much of other things that we are very much like the Israelites; sometimes it is money, or houses, or fine clothes that we worship and think is worth more than anything else, and we will work so hard to get it. Some people think so much about riches and the things of this world that they forget their duties to God, they forget to go to meeting, or to Sunday School or to stay home and be happy in their families, sometimes they even forget to pray. Others like power; they want to be rulers over people, to have them to wait on them and serve them and they like to be thought very important. Children sometimes want their own way; they think that to have beautiful clothes or to own a watch or a pocket knife or to wear pretty rings is the most important thing in the world. I have seen boys and girls who have been unhappy because they could not get the things they wanted; they would even be disagreeable and disobedient. To feel like this about anything is just the same as serving other gods and making idols, so we need to know about the second commandment, to try to obey it and to remember that we are only doing God's will when we forget about ourselves, and are willing to

help others and be happy in doing it. We must remember that God gives these commandments to help us to be happy, and whenever we disobey, do wrong, or are unhappy because we cannot have our own way we are making others uncomfortable and unhappy, too.

There's always somebody else, my dears,
Who grieves when a child is bad;
Somebody watches the smiles or tears
Of each little lass or lad;
If your foreheads frown but a little while,
Somebody else is sad,
And whenever your sunny faces smile,
Somebody else is glad!

—Selected.

Story, "The Two Thorns:"

It hurt. Every minute it seemed to hurt worse—"worser," Elizabeth said. She kept uncrumpling her palm and looking at it, and touching it to make sure it hurt very much—and groaning softly under her breath. There was nobody in the world Elizabeth pitied so much as Elizabeth, for probably there wasn't any other little girl with a cruel thorn in her hand.

Mademoiselle looked sorry, but Elizabeth would not look at mademoiselle. You don't look at folks that keep you a whole hour away from your play to learn your spelling all over again, or that say, "What, what!" at you when you say your three tables.

"Elizabeth"—the voice was quite gentle, but firm. Elizabeth did not turn round. Her little white forehead above the tan line was wrinkled with real pain.

"There is the spelling—"

As if she could learn spelling with a thorn in her hand! But she opened the book again and whispered, "A-c-h-e—a-c-h-e."

"Why! Why! That was what she was doing now, this minute—a-c-h-e-ing!" Elizabeth laughed softly, in spite of herself. After that the word was easy enough to spell. Elizabeth was eight; but as long as she lived, even when she was eighty, she would know how to spell a-c-h-e.

Some one was talking to mademoiselle at the dóor.

"No," mademoiselle was sighing, "I cannot yet come." Some words Elizabeth lost there; then, "She is my little—what you call—thorn in the flesh."

Elizabeth sat up straighter. The speller slid to the floor.

"She means me," she thought. "She's got one in her flesh ,too, and it's —me!"

It was rather a startling idea. It had never been clear like that before—what her naughtiness was like to mademoiselle. How much it must hurt if it was like a thorn in her hand! It must burn and sting and ache-a-che. How much it must a-ch-e!

Elizabeth found herself beginning to be sorry for mademoiselle on account of that thorn. If somebody would take it out—and nobody in the world could take it out except Elizabeth. And Elizabeth—she turned suddenly and ran to mademoiselle.

"I'll take it out!" laughed Elizabeth, softly. "I've got one in my hand, too, an' I know how it hurts. I never s'posed before that thorns an'—an' bad little girls hurt just alike. I can spell a-ch-e now, an' my tables. Don't you think it will come out of your flesh then?"

Mademoiselle understood. With a little cry she caught Elizabeth up and kissed her. Then as gently as she could she uncrumpled the little aching hand and drew out Elizabeth's thorn. They were both laughing when it was over, so mademoiselle's thorn must have come out too.—Annie Hamilton Donnell.

Lesson 24.

Topic: The Second Commandment.
Concert recitation of the second commandment.

Suggestive Talk:

Review carefully all the points of this commandment that have been given. God's power and loving kindness. The idolatry of the Israelites. The idols which people of today make and worship.

Encourage the thought that it is the love that God has for His people which caused Him to give these commandments. We need them now to help us to do right. We need rulers and guides just as the Israelites did to keep us from forgetting about God; we need to be helped all the time so that we may learn to do the things that will make us useful and happy. In our homes we have good rulers. Tell us about them? What can you tell about your school. Have you guides there? What is the order in our Primary? (The teacher may tell the children how the president presides and of the preparation meetings where all the officers get together to plan out the best way to conduct the Primary.) Who rules in the ward? Who in the stake? Who is our great leader here in our Church? All this order was established by God and shows how anxious He is that every person, every boy and girl, shall be cared for, protected and helped. You and I and the President of this association and the Bishop and the Stake President and President Joseph F. Smith may all go to our Father in heaven and ask for His assistance if we are in need of help or comfort.

The following story, "What the Elephants did," may be related as an illustration of God's care of His people.

There is a story told of a wonderful deliverance in the old time, which is found in a big book which I dare say you have never read. And it is a true story, too, though it may not sound like it. But there is no doubt of its being true, for an annual festival celebrates the occurrence, just as our Fourth of July celebrates the Declaration of Independence.

It happened a long, long time ago, more than two hundred years before Christ was born. The Ptolemies reigned in Egypt, and one of them, the fourth of his name, had just come to his throne. He was a very wicked man, proud, cruel and revengeful, and I think upon the whole one of the worst of all the wicked kings of that name. Yet he was a brave warrior—most of those old kings, you know, were fighters—and soon after his accession to the throne he won several very fine victories over his enemy, the neighboring king of Syria.

There were quite a number of Jews in Alexandria, most of them devout he passed through the land of the Jews, and stopped at Jerusalem, where stood the grand and glorious temple which Zerubbabel and Nehemiah had built, and where Haggai and Zechariah had prophesied. You know there was a room in this temple called the "Holy of Holies," which no one was permitted to enter except the high priest at a stated time. But Ptolemy, because he was such a great and powerful king, thought he had a right to go where he pleased, and so he determined to enter this forbidden precinct.

The proud king, however, did not penetrate into the sacred place, for just as he was on the point of stepping over the threshold of the room, he was smitten to the floor by a sudden dazzling light. So dazed and frightened was he that he did not dare repeat the attempt, but withdrew to his own capital very much vexed against the Jews, and threatening to punish them for their magic and necromancy, as he termed it.

There were quite a number of Jews in Alexandria, most of them devout and a pious people. Ptolemy now commanded them all to give up praying to God, and to worship the false deities of Egypt. The greater number of them refused to do this, so the wicked and angry king ordered all those who did not obey him to be arrested and confined in the Hippodrome. This

was a large and strong building, just outside the city walls, which was used as a circus.

You will hardly believe what this cruel king had devised as his plan of vengeance; and, indeed, it is sad to know what cruel deeds men will do when their passions are aroused. It was nothing less than to have them trampled to death by elephants. Doubtless Ptolemy thought it was a grand and novel thing. Such a performance in the circus would make a merry show for the heathen monarch and his heathen people.

In order to be sure that the elephants would do their work, they had been drugged and intoxicated; and then, after they had been made wild and reckless, the great monsters were let loose in the arena of the Hippodrome, where the kneeling, trembling Jews were gathered, awaiting their fate. It was piteous to see them. There were sad, weeping mothers there, and fair young maidens, and little rosy children who could just talk their baby-talk, and silver-haired old men who had long passed their three-score and ten years. They were so weak and frightened that most of them fell at once upon the sand, and began to weep and pray. But the wicked, cruel Ptolemy had no mercy.

Half drunk with wine, his cheeks inflamed and his eyes glaring, he sat on his high seat with his splendid guards and the thousands of his subjects around him, watching to see what would happen to the Jews. They expected, of course, to see the maddened beasts trample their lives out in a few moments; they never thought that anything else could happen. But as the elephants came rushing and stumbling into the arena, one of the aged Jews, a holy priest named Eleazar, stood up, and, lifting his eyes and hands towards heaven, prayed in a loud voice for deliverance.

It might have been the sight of that kneeling mass and the tall white-clad figure standing in the midst; it might have been some sudden frenzy that seized them. It was this, or something else, for the struggling herd of elephants suddenly halted, threw their trunks in the air, and trumpeted as if affrighted; then, turning, they rushed with swaying trunks and strange, mad cries, over the parapets, trampling and slaying the people who had come to see the show.

More than a hundred lives were lost in this terrible affair. The cruel king sat out of danger, but he was filled with fear, and quite concluded not to attempt further to harm a people who seemed to be so miraculously protected. When the elephants were at last driven back, and the horrible performance came to an end, he let the Jews go free.—Fred Myron Colby.

FOURTH GRADE.

(Children ten and eleven years of age.)

Subject: The Word of Wisdom.

Note to Teachers: Do not give too much time in the class to memorizing the Word of Wisdom; encourage the children to do this at home.

Topic: Kindness to the weak.

Divisions:

1. Concert recitation of first three paragraphs of the Word of Wisdom.
2. Explain meaning of "capacity" as the word is used in this revelation.
3. Whom do you think the Lord had in mind when He said that the principle in this revelation was for the weak and the weakest of all Saints?
4. How about young children and very old people?

5. Tell how some people who are neither very young nor very old and yet could be considered as among the weak? (Blind, deaf, lame, etc.).

6. Tell of some habits that make people weak? (Smoking, drinking, giving way to temper, laziness, etc.).

7. Relate the following to illustrate how bad habits deprive people of their freedom and power:

"Jesus stood in a porch of the temple, and a great crowd was around him. Many of them were Pharisees, who were, as he told them plainly, plotting to kill him. These listened to him only to find fault with him. They did not believe what he said. When he told them the truth, they said it was a lie. But there were others there who did believe on him. They heard the very words that the others did, and received comfort and life from them. Jesus said, "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." But this only made the Pharisees angry. They said they " were never in bondage to any man." They were free.

But they were not free, and Jesus told them so. He said, "Whosoever committeth sin is the servant of sin." He came to free men from sin and the misery it brings, but if they will not believe his words, and try to do what is right, they cannot be free.

Perhaps the sin that enslaves more men worse than any other is the sin of intemperance. Drunkards do not want to be drunkards, but the drink habit has become too strong, they cannot break its chains.

Here is a story which seems to fit in with our lesson. It illustrates how the chains of sin are put on:—

Once upon a time there lived a wicked magician, who wanted to get all the people where he lived into his power and make them his slaves. Then he made them work for him at hard labor day and night, and gave them nothing but ragged clothes to wear, and miserable food to eat, and beat and abused them, and finally killed them. It was a dreadful thing to be his slave.

But no one had to be the magician's slave. They need not unless they let him put his chains upon them. Of course, no one wanted to do that. If the magician had brought out the heavy iron chains and said, "Let me bind you with these," everyone would have refused. But the magician was too cunning for that. He brought out the very finest and daintiest gold thread that you could imagine. It was as thin as a cobweb. You could break it with one pull. "I will give you something you like very much, if you will let me wind this thread round your wrists," said the magician.

The boy—it was always boys that he went after first—would say: "It can't do any harm to let him put that tiny thread round my wrists. I can snap it with one pull."

So the magician would wind the thread round. He always had some delightful story to tell so that the boy would forget what he was doing. By and by the gold thread would change into a stout cord. The cord would be tied to a rope. The rope would change into a slender steel chain. By that time the boy would see what was happening, he would try to free himself, and struggle and struggle but he could not break the chain. In a little while the chain would grow to a great cable, and the boy would be hopelessly enslaved.—Selected.

8. What feeling did God have for his people in giving this revelation and what made him speak so particularly about the weak?

9. Sometimes the commands of God seem very hard and even unkind, but we must always remember that God knows best, and though we do not understand, it is always for our good. Sometimes we need to be punished, to be hurt severely that good may come. I will tell you of an earthly father who permitted his child to be hurt, and perhaps it will help you

to understand a little better about God. (Teacher tell the following in your own words.)

Story, "Like as a Father:"

There was a consultation just outside the darkened room where the sick child lay tossing feverishly on his bed.

"His throat must be touched with caustic," said the physician firmly, "or I'll not answer for his life."

"Will it be very painful?"

"Yes; you must hold him for me, as it will be a delicate operation."

The friend who was watching the little patient took him in her arms and held him firmly. As the doctor approached the child cried out in terror.

"Be quiet, dear. It will be over in a moment."

"Oh, no, no, no!"

"Only one touch, Willie. It will hurt just an instant, and then you'll be ever so much better."

"Oh, no, no!" Only that helpless agonized cry from the little fellow as he clung to the kind arms that faltered in their grasp.

"Doctor, I can't do it!" in a whisper. 'It would kill me to hold the child while you tortured him—I love him so!"

The physician looked perplexed and troubled.

"Oh, no, no, no!" wailed the little voice, between those short, dry coughs that threatened diphtheria.

At that moment the father came in.

Oh, papa, take me, take me! Don't let them hurt me!"

A glance at the doctor and nurse, and at the phial in the former's hand, told the story. The father took the boy into his arms and held him close to his bosom, soothing him. Then—

"We must bear it, Willie."

'Oh, no, no!" again, with agony of fear, and a new touch of despair at the thought of his father deserting him.

'Doctor—quick!"

The kind arms clasped the little fellow more firmly. Swift and skilful was the physician's touch of fire. A moment of dreadful scorching pain and all was over.

The father's face was white, his lips quivered; and his forehead was beaded with drops his child's suffering had wrung from him. Willie's life was saved because his prayer was answered in the best way; because of all near and dear to him, no one but his father loved him enough to refuse to answer it in his own way.

Boy, girl, man, woman, who reads this—when anguish comes to you and your prayers seem unanswered, think that no one on earth loves you enough to hold you to his breast, offering you to the pain that must come, for the prayers true answer—no one but your Father; no one but God. "Like as a Father pittieth his children, so the Lord pittieth them that fear Him."—Wellspring.

Lesson 22.

Topic: Fulfillment of Prophecy.

Divisions:

1. Concert recitation of the fourth paragraph of the Word of Wisdom.
2. Explain what is meant by a prophecy?
3. How may we know that a man is a true prophet?

4. Have the members of the class relate briefly the following prophecies and their fulfillment:

Noah and the Flood—The promise of a son to Sarah.—The prophecy of Zacharias; Luke 11: 67-80. (Be sure to tell how this prophecy was fulfilled when the child John grew to be a man and was known as John the Baptist).—Christ and the Temple of Jerusalem; Luke 21: 5-6. (The Temple was destroyed about forty years after the death of our Savior).—A prediction which was fulfilled of the work of the Prophet Joseph Smith, See Life of Joseph Smith by George Q. Cannon chapter I.—The Prophet's prediction about Brigham Young. See The Life of Joseph Smith by George Q. Cannon, chapter 22, page 123.—The preaching of the Prophet in Jackson county. See The Life of Joseph Smith by George Q. Cannon, chapter 41, page 269.—Prophecy of the Civil War; see The Life of Joseph Smith by George Q. Cannon, chapter 55, page 425.—(The war between the North and South began Friday, April 12, 1861, at Fort Sumter, South Carolina. Almost seventeen years after the death of the Prophet.)—

5. State why these incidents are abundant proof that Joseph Smith was a true Prophet and that he received his power from God?

6. In the fourth paragraph of the Word of Wisdom is a prophecy. What is it?

7. Have we any proof that this prophecy has been and is now being fulfilled?

8. Some interesting story of fulfilled prophecy may be related. See Faith Promoting Series.

Lesson 23.

Topic: Adulteration of Foods.

Divisions:

1. The following may be given by the teacher or if desirable divided under the headings as given, for the members of the class.

Adulterations of Foods:—Many of our foods are sometimes spoiled by persons who manufacture or sell them, putting into them cheaper substances that are dangerous to health. Such persons seem to care little for the purity of foods, but are chiefly interested in making the most money possible out of them.? So common has this adulteration become that in most of the states the law-making power has passed pure food bills to prevent the sale of such adulterated articles. These laws are most worthy and should be strictly enforced, for what is money-making by a few individuals compared with the health of the people of an entire city or state, which may be greatly endangered by the use of these impure or adulterated foods? Foods most often adulterated are sugar, syrup, milk, butter, cocoa, coffee, flour, baking power, bread, and jellies. Sugar, syrup, and candy are sometimes made from corn by a peculiar process, by means of which the starch of the corn is changed into glucose, and a kind of sugar not so sweet or healthful as sugar made from sugar-cane or sugar beets. This sugar is quite apt to ferment, or sour, and decay within the bowels, thus causing disease. Some candies are colored with poisonous matter. The plain, cheap candies are, as a rule, the purest and most healthful, as it is the high-priced confections that are the most frequently adulterated.

Milk:—Milk is often adulterated by the addition of water and some white substance, such as chalk. This not only thins the milk and makes the same amount less nourishing, but at the same time the water thus added is often impure, and in this way disease germs are added to the milk, causing sickness and death.

Butter:—Butter is sometimes made entirely from lard, tallow, and cotton-seed oil, to which coloring matter is added to make it look like pure, yellow butter made of rich cream. This product is called butterine,

or oleomargarine. It can be sold for about half what good butter would bring. If the lard or tallow is obtained from diseased animals, the butterine made from it is apt to prove very injurious. Cleanly made from tallow, it is not harmful and may be used without danger, especially in the place of 'cooking butter." But when so made there is not much profit in selling it, as when made from cheaper unclean materials. In the United States there is a law against the sale of butterine that is not stamped to show plainly to the person buying it that it is not genuine butter, but an imitation. Such laws are right in protecting the people against false or counterfeit foods, and in preventing people from being imposed upon.

Cocoa, Coffee, and Flour:—Cocoa, coffee, and flour are adulterated in various ways. The chief way of adulterating flour is to add very fine corn meal or corn flour. This is heavier than pure wheat flour; and as flour is sold by weight, the person buying it is cheated. Besides, the corn flour added is not so nourishing as the same amount of wheat flour would be.

Bread and Cake:—Bakery bread and cake are often made impure by the addition of ammonia for the purpose of making the loaf lighter and whiter. Not only is ammonia injurious, but a loaf of bread made in this manner weights less than the same sized loaf would if made without such an ingredient. Consequently the customer does not get the same amount of nourishment from a five cent loaf of bread made with ammonia that he would in a similar loaf made without it. Baking powder is often impure, being adulterated by the addition of alum. Baking powder containing alum may be injurious.

Jellies:—You know how home-made jellies and preserves taste. They are wholesome foods. When made from the pure juices of fruits and pure sugar they are expensive. On this account much jelly sold at a low price is made from a brittle, glue-like substance called gelatine, to which acids are added, besides some unhealthful coloring matter to make them look like the pure jellies made at home from currants, strawberries, grapes, and other fruits.

Other Adulterated Foods:—Perhaps you have heard people speak jokingly of wooden nutmegs, hickory hams and oats made by whittling shoepegs, all said to be the invention of the ingenious Connecticut Yankee of fifty years ago. But these are as nothing compared with the food adulterations of to-day, which are so skillfully carried out that detection of adulteration is difficult. They grow out of a general demand for cheap things, and when the genuine article cannot be supplied at a profit, we find some skillful adulteration taking its place. In addition to those already noted, please observe the following list. Not only do we have artificial eggs, artificial butter and adulterated wheat flour, but we have buckwheat adulterated with wheat middlings, cider vinegar distilled from grains, lemon extracts without lemon oil, and vanilla extracts without a trace of vanilla. We buy "Vermont Maple Syrup" that never was within a thousand miles of Vermont, but was made in a little, dingy city factory. Skim milk is filled with cheap lard, and sold all over the world as 'American Pure Cream Cheese." Nearly all of the cheap strained honey is made without the effort of a single bee. Smoke is made from poisonous drugs for the purpose of quickly curing hams and bacon. Oysters are partially embalmed with chemicals. Spices made from ground pepper hulls, cocoanut shells, and bark are manufactured and sold by the ton. Canned fruits are often preserved with antiseptic drugs which interfere with digestion. This is only a partial list, but it is enough to show that we are oftentimes cheated in buying food.

The adulteration of food is wrong, and people are right in insisting that laws be passed to prevent the sale and use of impure foods.

Diseased Foods:—Animals become sick and when in this condition are sometimes killed, and their parts sold as food. Vegetables also may be diseased. Such meat or vegetables are never good for food. Dishonest dealers will sometimes sell them to those who are not aware of their condition, and thus cause illness and sometimes death in the persons eating

them. Diseased food is as bad as decayed or spoiled food. Consumption may be caught by persons eating the meat from diseased cattle, or drinking milk from cows having this disease. Of the different meats, pork most often contains disease germs. Meat should never be eaten raw. It should always be well cooked, as the heat employed in cooking will destroy any germs of disease that may be lurking in the meat.—Selected.

Les on 24.

Topic: The Sacrament.

Note. It is suggested that the teachers read Lecture 9 in The Articles of Faith by Talmage, on the subject of the Sacrament).

Divisions:

1. Concert recitation of first four paragraphs of the Word of Wisdom.
2. Review on Prophecies Fulfilled and the Adulterations in Foods.
3. Concert recitation of the fifth paragraph of the Word of Wisdom.
4. In this paragraph the Lord refers to the sacred ordinance of the Sacrament. What is the Sacrament?
5. Relate the incident of the "Last Supper." See Matthew 26: 17-28; Mark 14: 12-24; Luke 22: 1-20.
6. Relate the incident of the Sacrament as told in III Nephi, chapters 18 and 20.
7. What did God reveal to the Prophet Joseph Smith about this sacred ordinance? See the Doc. & Cov., Section 20, paragraphs 75 and 79.
8. The teacher may tell in her own words and in a simple manner the points gained from The Articles of Faith on this subject.
9. In the fifth paragraph of the Word of Wisdom we are told that wine and strong drink is not good. Why is it not good for us to use wine in the sacrament?
10. What did the Lord reveal to the Prophet Joseph about the use of wine? See Doc. & Cov., Section 27, paragraphs 1-4.
11. Tell what you can of the first meeting of this Church at which the sacrament was administered. See The Life of Joseph Smith by George Q. Cannon, Chapter 13; page 64.
12. How should we act when the sacrament is being administered?

FIFTH GRADE.

(Children twelve and thirteen years of age).

Subject: The Articles of Faith.

Lesson 21.

Topic: Faith.

Note to teachers: Lecture 5 in The Articles of Faith by Talmage and Chapter 5 in The Gospel by Roberts give a very clear and strong explanation of Faith. The teachers will please read these referencs all through carefully.)

Divisions:

1. Concert recitation of Article 4.
2. What is Faith? Lecture 5, paragraph 1. The Articles of Faith.

3. Faith is established on truth only. Illustrate this by telling and comparing the two incidents as follows: First incident as related in The Articles of Faith, Lecture 5, paragraph 5. Second incident as related in The Gospel, Chapter 5, page 47.

4. Have class bear testimonies of why they have faith in God, such as answers to prayers healings, warnings, etc.

5. The following incidents from The Faith Promoting Series may be related by members of the class. (The teacher should secure the books and hand them to members in plenty of time for the necessary preparation.) The conversion of Wilford Woodruff, Leaves from My Journal, chapter I. Lameness healed in answer to prayer. Leaves from My Journal, chapter 6. Restoration to life, Leaves From My Journal, Chapter 17. The Lady with the Tumor, Scraps of Biography, Chapter 4, page 37. The Lord will provide, Gems For the Young Folks, page 44.

6. Have the boys and girls get testimonies from parents and friends and relate them in the class.

Lesson 22.

Topic: Repentance.

Divisions:

1. Concert recitation of Article 4.
2. Review lesson on Faith.
3. What is the nature of repentance? The Articles of Faith, Lecture 5, paragraph 19.
4. How do we know that repentance grows out of Faith? The Gospel, Chapter 13; relate from this chapter the following incidents: The day of Pentecost; the conversion of Paul; Story of Alma and Zeezrom.
5. What happened to the Jews for their lack of faith, disobedience, and for not repenting of their sins in refusing to receive the Savior and for crucifying him? See The Gospel, page 139.
6. What happened to the Nephites and Lamanites when they did not repent of wrong doing? See The Gospel, page 142.
7. What has forgiveness to do with repentance? See The Articles of Faith, Lecture 5, paragraphs 21-22.
8. Why is repentance a gift from God? See Articles of Faith, Lecture 5, paragraph 27.
9. Talk to be given by the teacher:

"You were in a hurry. Outside some friend was whistling to you to come on. Perhaps your fingers were a bit chilly at the moment. You may have been a trifle impatient. Be it as it may, the buttons on your coat persisted in going wrong. You were sure you began right. The first button and the first hole matched exactly. For a little way after that everything was as it should be; then came the trouble. When they came to the bottom there was a button with no hole to match it. Following the matter up you came to the place where you had buttoned the coat wrong. The right button was not in the right hole.

"Vexatious!" you cry. You get more and more hurried, for the call outside is becoming more and more imperative. You try to undo the difficulty, and somehow you only make it worse. You think you can straighten out the folds of the coat, leave the buttons as they are and go ahead. But you do not feel right about it after all. The trouble is not easily put away as that. Fretting will not do it. Finding fault with the buttons and the holes is of little account.? Stamping the feet impatiently is of little avail.

No, the only thing to do is to go back to the place where the mistake was made and begin over again. The button which your fingers tucked through the wrong hole must be taken out and slipped through the hole which was made for it. Then everything will go right. The rest will easily fall into place. And if you have done it patiently, with no sign of a

frown on your face, and will go out with a song on your lips and a glad feeling in your heart.

The place to undo a wrong is where it began.

Have you before now spoken a harsh word to one you dearly loved? It was just a bit of impatience flashing out as you were about to go away for the day. You did not mean to do it. You had said many times before, and said it with a tear in the eye and a bit of sorrow in the heart: "I never will do such a cruel thing again as long as I live!" But there it was. The word slipped out and it gave pain to the heart you loved so well. You knew it by the quiver on the lip of the dear one and by the look of surprised pain on the face.

Were you happy that day? Ah, you and I know how very, very far you were from happiness! Everywhere you turned that shadow haunted you. You could not get away from it, do the best you might. You tried to excuse yourself by saying: "I was to blame but I was so hurried! I did not mean to do it, and she knows how I love her.'

But at night you try to take up the thread of life right where it has been before that sad thing happened. It would not be taken up so! The buttons did not match. The sorrow was there. Your own heart told you that something more than kindness now was needed to make good the wrong of the morning.

Only when you went back and did it all over once more could you make it right. You had to go back and on your knees tell the one you had wronged how sorry you were, and then make it right with God too. The place of your undoing must be the place of your confession.

What about the duties we try to slip out of sometimes? He sees how we deliberately lay our plans to escape known duties. He sees and his heart is sore. For he knows there will be sorrow before long. Never a duty passed carelessly by but brings its sting in the end. The buttons must be taken out and put exactly into place or there will be no peace of mind. The garment of righteousness is a most particular garment to fit upon our shoulders. Just one single thing out of place and there will be wrinkles everywhere. We may try to smooth it out; it will not be smoothed out save by going back and undoing the thing that was done wrong.

But what a joy there is in getting right after a wrong of this kind! Passion or pride has led us to follow the wrong track. At the moment we took the first step we knew we were not right. Thank God that he never looses his hand upon our shoulder after once we have placed ourselves in his keeping! Ever the sweet voice whispers: 'Not that way, my child! That path leads out into the darkness! Come with me! I will lead thee aright!" But you push off the tender hand and step out of the way. Only when the storm and the shadow come do you yield and turn back.

But thank God you do turn back! And retracing your steps until you come once more to the place where you said, "I will do as I will!" you kneel penitently at his feet and cry, 'Father, I was not right! Forgive me and receive me back!" Then the peace that passeth all understanding sweeps over your soul and you are restored and happy again.

Better by far to live so close to him that there will always be peace and joy in the soul.—Selected.

Lesson 23.

Topic: Baptism.

Divisions:

1. Recitation of Article 4.
2. Review of lesson on repentance.
3. What is baptism? See Articles of Faith, Lecture 6, paragraphs 1-3.
4. What is the proper way to baptize? See Doc. & Cov., Section 20, paragraphs 72-74.

5. What proofs have we in the Bible that to be immersed in water is the proper way to be baptized? Relate the following incidents as proof that it is necessary to go down into water and to come up out of water to have this ordinance properly performed: The baptism of Jesus, Matthew 3: 13-17; the baptism of the eunuch, the Acts, 8: 36-39.

6. How old must a boy or girl be before they may be baptized?

7. Why should not children under eight years of age be baptized? See Articles of Faith, Lecture 6, paragraphs 13-17.

8. What proof have we that our Savior considered that we must be baptized if we would be members of his Church? See Articles of Faith, Lecture 6, paragraphs 26-29.

9. If the Savior was without sin, a perfect man why was it necessary for him to be baptized?

10. The Savior proved his willing obedience in receiving baptism at the hands of John. What lesson does this teach us?

11. The Savior taught this lesson by example. How may we teach others by example?

12. The following story may be related to illustrate that example is better than precept.

Story, "Practice What You Preach:"

"Gwendoline!"

"I wish you would not keep talking, Nellie. You know I am trying to prepare the Sunday school lesson for my class."

"But, Gwen—"

"There you go!" cried Gwendoline. "I have not time to listen, Nellie; you put everything out of my head.'

Two little upright lines formed themselves on Gwendoline's forehead, and she put her hands over her ears and once more leaned her head over her Bible. Nellie was such a bother—always wanting help with those baby lessons! Where had she got to? O, yes, the thirtieth verse: "He cried, saying, Lord, save me. And immediately Jesus stretched forth his hand, and caught him."

There was a few minutes' silence. Nellie was rubbing a tear, and trying to find out which letter ought to come next, and Gwendoline sat there, arrested by the words before her. She pictured it all to herself, but how could she tell the girls about it on Sunday? How could she draw the lesson from it? "Immediately Jesus stretched forth his hand and caught him." And across the page came a vision of Nellie; in Gwendoline's ears there sounded that piteous "But, Gwen—" Nellie was in difficulty but she had refused to listen.

There was a struggle, and then Gwendoline looked up at her little sister. "I'll help you, Nellie," she said, gently; "what is it?"

"I have to copy these big words," explained Nellie. "I wanted you to read them out."

Gwendoline held out her hand for the paper and read out the letters, even reaching across with one hand to point out their position; and Nellie's sober face grew brighter and brighter.

"O, Gwen, thank you ever so much!" she cried, as at last she put up her face for a goodnight kiss.

And as Gwendoline's eyes went back once more to her Bible, the doorbell rang, and her father and brothers came in with a rush. No more preparation could be done that night.

There was no need. Gwendoline had had the sort of preparation which bears fruit.—Exchange.

Lesson 24.

Topic: The Holy Ghost.

Note to Teachers:—That no wrong impressions be given the children on this important subject the teachers are requested to read carefully

the following articles, which may be found in the Improvement Era for March, 1909.

Holy Ghost, Holy Spirit, Comforter, by Joseph F. Smith.

Ether, Holy Spirit, Holy Ghost, by John A. Widtsoe.

Do not attempt any explanation of the personality of the Holy Ghost unless these articles have been read and studied in addition to the other references given.

Divisions:

1. Concert recitation of Article 4.
2. Review of lesson on baptism.
3. Explanation, by the teacher, of the personality and powers of the Holy Ghost. See Articles of Faith, Lecture 8, paragraphs 6-10. The Gospel, chapter 20.
4. When may we receive the gift of the Holy Ghost?
5. How is the Holy Ghost bestowed? See Articles of Faith, Lecure 8, paragraphs 19-23.
6. What is the value to us in having the Spirit of God ever present? See Articles of Faith, Lecture 8, paragraphs 24-25.
7. What must we do to keep the Spirit of God?
8. To illustrate the value of having the Spirit of God constantly with us the following may be related in the teacher's own words:

Story, "Your Story in Three Editions:"

"I wish I could write a story!"

Hazel had been sitting quietly for a long time, watching Aunt Ruth's fingers fly over the typewriter keys, while a story grew line by line on the white paper. At length the white sheet was finished, and Hazel looked with great respect at the bulky manuscript.

Aunt Ruth smiled down into the earnest brown eyes. "You are writing a story, dear," she said.

Hazel's eyes opened very wide. "Why, Aunt Ruth!' she exclaimed, "what do you mean? You know I couldn't do that not if I tried ever so hard. I'd have to know ever so much more than I do now before I could do it."

"But you are writing one," Aunt Ruth went on. "You can't help writing it if you would; but you can make it the kind of a story that you choose—either a grand, noble story that will make everyone who reads a bit of it better, or a worthless frivolous one that will do no one any good. It may be a long story or it may be only a short one; we cannot tell that yet. You are writing the twelfth chapter now."

"Oh, I know!" Hazel interrupted, a light breaking over her puzzled face. "You mean the story of my life; but I'm not writing that—I'm just living it. I'm glad I'm not writing it, for I'm afraid it isn't always a very good story, and I wouldn't want people to read the parts when I'm bad."

"But you are writing it, dear," Aunt Ruth insisted. 'And you are writing it where it will not get destroyed as books sometimes do."

Hazel still looked puzzled. 'Tell me about it, Auntie, please," she coaxed, drawing a footstool close to Aunt Ruth and curling up cozily at her feet. She always insisted that she could listen better that way.

Aunt Ruth stroked the brown hair gently. "Yes," she said, "you are not only writing a story, but there are several copies of it. One copy God keeps, for He tells us in the Bible that a book of remembrance is kept. But there are other copies, too. I wonder if you can guess, where they are written?"

Hazel shook her head.

"One copy is written in the lives of the people about you. Did you

ever think of that? You know that you never meet anyone without influencing that person a little; some people you influence a great deal; but everyone with whom you come in contact is a little better or not quite so good, a little happier or not quite so happy because of you. Don't you see that there is a bit of your story written in each of their lives? We cannot be good without making it a little easier for others to be good, and we cannot do wrong without making it a little harder for others to do right. So you see that, bit by bit, our whole story is written in the lives of those about us."

Hazel's face was very sober. Writing this life story was beginning to seem like a very important responsibility for a little girl.

"And another copy," Aunt Ruth went on, "is written in yourself—in your character. Everything that you do makes you a little different from the girl that you were before; the act, or the thought, or the word, is written in your character; if it is kind and true, then your character will be kinder and truer after it. To-morrow you will not be exactly the same girl that you are to-day. In a year from now you will be quite different. What do you suppose will determine just what kind of a girl you will be then?"

"The kind of a story that I write in my character, between now and then, I suppose," Hazel answered, thoughtfully. "Oh, dear!" she added, "I never thought before that it made so much difference what I did. I didn't know it was all written down. I thought I just did it, and that was the end of it. Are there any more copies, Auntie?"

"Yes dear, there is a copy written in your face. It is written there bit by bit. You know if you feel happy we can tell it by your face; or, if you feel cross, we can tell it by your face. But that is not all. After your face has been covered with smiles or with frowns, the muscles do not go back to just the same place that they were before; ther is a little difference —the feeling that prompted the smile or the frown has been written in your face. After it had been written over and over again a great many times, it grows very plain, so that everybody can read it. You have seen old people whose faces were so peaceful and kind and loving that you knew there was a whole life of kind and loving thoughts and acts written there; and you have seen others, whose faces were so hard and unhappy that you knew they had always been unhappy and selfish."

"Grandma Davis must have done ever and ever so many lovely things to make her face as lovely and kind as it is," Hazel said, after a little silence when she had been thinking deeply. "Yes, she is always doing something for somebody. Oh, dear! I'm afraid my face won't ever look like her's; but I'll try my best not to let any cross words or looks be written anywhere. I'm glad you told me about the stories, Auntie, and I'm truly going to try and remember about them and write the very best story I can."

Aunt Ruth laid her hand on Hazel's head lovingly. "The story that God has planned for you to write is a very beautiful one," she said, "and if you live near to Him, so that He can always direct you, you will write the beautiful story He has planned."—Girls' Companion.

9. Personal testimonies may be borne by teachers and members of incidents where they were led or directed by the Spirit of God.

From Painting by Plockhorst. 1825.

CHRIST BLESSING LITTLE CHILDREN.

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND

Vol. VIII. JUNE, 1909. No. 6.

HEADLONG.

The outer door slammed, the inner one banged, Jip howled, the twins protested, Aunt Nell scolded, and the stairs sounded as if they were being pounded down to the cellar. In the library, Mr. Melrose looked up from his writing, as Hughlon hurled himself into the room. I say hurled advisedly, for he tripped on the door-mat and went in head over heels.

But, before he was up, he was saying in one explosive breath, "Father, I want that money you are keeping for me!"

Mr. Melrose turned with the pen in his hand. "Are you responsible for all that racket down stairs? What ailed Jip?"

"Caught his tail in the door when it shut. He's always under foot."

"Didn't I hear Will and Walter crying?"

"Yes, sir. They're building forts all over the hall, and I knocked one down accidentally."

"What was your Aunt Nell saying?"

"Said I'd smash her new hat. I ran against her on the landing," said the boy, shamefacedly. "I told her I was sorry. I am in a dreadful hurry, father."

"You always are, son. What do you want the money for?"

"Conliss Davenport says his cousin, Ed Twiss, has a splendid bicycle that he's only used three months—he'll sell it for twenty dollars. Corliss is going to Pleasanton early tomorrow morning, and said he would bring the wheel down for me if I wanted him to."

"What make is the wheel?"

"Why, I don't know! Corliss says there are a half dozen after it, but they can't pay cash. You know I've been saving that money six months for that very thing."

"I know you've been saving it for a wheel, and presume you want as good a one as you can get for the money. But you had better see it before you buy; it is not so easy to get it back when you have once paid."

"I'm sure I can take Corliss' word for it," said the boy, confidently. "Besides, I want it to ride on Friday. There are three of us going to

wheel to Hyattville to see the parade. You know I earned the money, father."

"Certainly. I only wanted to be sure that you knew what you were doing." Mr. Melrose unlocked one of the drawers of his desk and took out some bills, saying as he did so, "Well, Headlong, I am afraid that nothing but some sharp lessons will cure you of the 'rash' habit. Perhaps this will be the first of them."

And so, indeed, it proved.

"You are not going over to Davenport's tonight, are you?" queried the really anxious parent. "It's so dark and stormy."

"Right after supper," said Hughlon, thrusting the bills hastily into his pocket.

"Well, if you do, you'd better go round by the road. They've been cutting the township ditch through the east field today; it wouldn't be very comfortable to tumble into that. When I was a boy, Headlong, they taught me two proverbs that I've found it wise to heed. 'Haste makes waste' and 'Look before you leap.'"

"I'll keep south of the ditch—it takes too long to go round. The world moves fast—"

He would have said more, but a warning look from Mr. Melrose told him that the conversation was at an end.

Hughlon's mother protested against his purpose to go to the Davenport's after supper; it was raining heavily, and the darkness was like unto that of Egypt. Hughlon scoffed at staying home for a rainstorm, ridiculed the idea of a lantern, and plunged out into the darkness with the usual impetuosity.

It was really worse than he had supposed, but he dashed on, getting one or two falls before he came to the fence that separated a neighboring field from the Davenport's property. There, keeping his eye on the lights, which he could see dimly through the storm, he turned to the south and ran hastily down a slight incline, clinging to his umbrella with both hands.

"All nonsense my going round by the road! It would take me three times as long, and in this downpour that makes considerable difference. Now I'll be there in three shakes of a sheep's tail! Whoop!"

And then he went—headforemost, as usual—straight into the big township ditch!

It was almost a miracle that no bones were broken and that he was not smothered in the liquid mud.

Sorely damaged, Hughlon scrambled to his feet and tried to climb out, but the sides of the ditch curved under a little. Freshly dug, and slippery with the rain, he could get neither secure hand nor foothold. It seemed almost absurd that with the edge of the ditch almost in reach of his fingers, he could not pull himself out, but such was the case. His efforts succeeded simply in dislodging masses of mud, some of which were so large that he sprang back, fearful that the side of the ditch would cave in.

He tried one side, and then attempted the other with no better success; then he went a few yards up and down, it was impossible to tell which, and made a third trial, which resulted in something worse than failure. A large stone rolled down against his shoulder and upper arm. Hughlon thought at first that either the arm was broken or the shoulder was dislocated, but, finding that he could move them both, realized thankfully that they were only badly bruised.

Nevertheless he could no longer bear any weight on his right hand, and the attempt to climb out had to be abandoned. Wet to the skin and faint with the pain of his injured shoulder, Hughlon leaned against the muddy side of the ditch and began to feel that he would have been wiser to follow his father's advice.

The water in the ditch was half up to his knees, and he presently began to drag himself along, sinking ankle deep in the mud at every step, in a search for the upper end of the ditch, where tile had already been laid. There was no chance of rescue until morning; his parents would suppose that the severity of the storm would induce him to remain with Corliss.

"I might just as well have waited. I could have got over before he started," thought Hughlon, with a sigh. "What Mr. James, the Sunday School superintendent, said about thinking before we act was all right."

His shoulder was aching terribly, and the twinges made it unpleasantly probable that, wheel or no wheel, he would not be able to visit Hyattville with his chums on the coming Friday.

"I've done it this time!" he murmured; and then in a moment, "I believe this old ditch is five miles long."

It was a long ditch, but its length seemed exaggerated to the lad, toiling on through darkness, mud and rain. His journey terminated suddenly. He gave a groan of disappointment. He had reached the end where the men had stopped digging· they had left it of an even depth, and it was as impossible to climb out there as at the side.

This was almost too much to bear. After walking nearly the entire length of the miry ditch, he must now go back to the other end.

He was not the boy to give up, however, and, after a struggle with discouragement and a plea for help, he turned wearily and began the toilsome march back. He did some wholesome thinking when the pain in his bruised shoulder would let him, and finally climbed out over the tile at the upper end of the ditch, more subdued than he had ever been in all his headlong life.

Now arose another difficulty. Turn in what direction he might, there was only darkness impenetrable. Hughlon took a few steps with a caution that was new to him, and stumbled over the roots of a tree.

"It's Mr. Giles' wood lot! It can't be very far in, for they were laying tile there day before yesterday."

He sank down against the tree to rest a moment, finding a little protection from the storm under its thick foliage.

"Mr. Giles' house is the nearest, and I expect they've gone to bed. But I'll have to get them up, for I can't stand this much longer. Wasn't I a dunce not to listen to the folks!"

He found some difficulty in getting to his feet—his right arm was becoming useless—but, once up, and knowing in which direction the tile lay, he had no great trouble in finding his way out from the trees. At last he had the joy of seeing a light once more glimmering through the rain, and bent his faltering steps toward it.

Corliss Davenport turned from the window through which he had been peering out into the darkness, with the remark, "Well, no Hugh this night!"

"Of course not. You certainly didn't expect him in this downpour?" said his mother.

"I certainly did. When Hugh says he'll come, he usually will come or break his neck trying."

"Which he may do some day if he doesn't take care. I never saw anyone so foolishly reckless."

"Why, Hughlon Melrose!"

Pale as a ghost, plastered with mud and dripping with rain, Hughlon had opened the door. He stood on the threshold for a moment, trying to speak, and then fell forward fainting.

When he woke in the morning, stiff, sore, with his shoulder so tender that he could scarcely bear the weight of the sheet on it, Corliss was nearly ready to start on his trip.

I'm sorry to leave you in this fix, Hugh," he said, "but they're expecting me at uncle's, and father will take you home this morning, if you feel able to go; if not, he'll send word. Now, what about the wheel of Ed's?"

"The money's in my pocket," said Hughlon. Corliss handed him the garment, and then came the climax to his fortune adventure. The money was gone! He had thrust it with careless haste into his pocket. In one of his many tumbles it had evidently fallen out. Nor was it much comfort to learn afterwards that the wheel was a heavy, clumsy affair and would have disappointed him greatly, had he succeeded in purchasing it.

Careful search was made in the township ditch by Hughlon's friends, but the bills were never recovered. Perhaps Hughlon had reason to expect an 'I told you so!' from Mr. Melrose, but the matter was not mentioned.

Some months after, when he was consulting with his father in regard to another purchase, that gentleman said to him, "I haven't had to call you 'Headlong' for a long time. Where have you learned this new caution and moderation?"

"In the township ditch," said Hughlon, with a twinkle in his eye. "I paid twenty dollars and a spell of rheumatic fever—likewise a lame shoulder—for the lesson. And I guess it was cheap at the price."—*Mrs. Frank Lee.*

HERBERT BARLOW'S BUSINESS VENTURE.

The morning sun came in pleasantly through the east kitchen window, imparting a reddish-golden tinge to Herbert Barlow's brown hair as he bent low to give a final twist to a refractory nut. He straightened up presently, brushing the dust from his feet, and sat down on a box to survey his completed work. It was the new washing machine which his father had brought up from the freight office the evening before, and he had been putting the parts together.

"She is all ready for business now, mother," he announced, as a thin, rather pale-faced woman appeared at an inner door, bearing a part of the week's washing in her arms. "You just drop in your clothes there, and I'll show you how it works. We'll have this little job over in no time."

Possibly the last statement was a trifle strong, but Herbert applied himself to the crank with an energy which promised to banish dirt from the soiled garments in as short a time as the case would admit.

"It's nothing at all to turn it," the boy declared. "Try it a few times, mother. It's just as easy as—as 'rolling off a log.'"

Mrs. Barlow made the required experiment, and, in the main, agreed with her son.

"It's going to save me a great deal of hard work," she said, "though I did oppose your father when he first talked of sending for it. There are so many ways for money to go."

"This went the right way, I guess," Herbert asserted, stoutly. "I thought when I was putting it together that the principle was correct, though I don't know much about washing clothes. That double arrangement of cogwheels, you see, makes it easy for the operator, and the rubbers inside have a lateral motion, much like the old-fashioned washboard. Hello! what's this?"

Herbert sat down on the box again, unfolding a circular letter which had fallen out of the body of the machine. Mrs. Barlow leaned over his shoulder, following the lines of the engraved heading through her spectacles.

"It's to your father, isn't it?" she inquired.

"Yes. The company wants him to take an agency here. It seems this is the first washer they've sold in this locality, and they want to introduce them. Not a bad commission—forty per cent."

Mrs. Barlow smiled as she began unfastening the lid of the tub to take out the clothes. The idea of the bluff farmer exhibiting washing machines to curious housewives, and giving practical demonstrations of the merits of the contrivance, struck her as comical, for she had a keen sense of humor.

"I hardly think your father could spare time from his farm work," she laughed. "We'll have a bit of sport with him about being an agent,

when he comes in to dinner. Don't you remember what a time he had peddling out those onions in town last year?"

"Said he'd rather eat them all himself than go round to the houses and ask people to buy," chuckled Herbert. "As for me, I wouldn't care, if I had something that was all right, and worth the money I was asking for it. A fellow could put a good face on, now, selling such a machine as that."

"We'll see how the clothes look when we get them on the line first," cautioned Mrs. Barlow. "But, really, I think it is the best thing of the sort I ever have seen. I didn't like the one Jane Addison had, at all."

"It's A No. 1," Herbert affirmed, confidently. "I made up my mind to that when I was studying out the mechanism. If there's any fault, it's that the parts are a little complicated."

Herbert gave considerable thought to the "New Model Washer" the remainder of the day, indeed for several days following. To understand just why and how it interested him, the reader must know a bit more about the boy himself.

Herbert Barlow had been a promising student at the Galton High School for two years now, but it galled his energetic nature that he could not plunge into the heavy farm work the moment the spring term ended. A serious illness, when Herbert was ten years old, had left a chronic weakness, which he was fast outgrowing, but he had to be extremely careful of over-exertion.

"I get ashamed of myself, sitting around, dressed-up, when everybody else is hard at it," he confided to his mother, one day. "I don't believe it would hurt me a mite to buckle in and do my part."

"In another year, perhaps you can," replied Mrs. Barlow, gently. With this anticipation of a better time to come, Herbert had to content himself as best he could.

The agency for the "New Model Washer" appealed to him from the first. The labor would be light, and if not always pleasant, he believed it could be made profitable. Money was not very plentiful with the Barlows, and Herbert's schooling and board in town were considerable items of expense. If he could meet a part of this by his own earnings, it would be no small help.

Mr. Barlow laughed indulgently, when Herbert, with a fine show of enthusiasm, told him of his plan. It was plain to see that he had no faith in his success. Perhaps he was thinking of his own experience with the onions.

"A man must have a 'knack' to make a good agent," Mr. Barlow concluded. "I know I haven't anything of the sort, whatever others may have."

Herbert's first day on the road was not encouraging. He had planned to go over the territory twice, adopting a hint thrown out by the firm in one of their letters. The first time he was to distribute circulars, exhibit and explain the small model, and try, in short, to excite a wholesome interest in the machine. In the second canvass, he was to

take a sample washer with him, showing it in actual operation to such families as seemed at all likely to buy. Thus far, nobody appeared to belong to that very desirable class. Some were too busy to listen to Herbert's rather lengthy description, promising to look over the circulars at their leisure. Others heard him out patiently, but shook their heads as soon as he began talking of selling them a machine.

"I reckon I shall manage to rub out what few clothes we have on a board for a while yet," one woman informed him, and most of the others were presumably of the same opinion.

The next forenoon, Herbert was knocking for the third time at the door of a large white house, when a man, with a straggly, grayish-red beard, accosted him from the shed on the opposite side of the yard.

"Hi, you! you won't get in there," the man said, rather crossly. "Folks is all gone away. What do you want?"

This was not a promising introduction, to be sure, but Herbert carried his satchel across to the shed, and hastened to explain the nature of his business.

"Machines? We don't want no more machines here," the man replied curtly. "Can't keep running what I have. Mowing machine is all out of kelter—won't move a peg—and I counted on starting in haying tomorrow."

Herbert dropped his satchel, and was down on his knees in a trice, examining the mowing machine. Machinery had been his delight ever since he could remember, and he knew more about the principles of mechanics than anyone would have expected of a boy of seventeen. "It's this ratchet, I guess," he announced, after a few minutes' investigation." You see the nut has been put in the wrong side up, and it binds the iron so that it can't play. Give me a wrench, please."

The farmer eyed Herbert curiously, after assuring himself that the machine moved now with perfect ease.

"You seem to be a capable sort of chap," he admitted, grinning broadly, as he thrust a hand into his trousers' pockets and brought up a silver dollar. "Here! The job was worth that to me—and more. Don't be bashful. It was good work, and it's good money."

Herbert protested, but the farmer carried his point, and the coin dropped into the lad's empty pocket. Before the latter left, Mr. Bosworth had very urgently invited him to bring one of his washers for exhibition when the "wimmen folks was home," and Herbert began to feel that things were taking some slight turn for the better. Two families, whom the young agent visited later in the day, expressed a strong interest in the labor-saving invention which he represented, and desired to see it at once.

Herbert believed in striking while the iron is hot. He drove to the three places the following morning, taking his mother's machine, and had the supreme satisfaction of booking three orders before two o'clock.

"I figure ten dollars profit on the lot, after the freight is paid," Herbert said that evening. "Not bad for the first three days, eh?" If the young agent swelled a bit beyond his usual size, with self-importance, we must excuse him under the circumstances.

Herbert met with varying success during the remainder of the summer, but he had faith in the article he was selling, and kept steadily at work. His banner week brought him orders for ten machines. The week following he sold but one, the other weeks anywhere between these extremes.

"A woman down in Hillside hooked the screen door in my face, and threatened to turn the dog loose, if I didn't clear out," Herbert told his mother, when he came home on Saturday night, after a three-days' absence. "She evidently thought I was the most dangerous kind of tramp."

"Why, Herbert!" Mrs. Barlow's tone showed a trace of indignation. Boys are pretty near to a mother's heart. "Some people don't—"

"You see, mother, she doesn't know what she missed," laughed the youthful agent. "She'll go on rubbing out clothes all her life, breaking her back over a washtub, and never dreaming of there being an easier way."

By the time school opened in the fall, Herbert was the proud possessor of considerably over a hundred dollars, which his father estimated would very nearly cover his expenses for the year. The business manager of the "New Model Washer" was loath to let so persevering an agent slip through his fingers and held out strong inducements for Herbert to go on with the business. Once or twice the lad was tempted, but his mother's better counsels prevailed.

"I tell you what, it makes a fellow feel good to think he isn't just chips in the porridge," Herbert declared at the breakfast table one morning. "Now, mother, I want you to take a part of what I'd have spent, and hire somebody to run that machine of yours—other things, too. You work a great deal harder than you ought to—I know that."—*Selected.*

"Last week my brother, a lad of 12, killed a snake which was just in the act of robbing a song sparrow's nest. Ever since then the male sparrow has shown his gratitude to George in a truly wonderful manner. When he goes into the garden the sparrow will fly to him, sometimes alighting on his shoulder, all the while pouring out a tumultuous song of praise and gratitude. It will accompany him about the garden, never leaving him until he reaches the garden gate. George, as you know, is a quiet boy who loves animals, and this may account in a degree for the sparrow's actions."

WHAT WE LEARN IN PRIMARY.

What do we learn in Primary?
We learn to lift our voice in praise,
Of how the Gospel was restored
And given to Saints in latter days.
We learn of Faith in God and man
And of the hope the Gospel gives,
Of a heavenly Father's perfect plan
And love for everything that lives.

We learn the grace of Charity,
And of Repentance for our sins—
That by Baptism we are cleansed
And through it, each Salvation wins.
We must be honest, true and kind,
Obedient to our parents dear,
Oh, many things we there do find
To make us good, pure and sincere.

And after we have older grown
We higher duties may fulfill,
We'll cultivate the seed thus sown,
Be firm, and do the Father's will.
And may we ever bear in mind
That Primary teachers always try,
With love for us, and motives kind,
To point the way to God on high.

When *we* grow up and try to teach
Primary children of each truth,
We'll think of them and grateful be
For lessons we have learned in youth;
We then will realize how well
We have been taught the truth to see,
Our teacher's praises then we'll tell—
And thank God for the Primary.

—*Annie Malin.*

DORRANCE EMERSON, MINUTE MAN.

Dorrance looked up from his book as he heard Mrs. Emerson push open the door from the woodshed, an honestly regretful expression on his face.

"I really did mean to go for the wood myself, mother," he said earnestly, "but I —it was very interesting—and I forgot. If you had only waited a minute or spoken again, or"—

"I did wait several minutes," rejoined Mrs. Emerson, soberly. "And I did speak again—several agains, Dorrance, but each time you asked me to wait a minute. Never mind, dear; it is only one more task added to the many that I have to do daily."

Dorrance shifted uneasily in his chair.

"I don't think you realize, mother," he said, excusingly, "how awfully interesting this book is. My, but I wish I had been one of the boys of '76'! Father time was just like you, though, mamsie, he wouldn't wait for me."

Aunt Lou, who was a granddaughter of a real daughter of the Revolution, came into the kitchen just at that moment, and smiled at Dorrance's whimsical words.

"He couldn't do it, Dorrie," she said, laying her hand on her nephew's shoulder. "Father Time, like the colonists, always have 'minute men'—why, what is the matter, Dorrance?"

For Dorrance, flushed and impatient, had thrown aside his book at her words, and stood facing her.

"Mother says I am always saying 'wait a minute,' and now you—"

Aunt Lou laughed merrily.

"Well," she said, "so you see you are just what you want to be—a minute man, although in a very uncolonial sense. But, Dorrance, during my visit here suppose you learn to be a minute man of '76 variety? Aside from the value to yourself resulting from acquiring the habit of prompt obedience, I will make it decidely worth your while if you succeed in doing this before the nineteenth of April. Is it a bargain?"

And of course it was, wherefore it came about that for four long weeks Dorrance Emerson struggled with his natural disposition to procrastinate, he said that "momentus" ought to replace the syllable "cras," since he never intentionally postponed the doing of any duty longer than a minute, but Aunt Lou silenced that objection by suggesting that if the syllable was changed at all, the Latin word for "always" should be substituted, since putting off doing anything for a minute usually resulted in putting it off forever!

It was not easy to change the habit cultivated for years, but determined effort gradually whittled the words "wait a minute" first down to "wait a—" than to "wa—," until at last Mrs. Emerson felt reasonably sure that she had but to suggest the doing of an errand to have its accomplishment at once began.

And then one morning—one of those mornings when the grass is beginning to show green beneath the snow here and there, and when the air is so soft and pleasant that one knows summer can be only waiting for Father Time to summon her from her visit to the southland—on one of those mornings Aunt Lou smilingly handed Dorrance a package carefully wrapped in tissue.

I say she smiled, but in the smile Dorrance felt sure he saw a tear, and wondered what she could feel like crying about. Then he opened the package.

At first sight the contents did not seem to be of any particular value, but as Dorrance lifted them from the paper he understood what Aunt Lou's smile and tears meant, for her gift was a coat, old fashioned, worn, and torn in many places, and a pair of knee breeches, with tarnished buttons on the knee, and a hat—O, such a hat! three-cornered, and battered, and all but in pieces!

"My great-grandfather—your great-great-grandfather wore them in Lexington," Aunt Lou said, touching the garments reverently. "He was a minute man, Dorrance. My grandmother told me that the summons to go to Concord came to him while he was in the field with his oxen, plowing, and that without waiting even to unyoke the oxen he ran to the house—the house where your father and I were born so many years afterward, and which I hope you may go to visit some time—and caught his musket, kissed his wife, and that little grandmother of ours, and started on foot for the town, ten miles away. Part of the way he ran, so eager was he to get there in time. And he did arrive in time, Dorrance, he did, helping thus to save this dear land of ours."

"Did he ever fight again?"

Aunt Lou shook her head. Someway the lapse of time since that first Patriot's Day seemed very short just then, and for a moment Aunt Lou found it difficult to speak.

"He was injured very severely that day," she said, at last, "but he had proved that he was willing to give his time, and his life, if necessary, for others. He never wore the clothes again, and they have always been considered the property of the oldest son, though never taken away from the old house. Still, they really belong to you. And you may invite the boys here today, I am sure, to see them. Don't disgrace them, Dorrance, today or ever. I am sure you will not, for you have shown that real minute man stuff is in you, and that you can be depended upon to act quickly, regardless of your own convenience and preferences. One learns to be good citizens, Dorrance, by quick obedience rendered to one's mother and teachers. With that a habit he'll never fail to respond to the call of state and country."

And then, while Aunt Lou carefully placed the garments in a large box, so that they might easily be seen, Dorrance went to invite the boys to see the clothes once worn by a real minute man of '76.—*Selected.*

THE TRANSFORMATION OF FEAR.

Some one had foolishly told the Little Child a terrifying story. With great, frightened eyes she came running to bury her head in her mother's lap. "Bogy-man get her,' she wailed, "bogy-man come and catch her quick."

She was so little that she could not be made to understand. Comfort, reassurance availed nothing. "Bogy-man live in the dark, and come catch Baby." Over and over she screamed it. She would not enter a darkened room, and, although she had slept in the dark from her birth, the light now must be burning, or she could not get to sleep.

The mother was sorely puzzled. The situation grew worse instead of better, and at last quite unexpectedly, the Big Child came to the Little Child's assistance.

"Let me fix it, mother," she said; "I can get her out of that."

Curiously the mother watched to see the child solve a problem which had caused older heads much anxiety.

The next morning, before breakfast, a cheerful voice was heard.

"Come on, Baby—et's play bogy-man.'

"No—no—no!" screamed the frightened baby.

"All right, then," said the older sister, "I'm going to have packs of fun playing bogy-man by myself."

She paid no further attention to the baby, but sat down on the polished stairs, and began a merry tattoo with her heels.

Housewifely instinct arose. "Don't mar the stairs with your feet," was on mother's tongue, but something bade her wait.

The tattoo kept up, beating time to the chant, "Mr. Bogy-man come and catch Mr. Papa; Mr. Bogy-man come and catch Mrs. Mamma; Mr. Bogy-man come and catch Big Sister; Mr. Bogy-man come and catch Miss Baby!"

Then the whole thing over again, while the baby stood silent with quivering lip. Over again, and yet again. The baby grew interested in spite of her fears, and edged up closer. After a few more repetitions she sat bravely down on the stair beside her sister, and very soon two pairs of heels were beating time, two voices were gayly chanting the fearsome tale of the bogy-man. That was the end of the Little Child's daytime fear.

"What shall we do at night?" asked the mother of the Big Child, with a sincere desire to learn.

"You let me fix it, mother," came again the reassuring reply.

At bedtime, when the light was put out, the fright began as before. The baby cried and screamed. Suddenly, in the intervals between her screams, she heard a giggle from the next bed.

"Move over," said the Big Child, climbing into the crib, and putting her arms around the still sobbing little one. "You lie down and Sister will play with you. Let's play Little Pigs." by and by,

"Let's play, 'Go Tell Aunt Nabby.'" A little later: "Let's play, "Mr. Bogy Man Come.'"

Very soon the two were lying side by side in the dark, clapping their hands and chanting, "Mr. Bogy-man come and catch Miss Baby," and not long after the Little Child was asleep. The Big Child climbed out quietly, and came to her mother. Every one felt that the difficulty had been solved.

"Mother," said the Big Child thoughtfully, "I've had to do that for myself."

"Do what, dear?"

"Play myself out of being scared at things."—Grace Duffield Goodwin.

A STRING OF BERRIES.

The stalwart Indian, Lightning Eyes, and his son trod the ground across country in silence but with quick tread. It was a warm spring day, and the bright paint shone on their high cheek bones in the mid-day sun. They carried in their hands long strings of bright red berries, which they were going to exchange at the nearest town for the richly colored beads they loved so well.

"Paleface like berries," said Lightning Eyes, suddenly looking down on his stalwart son, who had that day shot an arrow farther than the sons of the other chiefs.

"They give wampum and beads for them and perhaps other pretty things, too," replied his son, with a short grunt of delight.

"Yonder lies the market," said Lightning Eyes, stooping to tie his moccasins more tightly. "It is there we sell the berries that the little squaw has put on long straws for us. See, the juice runs from them now!"

"Next time, squaw put berries in big basket," said the son of the chief, "and cover with great leaves to keep sun off."

Lightning Eyes did not reply, but his eyes glittered, for they were nearing the town, and many white people calling themselves Puritans and dressed in simple, severely-made garments, were gathered in the market place, and were bartering and buying baskets and blankets from the Indians already assembled there.

"Here! Fine, fresh, ripe, red berry!" called Lightning Eyes, hoarsely, to the palefaces, holding up the berries hung on long, yellow straws. "Good to eat," and he took a mouthful of them to show that they were not poisonous. "Squaw get plenty more," he added to a man in a cocked hat who carried a loaded musket over one shoulder.

"Here, do let me see them," said a sweet-faced maiden, coming up to the brawny Indian whom she had seen many times before.

"Eat!" commanded the son of the chief.

Timidly, the maiden tasted them, and found them good.

"Where did you get them?" she asked him.

"In field near wigwam," was the reply.

"Come and taste these delicious berries," called the Puritan maid to her sister. "They are strung on straws, you see. Who would have thought of such a way to carry them but an Indian? They show off so well, too."

"What kind of berries are they?" questioned another sister.

Lightning Eyes shrugged his great shoulders.

"I should call them strawberries," laughed the first Puritan maiden.

From that day to this the name has clung to them,—at least, thus is the pretty legend.—*Annie J. Ballard.*

THE LITTLE KING.

Once upon a time there was a king who was a little boy. I can't tell you his real name; possibly it was the same as yours or that of some little boy you know. Anyhow, nobody called him by it. Long since the people of his kingdom—Nursery Land—had given him a nickname (such as some of the kings have in your history book); King "Bother"—that's what they called him! For, whenever he was asked to do or think of anything but play or pleasure, that was what he said.

Naturally his kingdom was not so happy and peaceful as it might have been; and his people would have loved him more if he had been willing to take a little trouble to please them. But they tried to make excuses for him, because he was "so young." Certainly, it was not so very long since he had been called "King Baby"—he was only five.

A few days after the grand celebration of that fifth birthday, when the little king was resting upon his throne in a listless attitude (not having altogether got over the effects of too much birthday cake), one of his courtiers approached him, not in his usual calm manner, but a hurried and flurried one.

"If you please—oh, if you please, your Majesty," he gasped, "they are coming—they are coming!"

The little king jumped to the conclusion that the Court Physician (having heard about the birthday cake) had arrived at the palace, with an assistant—it always took two people to give the king a powder. His voice trembled slightly as he said:

"Who are coming!"

"The enemy—the enemy!" stammered the courtier. "Or—or perhaps I should say 'enemies.' They've joined together, you see, your Majesty—the Alphabet Army, the Figure Force, and goodness knows what else, in the name of 'Lessons'!"

"Oh, bother!" exclaimed the little king, intensely relieved to find that it was not the Court Physician with a powder. "Is that all? Let

them come! . . . I sha'n't trouble my head about them! . . . . Don't worry me!"

"But, your Majesty," pleaded the courtier, "they are so near! In a few days they will land! In all probability the battle will commence next Monday morning. (These people, I am told, nearly always commence their battles on a Monday.) And if your Majesty should not be ready—"

"Oh, bother!" said the little king, again, but angrily this ti ne. "You can do the arranging and the fighting. I can't be bothered. I never have been, you know," he added, yawning, and stretching himself.

Well, the following Monday the battle commenced, as the courtier had foretold; and the king, without taking any active part in it, looked on calmly. He had to do that, or his people would have grown really angry with him. But as time went on he became less calm. His enemies were undoubtedly conquering; and though he didn't much mind which side won at first, he began to feel it was not pleasant to be beaten.

At last one morning, at the close of a losing battle, the king sank down upon his throne, with a sigh, and for some minutes appeared to be thinking deeply. Then he looked up, and, calling a courtier, commanded that a Wise Man should be brought to him.

The Wise Man was old; it was difficult to believe he had ever been a little boy, but he had, and he remembered it. He looked very kindly down into the face of the little king, who had asked his advice about conquering his enemies—whether they could be conquered.

"Yes, your Majesty," he answered, with a smile, "they can. But I fear you will not be pleased when I tell you how."

"Never mind!" said the little king, eagerly. "Tell me!" Then, as a slight cloud came over his face: "Would it be a bother?"

"Well, I am afraid it would seem so, a little just at first," replied the Wise Man, gently. "But it would soon get easy. . . . You yourself would have to take an active part in the battle—not merely look on. Lead your army; that would give your people courage! Think hard, fight hard! If you did this, you would be able to conquer your enemies and shut them up in your strongest castle—"

"Castle Memory!" interrupted the little king.

"Yes," said the Wise Man. "So that they could never trouble you any more!"

"That would be splendid!" cried the little king. "I—I—" stammering, and turning very red in the face—"Do you know, I think I've been a—coward!"

"I think so, too," agreed the Wise Man, and the Court trembled at his daring. But the little king wasn't at all angry, for his interest was awakened.

"I think it will be fun!" he cried, jumping up and prancing about as though already engaged in a hand-to-hand combat. "I must have a sword!"

"Certainly," said the Wise Man, smiling again. "I know of an

excellent sword-shop, and will conduct your Majesty thither at once, if your Majesty pleases."

His Majesty did please, and forgetful of kingly dignity, walked hand-in-hand with the Wise Man to the sword-shop. It was a very interesting place, there were so many swords there—of all sorts and sizes, each owning a different name, engraved on its blade or hilt. The king lifted one, a handsome silver sword, so small and light, easy to lift and carry, with the words "Try a Little" (the Wise Man told him the names, for he had not yet learned to read) upon its hilt. The little king eyed it lovingly, and said that he thought he would buy that.

"I should scarcely like to recommend it, begging you Majesty's pardon," said the shopkeeper. "It's very pretty to look at, easy to handle, but it wouldn't be much use. Ah, that's better, your Majesty!" as the little king lifted another sword, much bigger, with a steel blade; a plain hilt, instead of an engraved one; with its name in plain instead of fancy letters: "Try Hard."

"Oh, no," began the little king, "that's much too ugly and heavy." Then, as he saw the Wise Man looking very disappointed, he added, quickly: "Yes, I will buy this one! I dare say, if I try hard, I can manage it!"

And then the Wise Man smiled, and the shopkeeper smiled, and somehow the little king felt happier than he had ever felt before.

When he went to battle at the head of his army the next day, he held the good sword "Try Hard" in his hand. It seemed rather heavy just at first, but he soon got used to it, and fought with it so bravely and successfully that, by degrees, all his enemies were safely imprisoned in "Castle Memory," so that they could never trouble him again. And the little king was very glad after all that those enemies had come into his kingdom, because they had made him do something that was difficult to do, something to be proud of, something that made him feel almost as clever and important as a man.

Moreover, he had gained the love of his people, who gave up calling him King "Bother," for he, of course, had given up saying that when he had given up being a coward.

And that is just the way you can conquer your enemies, which nowadays are called "Lessons;" just as the little king did with his sword "Try Hard," that he persevered with and did not mind how it hurt his hand. By and by it grew easier to manage and he got the best of first one enemy and then another; but he had to keep on fighting for a long time to do this, and did not shirk or cry or play the coward any more.

Now, what do you suppose this all means? The enemies were the lessons that he had to learn every day, and the little king was only a lazy boy who made up his mind to try hard to do his best.—*Selected.*

HOW TERRY USED HIS CHANCES.

Terry Dempster and a good many of the other boys were on their way to school. They passed the first fruit stall at the corner. Terry said "Good morning" to the woman who kept it. He was glad Will Mace stopped to buy bananas, because he liked to look at her.

She gave Will the bananas, and, while he was putting them into his schoolbag, she held out his change. Terry took it for him. One of the pennies he shoved across the counter. "She was giving you a cent to much," he exclaimed to Will as he handed him the others.

"You are good at arithmetic, sonny," said Will. 'A penny isn't very much of a mistake."

"Not if you are an Italian, anyway," agreed Terry, "and aren't used to changing money in English."

A big red apple had rolled off the stall and along the street until it had turned the corner. Terry picked it up and ran back with it.

"You might have taken that with you," said Will. "Nobody would have seen."

Terry laughed. He did not seem to think that Will expected any other answer.

Two or three days later Terry was playing croquet at recess. The game was getting very exciting. Terry's ball was in a bad position.

"You can move it out from the hedge, Terry," said one of the boys who was looking on. "Wait. Let me show you."

"Not so far as that I cannot," cried Terry. "That is very far!"

"O, yes, you can," said the big boy, easily. "You're all right now. Go ahead."

"It's more than a mallet's length," said Terry, measuring. "I was sure it was." He moved the ball back six inches and tried for his wicket. He missed it. He lost the game.

"Isn't it a pity," said the big boy, "that you can't cheat a little at croquet just for sport?"

"I don't think it is," said Terry. "It wouldn't be any fun if it wasn't fair."

"Don't you like to win?"

"Yes, when it's real," said Terry.

One day when school was out Terry had got almost to the corner where the fruit-stand was. Suddenly he stopped short in dismay. "O, I'll have to go back! I left my copybook. Miss Stone said I was to copy over at home the page I blotted so much."

"Tell her you forgot it," said Bobby Price.

"But only for half a block," said Terry. "That wouldn't satisfy her, I guess."

"I guess not," said Bobby. And he didn't say another word.

Three weeks and the months went by until the first school term was over and the second had begun. One Saturday afternoon Mrs.

Dempster came home from downtown and hunted through the house for Terry. "What do you think Miss Stone told me?"

"What?" asked Terry, who regarded Miss Stone as the most beautiful and delightful young lady in all the town.

"She said she liked to have my boy for a pupil. She thought the other boys were learning from him to be more honorable."

"I guess Miss Stone didn't mean me," he said. "I don't see how she could have meant me, because I can't remember ever being honorable before the other boys. I haven't had any chance."—*Selected.*

THE KING AND THE BOY.

King Edward, who has recently been at Marienbad, taking the cure, was one day having tea in the Cafe Bellevue Gardens with a party of friends. A small boy, with bare brown legs and a head covered with curls, was playing about in charge of his nurse. He was attracted by the king's smile, which comes readily for children, and drew near the royal table.

His majesty smilingly offered him a piece of cake, whereupon, becoming suddenly shy, the little boy took to his heels and scampered away.

The king laughed softly. But as he knows a good deal about child nature, he placed the plate with the cake on it invitingly near the edge of the table, and presently "Curly Head" came haltingly back. His majesty again extended the plate. This time the boy took it.

"Thank you!" said he.

The king bowed with the utmost gravity.

Then, resting the plate on the king's knees, the boy ate the cake with appetite, even stooping scrupulously to pick up and eat a rather large crumb which had fallen at his majesty's feet.

When the last crumb had disappeared, he placed the plate on the table. "Thank you!" he said again.

"Most welcome," returned the king, holding out his hand.

The boy took it, quite unconscious that he was shaking hands with England's sovereign, and ran off to his embarrassed and horrified nurse without a backward glance. But when the king was leaving the gardens the boy spied him, and remembered that he had broken bread with him. With all his little might he chased his majesty's retreating figure.

"Good-bye!" he panted. "The cake was fine."

His majesty's hand rested for an instant on the curly head.

"Good-bye!" he said. And those who witnessed the little scene say that it was a father's and not a king's smile that accompanied the words.—*Selected.*

A HERD OF BUTTERFLIES.

"Well," said Nannie, as she examined closely a small, brown object on one of the willow trees near the lake, "that is the very largest cocoon I ever saw."

It was a large cocoon. It was at least two inches long and an inch thick, and of a pale, grayish-brown color.

"I'm going to take it home and see what comes out of it. It will surely be a huge butterfly." And she stripped it from the twig and put it in her pocket.

"Why, there's another," she said. "I'm going to take it too. Why, there are dozens! They are on all the willows. I'm going to take them all. Maybe I could get enough to make a silk dress. They look like silkworm cocoons, only larger. Or I might have a herd of butterflies or—or"—

She ran along the shore of the lake, gathering the cocoons from the bare twigs, and putting them in her apron, until it was almost as full as it would hold. Then she took them home and put them—at least half a peck of cocoons—in the shed room upstairs, and forgot all about them.

One night the next spring, she was awakened by a curious noise in her room. It was a flapping, rustling, bumping noise, that made her draw the clothes over her head as quick as a wink.

"Oh, what shall I do?" she whispered, her heart thumping wildly against her side. The least frightful thing of which she could think was a bat, and that was quite enough to terrify a small girl who was very much afraid of bats.

"There must be a dozen," she thought, as she listened to the thumping and rustling. She slept upstairs alone, too far away to call anyone; and she was too frightened to think of getting up to see what the matter was; so she lay trembling, until, finding that the creatures had no intention of molesting her, she finally fell asleep.

When she awoke in the morning the sun was streaming in at the window; and, fluttering in the golden light, were twelve big, beautiful butterflies. With a little shriek, Nannie covered her head again, sure she must be dreaming. After a little she peeped cautiously out, and seeing the butterflies still there, she stole to the window for a closer look. They were magnificent creatures, with velvety bodies over an inch long and a half inch in thickness; and the handsomely marked wings of the largest must have measured six inches from tip to tip.

At first Nannie could not think where they had come from. Then she remembered the cocoons. The warm spring weather had brought some of the butterflies out; the door between the shed room and Nannie's had sprung ajar in the night, as it had a trick of doing; and the pretty creatures had fluttered in, attracted by the fresh air from the open window. Nannie ran and called the family to admire her treasures.

"I thought maybe I should have a herd of butterflies; and I have,

haven't I, father?" said she, as she explained how they came there.

"A herd of butterflies!" shouted her brother Poppy, derisively.

"Never mind," said father, seeing Nannie's lip begin to quiver. "Perhaps your learned brother will give us the right word."

"Why, a flock—no, a-a"—said Poppy, stammering and growing red, "a swarm—aw, I don't know," he added, disappearing down the banister as the quickest way out of a difficulty.

"However, they are not properly butterflies, but moths," said father. "Do you remember the large, green worms that were so numerous last summer "

"O father," said Nannie with a shudder, "did these beautiful things come from those hideous worms?"

"They did, indeed. They are the moths of what is sometimes called the American silkworm."

"I suppose I ought to let them go," said Nannie reluctantly. "They will beat themselves to death against the screen." And she raised it, slowly, so that they could get out.

"I can't like worms," she continued with a sigh, as the lovely moths floated out one by one into the spring sunshine; "after this I'll try to remember that the ugliest worms sometimes make the most beautiful butterflies."

"And sometimes the plainest, commonest-looking people have the loveliest souls," said father. "Some day they will blossom out as these moths have done. Some children, too, are like grubs. Often the dullest and most unattractive develop wonderfully as they grow up; especially if they have the right surroundings and a little help," he added musingly. He was thinking of some very unpromising specimens of boyhood and girlhood among his own childish playmates, that had since become graceful, accomplished, and even famous men and women.

Nannie looked up with a question in her brown eyes. It was easy to believe that plain, common people might grow beautiful in some glorious hereafter; she had known that before; but that the poor and despised among her own schoolmates might grow into something lovely, and that one might help the process, was a new idea.

"There's Nellie Peters," she said thoughtfully. "She's the shabbiest, plainest, most awkward girl in our class—the only plain, awkward, shabby one," she added, with a saucy twinkle in her pretty eyes. "She's very bright and sweet-tempered; but she's so shy and stiff that we can't get on with her. The girls did try to be nice to her; but I suppose she felt that it was an effort, and because they were sorry for her; and now she is left out of everything. She didn't even go to our last class picnic.

"No one was invited, father," continued Nannie, flushing a little under his glance of astonished disapproval. "We all went, as a matter of course; and we were glad she didn't go. She does look so! We were saying only yesterday that she is a disgrace to the class. Her hair is always frowsy and her shoe laces in knots,and her sleeves ripped. I don't believe she needs to be so untidy because they are poor. I

suppose she thinks nobody cares how she looks. I truly like her, and perhaps if I could make her feel it"—

Then she broke off with a gay little laugh as the last butterfly floated out to take its place in the grand pageant of spring.

"I'm not going to pick any more cocoons from trees, father. I'll pick Nellie Peters. She is such a big cocoon, one will be enough."

Late in August, Nannie invited a little friend to spend the day and go boating in the evening. She presented her to the family as Nellie Peters.

"Was your young friend the Nellie Peters about whom you were telling me last spring?" asked father, the next morning. "She has a remarkably, bright, sweet face, and a pleasant manner; and I'm sure she was quite as well dressed as you are." How could father know that the dainty dress was a five-cent lawn; and that with a little help, Nellie had made it herself?

"You should have seen her last spring, father," said Nannie, with an arch smile. "She is beginning to blossom out; and I think she is going to be the loveliest butterfly in the herd."—Mary M. Park.

HOW THE LORD TOOK CARE OF HIS ELDERS.

One stormy night in the land of Wales two "Mormon" Elders were trudging along a lonely country road in search of a place to lie down and rest for the night. It was bitter cold—the snow clung to their shoes as they walked; and they were very hungry, for they had not had anything to eat for two days.

At last far in the distance, they say a light, so they walked on faster and faster, until they found themselves on the outskirts of a village, right at the door of a grocery store. They told the storekeeper who they were, and asked him if he would buy some tracts, or if he would give them something to eat or a bed for the night. He replied that he did not want to know anything about the "Mormons" and that for them he had neither food nor lodging, so they might as well try their luck at some other place.

Then they walked off down the street to a shoemaker's shop. where several men sat around a warm fire talking as they worked. Here the Elders warmed their hands and feet but of course these men had nothing to eat at the shop so the Elders went out into the night very, very hungry and much discouraged.

A barn that stood close to the roadside seemed to offer them shelter for the night, so making a hole in the straw, they crawled in and tried to go to sleep. Soon they heard footsteps outside the barn. They lay very still and listened and then someone called out very loud. "Hallo, you in there come out of that barn." The Elders thought they were going to be arrested for tramps, so they lay quiet and did not answer a word. Then the man outside called again, so at last

they got up out of the straw and asked him to kindly leave them alone as they had no place to sleep for the night. "If you will come with me," said the man, "I will give you a good supper and a warm bed."

At first the Elders could hardly believe him, then they left the barn and followed him to his home, where they found waiting for them a good, hot supper, a warm fire and a comfortable bed.

It turned out that the man of the house was a Mr. Jones the owner of the store the Elders went to first on entering the village.

Do you want to know how all this came about? How the man found the Elders in the barn? Well, I will tell you. While they were at the shoemakers' shop a girl called for some shoes. Now it happened that she was a dear friend of the daughter of Mr. Jones the grocery-man. On her way home, she stepped in to see her friend and told her about the poor Elders, so hungry and cold. Miss Jones could not get them out of her mind. When her friend went home she sat thinking about them for a long time. When she went to bed she could not get warm herself, but shivered and shook although her room was heated. Not being able to sleep, she got up and persuaded her father to send her brother after the Elders; and he, led by the Spirit of the Lord, went straight to the barn and brought them home.

In this strange way the Lord took care of his Elders, preaching the Gospel abroad in a far-away country.—A. B. Tibby, Ensign Stake.

"I thank thee, Lord, for a brain to think,
And a will to dare and do;
For a heart which may give my fellow man
A love that is strong and true;
For a spirit that is but the breath of God,
And is new when the world is old
I yield them all to Thyself, dear Lord,
They are Thine to have and hold.

Only use them, Lord, in Thy shaping hand
For an end that Thine eye can see,
As day by day Thou art fashioning
Thy child to be more like Thee.
Let Thine image shine from my faithful heart
As a light over life's rough way,
That others may find it an easier path,
And be led to a perfect day."

GIRLS' DEPARTMENT

TWO GIRLS.

There was a girl who always said
  Her fate was very hard;
From the one thing she wanted most
  She was always debarred.
There always was a cloudy spot
  Somewhere within her sky;
Nothing was ever quite just right,
  She used to say, and sigh.

And yet her sister, strange to say,
  Whose lot was just the same,
Found something pleasant for herself
  In every day that came.
Of course, things tangled up sometimes,
  For just a little while;
But nothing ever stayed all wrong,
  She used to say, and smile.

So one girl sighed and one girl smiled,
  Through all their lives together;
It didn't come from luck or fate,
  From clear or cloudy weather.
The reason lay within their hearts,
  And colored all outside;
One chose to hope and one to mope,
  And so they smiled and sighed. —*Selected.*

THE GIRL WHO IS SHY.

The girl who is shy is not necessarily bashful or ill at ease in her manners. There is a shyness that is largely on the surface, and it is experienced by those who have not had the opportunity of meeting many people, and so do not feel altogether sure of themselves. With increasing social opportunities and experience, this wears away, often leaving not the slightest trace behind. There is another and deeper shyness that is harder to overcome.

The girl who suffers from this is often misunderstood by her acquaintances, for she is apt to have a quiet self-possession that they mistake for pride or haughtiness. She herself cannot explain the feeling that takes possession of her when she meets new people, or when,

by any chance, she is put into a position of prominence. Her manners may be perfect in their ease and grace, but somewhere within is a shrinking, a shyness, that is painful in its intensity. With the friends who have found their way into her heart, she is charming, and there is not a trace of the inner feeling that so often troubles her. But let a stranger seek admission, and up goes at once the strange, invisible barrier. She may welcome the offered friendship; she may not want to raise the barrier; she may look wistfully across it, but there it is, to be broken down only by a mighty effort of the will.

As a rule, the advances toward a new friendship should be mutual, each going half way. But some girls, who afterward prove to be delightful friends, find it almost impossible to do this, because of the strange shyness that lurks deep in their hearts, far below mere manners. They should make a strenuous effort to overcome this, for it is likely to cost them many friendships that would be both pleasant and helpful. On the other hand, those who seek a closer intimacy than that of mere acquaintanceship should not be discouraged if their first advances are not received as they would like to have them. What is worth winning is worth working for, and the shy girl's friendship, though hard to gain, is likely to prove true and lasting.

Not long ago the daughter of a wealthy family of my acquaintance, who had been away at school, returned to take her place in her parents' beautiful home. She was accomplished, well educated, and had charmingly simple and unaffected manners, combined with perfect ease and self-possession. Many homes were at once thrown open to her, yet she made few friends.

The new-comer was being discussed one day in my hearing by another girl, bright, clever and popular, but a girl who had to earn her own living.

"I'd like so much to get acquainted with Katherine Barclay," she said, "but I don't seem to make any headway. I suppose she doesn't care for the friendship of a poor girl like myself, when she can have so many rich friends."

"Don't think that for an instant!" exclaimed one of the girls, who was a friend of Katherine's. "Such a thought would never cross Katherine's mind. I know she doesn't make friends easily, but it is because she is shy."

"Shy?" echoed the girl, incredulously.

"I know that she isn't shy in the ordinary acceptance of the term, for she has the ease of manner that comes from careful training and constant association with people of refinement. At the same time, she is shy at heart, and it requires a real effort on her part to go about in society and meet new people, as she is expected to do. It is too bad, for it gives many the impression that she is indifferent, or even unfriendly, which is not true at all."

There are many girls who suffer from the same misunderstanding. The girl who makes friends easily should be very careful how she condemns another as proud or indifferent, for the latter may be

looking with longing eyes across the barrier of her own shyness, which she would gladly break down, if she but knew how to go about it.—Alice T. Griggs.

QUEEN OF THEM ALL.

If the queen of the Home Fairies was to be elected by ballot, we should cast our votes for the girl who does the little extras that no one else cares to do, and accepts the small inconveniences, and discomforts quite as if they belonged to her. If the grocer does not come with the vegetables for dinner, or the bread gives out, it is she who is sent hurrying to the grocery or bakery. If there is company to dinner she waits on the table and does not seem to mind if the steak has grown cold and the ice-cream has melted before she gets around to her own meal. Her work is not showy. It is too piecemeal to make a display, but there is no work that counts more in adding to the comfort of home. The girl who fills in the chinks and looks after the odds and ends, is sure of our vote for Queen of the Home Fairies.

There are some girls who never seem to find it too much trouble to do nice things for the home folks,—more trouble, that is, than to do the same things for outsiders. And there are others who do not take this peculiar view. If there is company to supper they are particular to have on a clean shirt waist and fresh ribbons, but they consider it too much trouble to "fix up" for father and mother. And so with everything else, big and little.

A girl of this latter sort dropped into a friend's one rainy afternoon just in time to get a needed lesson. One of the daughters of the house had called her brothers and sisters down to the sitting-room "for a treat," and they were sitting in an expectant group when the visitor made her appearance. A moment later the kitchen door opened and the small cook came in carrying a tray on which were cups of steaming chocolate. After she had distributed these she hurried back for a plate of warm gingersnaps, also her own manufacture.

"How nice!" cried the caller, sipping her chocolate. "But how funny to take so much trouble just for your own folks!"

The other girl looked as if this were a new idea. "Why, it isn't trouble," she said. "Not if you do it for your own folks, you know."

And if that belief could be rooted in the hearts of every girl there would be more happy homes and more happy workers in them.

A writer to the Woman's Home Companion calls our attention to the fact that there is nothing more fascinating to a girl than a cooking-class. Do not have your class too large, Six is about the right number. Get some good woman who is famous as a cook for the instructor, and have one lesson a week. You will find among your friends women who will gladly give this help to a class of intelligent girls. A good way to begin is by a course of bread-making. Quite as valuable are lessons in roasting and boiling meats, and preparing and cooking vegetables. It is said that not one cook in twenty knows how to properly boil a potato.

I know a home where there are several girls of various ages. One is very handsome, and much admired. Another is accomplished; plays and sings well, and shines in company. A third is literary. But there is one, neither so attractive nor so popular as her sisters, who is the most beloved and the most valued. Bright, sensible, genial, she is the light of her home, and her mother's right hand. She is always neat and well-dressed, yet seems ever busy, and ready to turn her hand and her mind to anything. Is there some sewing, or mending, or tidying wanted? She does it. Do untimely visitors call? "Oh, I'll go." Is there any household difficulty to overcome, or advice needed? "Oh, I'll manage." The brothers say, "She's the kind of a sister to have." Do you wonder at my calling her "the flower of the flock?" She is my favorite of them all, and happy will be the man, I say, who gets her as his helpmate for life.—Selected.

A PAPER DOLL HOUSE.

Lots of children are getting heaps of fun out of making a doll house out of a scrap album. A large album is bought for about twenty-five cents, and then the fun begins of fixing up the home. The book is spread open, and on the two pages a piece of colored paper four inches deep is pasted for a carpet. Arranged on the rest of the pages are different articles of furniture cut from house furnishing books or advertisements. Every room from garret to cellar is suitably furnished in this way. Not only chairs, tables and necessary things are included. but the rooms are made beautiful with all kinds of ornaments and pictures.—Selected.

THE BEST TIME.

By Frank Walcott Hutt

To-morrow's people lose their way
So often through to-day,
Because they overlook, I fear
The roads of Now and Here,
And let the little mniutes fly,
Through all the paths of By-and-by.

"There's time enough," they say, and so,
You see, the first they know
The very best time—that's to-day—
Has softly run away;
And Wait-a-while and Lots-of-time
Have, oh, so many hills to climb!

To-day and Much-to-do are worth
The treasures of the earth;
And all their busy people, too,
Are such a happy crew.
Let's shun the sadness of Delay,
And find the gladness of To-day.

BOYS' DEPARTMENT

THE SUN CURVE IN THE SKY.

Get a smooth piece of board, say ten inches square. Get a sheet of ruled paper and a piece of stiff cardboard about three inches long and a half an inch wide. Fasten this card to the edge of the board with a tack. Place the board in a sunny window just before 12 o'clock and mark the place so that you can always place in the same position every day. Lay the sheet on the board so that the first ruled line touches the card board.

At exactly 12 o'clock place the the board so that the shadow of the card will cover the first ruled line. Just on the minute of 12 mark the top of the shadow on the ruled line with a dot in ink. Do this every day at exactly 12 o'clock, using the next ruled line. Cloudy days skip a line. Mark the shadow on the ruled line for twenty days or longer, if there are more lines.

When all are marked, join all the dots together by an inked line, and you will see that the line is bent or curved. This curved line shows the curve in the sky the sun follows as the season changes. —Charles Barnard.

A CLUB WORTH WHILE.

Several things had happened of late that had set the boys to thinking, and when, that morning, their Sabbath-school teacher had urged them to work, as well as to learn, they had looked at each other and nodded their heads.

"Nearly all of you are Latter-day Saint boys," he had said. "Why should you not be doing active Latter-day Saint's work?"

That certainly had seemed reasonable, and it did not look particularly difficult, when Brother Blair was talking about it, but when they began to lay plans it was another matter.

"We might have a club, and thrash the boys that swear," suggested Edward, doubtfully.

But, Paul, who always looked before he leaped, remarked that some of the boys that would have to be thrashed were pretty big, and Herbert remarked that he didn't know that thrashing was a Latter-day Saint duty, anyway. "But the club is a good idea, though," said Paul, who saw that Edward looked disappointed. "We might get it started, and then decide afterwards what it is to do."

So, with the help of two other boys, and three of the mothers, the club was organized. Edward was chosen president, because he had

been the first to make the suggestion; Paul was made secretary, because his mother wrote stories, and it was supposed that he could keep records; Herbert was elected treasurer on general principles; Richard and Louis constituted a committee on bylaws, and little Nahan was H. T. M., or Honorable Trusted Messenger, because his legs, although short, were amazingly swift and willing. Their badge was an enameled pin of purple, edged with gold, to match their motto, "Live pure, speak the truth, right the wrong."

"Now, then, what shall we do?" asked Herbert as he munched at one of Mrs. Hale's good pop-corn balls that had been made in honor of the first meeting.

"I know of some work," said Mrs. Everett, promptly. "I have been wishing for a good while that some one would do this very thing. You know how hard it is to be sick, and to have to stay in bed, even when you have your mothers and all of your friends to amuse you. But think of poor children whose own folks have to be away at work, and who haven't any books or things of their own with which to amuse themselves. You can think how long the days must be to them. Well, if you could buy some things to give them a happy summer, I think it would help to right the wrong in the world a little, at least."

"We might make things to sell," suggested Edward.

"There's my new carpenter's bench, and we have a lot of tools. Couldn't we use those?" asked Paul.

Mrs. Hale said she would furnish boards for anything they would make, and so, after much discussion, they settled upon their plans. They began with easy things,—wooden paddles for stirring cake and jam. But no one who has not made such a thing can guess how much accuracy is required in shaping it, nor how much care and patience in making it perfectly smooth.

"My mother wants a cake-stirrer," said Herbert, at the next meeting.

"So does mine," said Edward.

"And mine, too."

It loked as if there was going to be a boom in paddles, and they all worked with a will. But cake-stirrers get to be monotonous after a while, and by the time the ninth one was smoothed off and carefully laid in the box, the boys were ready for something else. So, Richard and Louis joined their energies in making a hanging bookshelf, for Mrs. Hale had found some handsomely grained Oregon pine which was easy to work, and yet which would take a good polish in response to their enthusiastic sandpapering. George, a new member, began making keyboards out of redwood, which looked very fine after the bright brass hooks and shining chain had been supplied. James manufactured a cake cooler out of thin boards and wire netting, and Herbert devoted himself to a table book rack, that had to be polished, till his arms ached, but he was glad he had done it well when his father looked it over carefully and pronounced it a "good job." Paul

turned his skill to the making of a doll's bed, which Edward supplemented with a small wardrobe. Both articles were enameled in white, afterward, and turned over to the girl's club to furnish. For some of the sisters had caught the enthusiasm, and were meeting every Saturday to sew for the same cause which kept the boys' tools so busy.

It would be impossible to tell all that those girls and boys did, but the climax came when they put their achievements together and had a grand sale, for which written invitations were sent out. Mrs. Hale had offered her house, and the boys went up in the mountains for the ferns, ivy and wild flowers which grow in such localities there. They were hot, dusty, and tired when they came down, with their heavy loads carried two by two, on poles between them, as they had seen pictures of Joshua and Caleb bringing back the grapes of Eschol. They had enough to make the house a veritable picture, with its masses of green and beautifully colored flowers, and when the tables were arranged with the articles for sale, and the girls, in their white frocks, stood by, eager to sell, and the boys waited politely to count the change and wrap the parcels, it was no wonder that the guests opened their purses promptly, and that a brisk business commenced at once. Paul and Edward had charge of the money box.

"We'll get five dollars, I do believe," said Edward. "It's four dollars and eighty cents, now."

"Well, there's your five, then. Mrs. Stevens has just bought six of my holders for thirty cents."

When the sale was over, the sum in the box amounted to twice the five dollars that Edward had set his hear upon, and more besides.

"And the best of it is," said one of the fathers, " that everything you offered was something that some one wanted."

But they thought that the best of it was when the letter came from the hospital, telling of the delight of the little, poor children who were so pleased to have something of their very own to play with, and to carry home with them when they were well enough to go. "You cannot imagine how much real joy you have given," wrote the matron.—Clara E. Hamliton.

THE RIGHT KIND OF A BOY.

What makes a boy popular? Manliness. The boy who respects his mother has leadership in him. The boy who is careful of his sister is a knight. The boy who will never violate his word, and who will pledge his honor to his own hurt and change not, will have the confidence of his fellows. The boy who defends the weak will one day become a hero among the strong, and the boy who will never hurt the feelings of any one will one day find himself loved by others.

PARTIES AND GAMES

AN OVERALL BIRTHDAY PARTY.

These invitations were written:

Dear Elsie and Wilfred:

Thursday will be my seventh birthday
And Mamma says will you come and play
From three o'clock till half-past six
And help eat th' 'freshments she will fix.

We'll play outdoors if the weather is fair,
So you needn't primp with very great care—
Your second-best suits and dresses will do,
And you'd better bring your overalls, too.

Your little friend,
Julia Brown.

Several tables were placed together, making one long one to accommodate all the children. This was draped in snowy linen and decorated with clusters of green leaves. Delicious little homemade cakes iced white with red candied cherries in the middle, and cherry ice cream served on old-fashioned blue dishes, were the "'freshments." A large homemade birthday cake, iced white, formed the centerpiece. A wreath of cherries and leaves surrounded the base, while seven red candles in green holders ornamented the top. In the middle was a pile of brown sugar representing a sand heap, surrounded by a criss-cross ring of tiny spades made of red icing. On the top was a funny doll in blue overalls and red three-cornered cap. One hand apparently held a spade sticking in the sand, the other the staff of a flag that waved bravely overhead. At each place was a red, a white or a blue cap similar to the doll's but larger. These the children put on when they came to the table each arrayed in the required blue overalls.

From the table they went to the back yard, where three large piles of sand, with seven little spades to a pile, were in readiness. The children were formed into companies of seven, the reds, the whites and the blues, and at a tap of a drum marched to an allotted sand-pile, where each seized a spade and tried to see which company could make the handsomest fort in the given time. The reds won, and had the honor of carrying the flag and leading in the grand triumphal march about the premises.

No prize was offered, but the children carried home their caps and spades and a package of the birthday cake. A mother who wished to add to this plan might put a doll in overalls at each place, and offer as a prize either a flag, a doll or a drum.—Ladies' Home Journal.

PARENTS' DEPARTMENT

TO KEEP THE BOY AT HOME.

Your boy will never wander far,
  Nor tempted be to roam,
If all the joys he finds abroad
  Are given him at home.

If happy faces greet him there,
  And voices sweet and kind,
What boy, within a stranger's door,
  Will seek these things to find.

Furnish him music, books and games,
  Don't talk about the cost!
'Twill cost far more to bring him back
  When once to you he's lost.

Praise and appreciate his work,
  And share with him the gains;
The pride he'll take in doing well,
  Will pay you for your pains.

With plenty of good and wholesome food
  And decent clothes to wear,
Some sport to make his work seem light,
  No boy will ever care

For pleasures of a baser sort,
  That dazzle those who roam;
But when for happiness he looks,
  Turn to the dear old home.

J. K.

DON'TS FOR MOTHERS OF BOYS.

Don't forget that by treating your boy like a gentleman you will do much toward making him one.

Don't treat your boy as a hardened criminal if you discover him in sin. Remember he is a fallible creature, capable of being led in to mischief and of originating it.

Don't ever get so busy or hard-pressed for time that you haven't leisure to listen to your boy. Remember if he lives he will be a man and all too soon away from you. Make the most of these days with his.

Don't, when your little boy, scarcely out of the cradle, asks you a question, "Mamma, where did I come from?" fail to recognize this as God's message to you that that tiny boy is ready for the truth concerning his origin.

Don't lay the corner stone at this critical moment to an insur-

mountable barrier of false modesty between you which may prove your boy's destruction. He has a right to know himself.

Don't treat your boy to a perpetual diet of frowns, scoldings, and fault-finding. The old saying that "Molasses attracts more flies than vinegar" will apply to boys as well as flies. Try what love will do toward winning your boy to a nobler manhood.

Don't fail to instill in him a disgust for all that is vulgar and impure. This you can do by giving him such reverence for himself and you as will make him scorn to dishonor either by so much as an impure thought.

Don't have anything in the house too good for him to enjoy and share with you and don't make him use the back stairs in order to save the front carpet. If, as may be the case, God has only loaned you this boy for a brief while, you may realize when too late that he was vastly more precious than all else you possess.—Mabel L. Conklin.

If mothers were to be asked what gives them a great deal of concern about the little people that are growing up in the home, they would answer quite unanimously that the thousand and one wishes of little folks are what give mothers great anxiety. Have you ever stopped to ask yourself how many times a day you say, "I wish this were so," "I wish that would happen," "I wish I could do this," "I wish somebody else would do that?" Think how many wishes you make in the course of a day. You ask if I blame you for wishing. No, it is all right. But I think you ought to consider that wishing is not, after all, the best thing. This is what one great writer has said: "It makes the mind very free when we give up wishing, and only think of bearing what is laid upon us, and doing what is given us to do." If there is anything that ought to be avoided, it is slavery of any kind. If there is anything that men desire most, it is freedom, and a free mind is something very greatly to be desired both by children and others. In order to be free in mind simply give up wishing and bear what comes to you and do what is given to you to do. This is good counsel.

"I wonder in how many comfortable, well-to-do homes goes up to high heaven that ungrateful refrain, "I'd like to know what I've got to be thankful for."

In this world, where there is so much of pain, so much of misery, if, by God's good providence, He has seen fit to put us in better places than some, oh, let our hearts go up to Him in grateful thanks, instead of bemoaning our fate—that there are still others "better off" than we."

OFFICERS' DEPARTMENT

ANNUAL PRIMARY CONFERENCE.

The seventh annual general conference of the officers of the Primary associations of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints will be held in Salt Lake City, June 4th, 5th and 6th, 1909. All officers, stake and local, are requested to be present at all the sessions of this conference.

LOUIE B. FELT.
MAY ANDERSON,
CLARA W. BEEBE,
Presidency Primary Associations.

FRIDAY, JUNE FOURTH.

Whitney Hall, 2 p. m.:

Music, Granite Stake; Chorister, Luella Ferrin Sharp, Organist, May Bennion; Address of Welcome, Louie B. Felt; Reading of Annual Report; Libraries, Vilate Peart; Discussion; Socials in the Primary, Ida B. Smith; Discussion; Secretaries, Margaret C. Hull; Discussion; Choristers, Nellie P. Whitney; Discussions; Physical Culture, Isabelle S. Ross; Discussion.

SATURDAY, JUNE FIFTH.

Whitney Hall, 10 a. m.:

Music, Utah Stake; Chorister, Mamie Bird; Organist, Grace Ellison; Roll Call of Stakes; Preparation, May Anderson.

DEPARTMENT WORK: First Grade, Conducted by Louie B. Felt; Second Grade, Conducted by Clara W. Beebe; Third Grade, Conducted by Vilate Peart; Fourth Grade, Conducted by Margaret Hull; Fifth Grade, Conducted by May Anderson.

Stake Boards should arrange to have one representative for each of the grades.

Whitney Hall, 2 p. m.:

Music, Davis Stake; Chorister, Frankie Randall; Organist, Nellie Pack; Lecture, "The Wayward Child," Dr. E. G. Gowans.

Be sure to bring your Primary Song Book.

Whitney Hall, 7:30 p .m.:

Primary Social: All Stake Officers and members of High Council interested in Primary work cordially invited.

SUNDAY, JUNE SIXTH.

Assembly Hall, 10 a. m.:

Music, Liberty Stake; Chorister, Edna Evans; Organist, Beth Cusworth; Testimonies.

Tabernacle, 2 p. m.:

Addresses: By representatives of the Y. M. M. I. A.; By representatives of the Y. L. M. I. A.; By representatives of Primary Associations.

Tabernacle, 7:30 p. m.:

Addresses: By representatives of the Y. M. M. I. A.; By representatives of the Y. L. M. I. A.; By representatives of Primary Associations.

STAKE CONVENTION DATES FOR THE YEAR 1909.

April,—Tooele.

May,—Utah, Nebo, Juab, Alpine, Cache, Hyrum, Benson, Oneida, Jordan, St. Johns, Snowflake and Bear River.

June,—Bannock, Bear Lake, Pocatello ,Black Foot, Bingham, Rigby, Davis and Granite.

July,—Alberta, Taylor, Big Horn, Fremont, Teton, Yellowstone, Beaver, Parowan, Wayne, Sevier, Star Valley, Summit, and Uintah.

August.—Box Elder, Malad, Cassia, Union, San Juan, Millard, and Liberty.

September,—Woodruff, Emery, Salt Lake, San Luis, Ogden, Panguitch, Kanab, and St. George.

October, North Sanpete, South Sanpete, Ensign, Morgan, Pioneer, Wasatch.

November —North Weber, Weber, Maricopa, St. Joseph and Juarez.

ORDER OF BUSINESS FOR PREPARATION MEETINGS.

Preparation meetings may be held before or after the regular session of the Primary Association, or at any time most suitable and convenient for all officers.

Every worker in the Association is expected to attend and take part in the preparation work.

The lesson matter should be carefully read and considered by each officer BEFORE coming to the preparation meeting.

The President should have a suitable book in which to keep all the business. All arrangements agreed upon by the local Board should be carefully entered and preserved.

The order of business for preparation meetings as suggested by the General Board, is as follows:

1. Prayer.
2. Reading and approval of minutes of previous meeting.
3. Discussion of successes and failures in last meeting.
4. Appointment of officers for home visits to gather in new members and encourage better attendance of old ones. No child of Primary age in the ward should be neglected by this organization. A record of all visits should be kept.
5. The appointment of places for each officer. At the head of the room should be the officer who will conduct the exercises for the session with the Secretary, Chorister and Organist. The rest of the officers to be distributed through the room; some at the door, inside and out, to welcome each child as it enters, some to usher each one to its place, and some who will sit with the children in their respective grades. The same order should be observed during the closing exercises and until every child is started towards its home.
6. Singing:/The three songs for opening and closing, also for the singing practice, should be selected and practiced by the officers. It is suggested that the officers sing alto to encourage part singing with the children.
7. Prayer: Prayer may be offered in three ways, concert prayer, prayer by an officer and prayer by a child. All these forms should be used, but in every session one child should be given an opportunity to offer prayer. It is part of our work to help the children to pray aloud. If an officer is to offer the prayer or to lead a prayer in concert, care should be exercised to be brief and to use such words as may be expected from a child. Each grade should take its turn in this part of the exercises, the teacher of the grade appointed having the responsibility. When the children

are coming in one may be requested to open or dismiss the meeting with prayer. This request should be made very quietly, if the child is too shy or nervous and refuses, it should be spared any unnecessary embarrassment. Another child may be asked, but if the second one refuses it should then be understood that the teacher will offer the prayer herself; by so doing there will be no confusion or delay.

8. If a preliminary or supplementary program is used, decide what it shall be and who shall take part. It is a good plan to give the program to a grade, the teacher of the grade appointed taking the responsibility of giving the parts to the children, and assisting in the necessary preparation.

9. If there be any special business to put to the association, plan it carefully so that there may be no trouble in making the children understand.

10. The location of each grade with all necessary arrangements for marching, division into grades, and reassembly should be thoroughly understood.

11. After every detail has been discussed and decided the officers divide into groups to plan how to present the lessons. Every worker should be interested in a grade.

12. Good work cannot be accomplished unless you have the Children's Friend. If you have not already subscribed, DO IT NOW.

LIBRARIES FOR PRIMARY ASSOCIATIONS.

A Committee on Libraries, of the General Board of Primaries have met and decided on a number of books suitable for officers and children of the Primary associations.

It is desired that every Local association own the books suggested for officers to assist them in the preparation of the lesson work in the various grades.

For the use of the officers there are the four standard church works—namely, Bible, Book of Mormon, Doctrine and Covenants and Pearl of Great Price. Other works of our Church are suggested which will assist in teaching the principles of the Gospel.

Smith's Bible Dictionary will be helpful in the study of the Bible.

The Faith Promoting Series will be valuable in furnishing incidents and material to be used in connection with the grade work. Self Help and Character by Samuel Smiles, also Thayer's Ethics of Success, furnish stories of an inspiring nature, and incidents in the lives of successful men and women, which may be used by the teacher in connection with the lesson work.

How to tell stories to children and a number of books of short stories for children especially adapted for telling will assist the teachers in their work.

The three books on Child Study: The Moral Instruction of Children; Children's Rights; and Every Day Living are recommended for the advancement and education of the officers. These books should be read and studied by all officers that a better knowledge of child nature be obtained.

An account of the establishment of Primary work will be found in the book of Life Sketches by Aurelia S. Rogers.

The following list of books is offered for your consideration to choose from in establishing children's libraries in the stakes or wards. This list will be added to from time to time. It is suggested that before sending in orders a suitable place be provided for the care of the books. That the Librarian of the stake or ward see that all books are properly recorded and labeled and that she be responsible for the books loaned out.

We should be pleased to handle your order through this office, 205 Templeton Bldg., and will give you the best prices possible according to the books ordered.

BOOKS FOR OFFICERS.

The Bible, Oxford or Baxter Ed., price	$1.50 and up
The Book of Mormon	.50, .75, $1.00
The Doctrine and Covenants	.50, 75, 1.00
Pearl of Great Price	.35, .75 1.00
The Life of Joseph Smith, by George Q. Cannon	2.00
The Articles of Faith, by Talmage	1.00, 1.50
The Gospel, by Roberts	.75, 1.25
Dictionary of the Bible	1.50, 2.00
Dictionary of the Book of Mormon	1.25
Young Folks History of the Church, by Nephi Anderson	.50 .75
Brief History of the Church, by E. H. Anderson	.50, .75
The Latter-day Prophet, by George Q. Cannon	.50, .75
The Life of Brigham Young, by E. H. Anderson	.50
Leaves from My Journal	.50
H. C. Kimball's Journal	.25
The Myth of the Manuscript Found	.25
Labors in the Vineyard	.25
Lydia Knight's History	.25
Fragments of Experience	.25
Heroines of Mormonism	.25
Eventful Narratives	.25
Jacob Hamblin	.50
Gems for the Young Folks	.50
The Life of Nephi	.25
Early Scenes in Church History	.25
A String of Pearls	.25
My First Mission	.25
Ethics of Success, by Thayer, No. 1	.50
Ethics of Success, by Thayer, No. 2	.60
Ethics of Success, by Thayer No. 3	1.00
Self Help, by Smiles	.75
Character, by Smiles	.75
The Moral Instruction of Children, by Adler	1.50
Children's Rights, by Wiggin	1.00
Every Day Living, by Call	1.25
How to Tell Stories to Children, by Bryant	1.00
The Story Hour, by Wiggin and Smith	1.00
Child Stories from the Masters, by Menefee	.30
Mother Stories, by Lindsay	1.00
More Mother Stories, by Lindsay	1.00
For the Children's Hour, by Bailey and Lewis	1.50
Household Stories, by Klingensmith	.40
Mother's Bedtime Tales, by Paull	.75
More Bedtime Tales by Paull	.75
Like Sketches, by Aurelia S. Rogers	.75
Branches That Run Over the Wall, by Lula G. Richards	1.50
Old Stories of the East, by Baldwin	.45

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

Little Women Series, by Louisa M. Alcott	
Little Women	1.25
Little Men	1.25
Jo's Boys	1.25
Under the Lilacs	1.25
An Old Fashioned Girl	1.25
Eight Cousins	1.25
A Rose in Bloom	1.25
Jack and Jill	1.25

Spinning Wheel Series, by Louisa M. Alcott.
- Proverb Stories 1.25
- Silver Pitchers 1.25
- Spinning Wheel Stories 1.25
- A Garland for Girls 1.25

Scrap Bag Series, by Louisa M. Alcott, six books.
- My Girls 1.00
- My Boys 1.00
- Shawl-Straps 1.00
- Cupid and Chow-chow 1.00
- Jimmy's Cruise 1.00
- An Old-Fashioned Thanksgiving 1.00

Donald and Dorothy, by Dodge 1.50
Hans Brinker or the Silver Skates, by Dodge ..... .40, .75
Dickens' Christmas Stories ..... .50
Little Lord Fauntleroy, by Burnett 1.25
Heidi, by Spyri 1.25
The Swiss Family Robinson, by Wyss ..... .40 .75
Robinson Crusoe, by Defoe ..... .40 .75
The Lamplighter, by Cummins ..... .40
Five Little Peppers and How They Grew ..... .50
The Prince and the Pauper, by Twain 1.75
Tom Sawyer, by Twain 1.75
The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn, by Twain 1.75
Stories of King Arthur, by Cutler ..... .40
American Hero Stories, by Tappan 1.00
Stories of Great Americans for Little Americans, by Eggleston ..... .40
Boys and Girls' Plutarch, by White, two Vols., ... 1.75, 2.50
Grandfather's Chair, by Hawthorne, ... .40, .75
A Little Book of Profitable Tales, by Field 1.25
Second Book of Tales, by Field 1.25
The True Story of Lincoln, by Brooks 1.50
The True Story of Washington, by Brooks 1.50
The True Story of Lafayette, by Brooks 1.50
Poor Boys Who Became Famous, by Bolton 1.50
Girls Who Became Famous, by Bolton 1.50
The Hoosier School Boy, by Eggleston 1.00
My Days and Nights on the Battlefield, by Coffin ..... .75
Following the Flag, by Coffin 1.25
Two Little Confederates, by Page 1.25
The Threee Scouts, by Trowbridge ..... .40
Two Biddicut Boys, by Trowbridge 1.50
The Widow O'Callaghan's Boys, by Gregory 1.25
Treasure Island, by Stevenson ..... .40
Pilgrims' Progress, by Bunyon ..... .40, .75
Uncle Tom's Cabin, by Stowe ..... .40, .75
Tales From Shakespeare, Lamb ..... .40, .75
Tom Brown's School Days, by Hughes ..... .40, 75
Seven Little Sisters, by Andrews ..... .75
Ten Boys Who Lived on the Road from Long Ago to Now, by Andrews ..... .75
Captain January, by Richards ..... .60
The Birds' Christmas Carol, by Wiggin ..... .50
Krag and Johnny Bear, by Seton ..... .65
Lobo, Rag and Vixen, by Seton ..... .65
Black Beauty, by Sewell ..... .35, .50, 75
Beautiful Joe, by Saunders ..... .35
Lady Lee and other Animal Stories, by Ensign 2.00
A Little Brother to the Bear, by Long ..... .65
Wilderness Ways, by Long ..... .65
Secrets of the Woods, by Long ..... .65

Beasts of the Fields, by Long ..... .65
Birds of the Air, by Long ..... .65
Dickey Downy, by Patterson ..... .35
Buzz, by Pratt ..... .75
The Monkey that Would not Kill, Drummond 1.00
Rab and His Friends, by Brown ..... .35
Ednah and Her Brothers, by White 1.00
When Mollie was Six, by White 1.00
A Little Girl of Long Ago, by White 1.00
Children of the Bible Series, 25c each.
No. 1 The Boy Who Obeyed—The Story of Isaac ..... .25
No. 2. The Farmer Boy—The Story of Jacob ..... .25
No. 3. The Favorite Son—The Story of Joseph ..... .25
No. 4. The Adopted Son—The Story of Moses ..... .25
No. 5. The Boy General—The Story of Joshua ..... .25
No. 6. The Boy at School—The Story of Samuel ..... .25
No. 7. The Shepherd Boy—The Story of David ..... .25
No. 8. The Boy who would be King—The Story of Absalom ..... .25
No. 9. The Captive Boy—The Story of Daniel 25
No. 10. The Boy Jesus—The Story of Jesus ..... .25

SUMMER VACATIONS.

The summer vacation has become an institution; we can't change this and we don't want to. July and August should give everyone a chance to rest, to see the great, green country, with its hay fields, and brooks, and birds; the great, cool canyon, with its pine trees, wild flowers and cold streams of running water—he is cheated indeed who does not often experience the delights which come with a vacation spent with nature.

But the majority stay at home. There is the problem. Somebody is always left behind. Half of the Primary Association never go away at all. What of them?

The public school closes early in the summer giving a very necessary rest to teachers and students. The Primary association is entirely different. It cannot be compared with the daily, regular routine work of school life.

Shall we lose sight of our Primary Association? Once break these children, of the Primary Association habit and you have lost them, perhaps for ever.

The summer is the time of all times for work. All the children can come now, for the weather is propitious and there is more time to do things.

Promotion and graduation interfere seriously with attendance at the Primary meetings; the delightful weather, which brings with it the desire to be out-doors, to run and jump, to laugh, sing and be happy, just being glad that life is so full of the joy of living. All these things usually result in a very slim gathering at the Primary. What shall we do about it?

Suppose we plan a summer Primary. Where it is possible meet out of doors Have short lessons and plan for a good many outings, walks, lawn parties, excursions of various sorts, etc. Have flower excursions and let the children distribute the flowers to the sick or aged or to hospitals, sometimes it is a good idea to have a flower Sunday, when the meeting house is made beautiful with the blossoms gathered by the children of the Primary Association. All through the summer you may draw the children closer to you instead of permitting them to drift away and lose the blessing of your influence.

The officers should plan something special for their preparation meetings through the summer. Take turns in meeting at each others' home, serve simple light refreshments. Take up some reading that will help you to understand child nature. Select some one of the books recommended for officers on the Library list and for entertainment read some

good stories about children, such as Mrs. O'Callahan's Boys, or some of Louisa M. Alcott's books. Grow even in the summer. Never try to stand still, you can't do that. One must go forward or slip backwards. Choose the best always.

THE MISSING MEMBERS.

During the Civil War it was a dreadful thing to have the name of one's friend appear in the list of the "missing" after the battle. In our spiritual warfare, there is a record of splendid victories; but there is also a list, not often published, but which may be found by reference to the roll of the association, a list of the "missing." Their names are upon the roll, but their bodies, their minds, their talents—where are they? Can it be said of one that he is truly a member of the church, if the church is not helped at least by his regular presence?

Where are the missing members? What evil has befallen them? What new influence has come into their lives? Why have they wandered away from us? What can we do for them? How can we bring them back to their place? Every officer at every session ought to ask these questions very frequently and earnestly, for we owe a duty to our missing members. We are not through with them when they have disappeared from their accustomed places.

If we look up the record of our missing members, we will discover that they fall into classes.

Some of them are sick, or disabled, or absent from their homes, or in some other way providentially hindered from attendance at the Primary. They would be greatly helped and encouraged if it were made known to them that they are missed.

Others have been kept from meeting with us for a time, and they had a sufficient reason for their absence during that time, but when it became possible for them to return, they had to some extent lost their interest; and so, without any original intention to do so, they have become indifferent members. They might be brought back by a cordial visit and a cordial invitation to return. The statement that they ought to return without waiting for a special invitation to do so may be perfectly true and reasonable, but it will not excuse us for neglecting our duty to them. If we desire to see them back in their places, let us go and tell them so frankly and cordially, and we will be almost sure to win them back.

There are others who have become offended. It may or may not be that they have had sufficient cause—that is not the important question just now. Every week of absence unbroken by a friendly call from an officer or some member of the association who is anxious for their return, only deepens their conviction that they are not either missed or wanted. It is for those of us who have noted their absence to break up that impression; and the more prompt our action, the easier will be our work. If our association stands for love and fellowship, the fact ought to be emphasized by our treatment of our missing members. Let us not suffer them to be even tempted to believe that we do not care for them. Let us prove to them that we are far from being indifferent as to their attitude to us.

There are still others who are simply careless; but let us not deal too independently with them. We do not know how much cause they may have for feeling that they have little or no place in the hearts of their fellow members. If for any reason they have that feeling, we can scarcely blame them for being indifferent. This is our opportunity to win them back to fellowship and duty. If they fall away now, there is little promise of their future usefulness.

There is an old saying, that "a penny saved is a penny earned." We have no fear that any association is doing too much in looking after new members, but we plead for the old members who may be saved by a little

well-directed effort. Look over your roll, and prepare a list of the "missing." Pray over it earnestly, and then set to work resolutely to reclaim them. Every missing member brought back into touch and love with your work will be worth all the efforts made to win them back.—Selected.

"The head of a college, writing a few years ago of the influences which had formed his character, referred to a lady as his Sunday school teacher: "I do not remember a thing she taught. But her serene faith, her spirit of fairness with a class of boys of growing minds, her patience and gentleness, her never-failing encouragement of us and belief in us, are recalled with gratitude. It was one of the influences that helped strongly to keep alive high ideals of purity, gentleness, faith, amid the unsteady influences of youth."

"The best way to shorten an absentee list is to make use of it. Have the secretary of the organized classes make up a list of absentees every week, and hand the list to the teacher at the close of the class session. The assistant secretary can make up the lists for the teachers of the unorganized classes. The teachers should then address a card to each of the absent members, stating that he or she was greatly missed. If a member is absent twice in succession, it is well for the teacher to propose a 'postal shower,' upon which every member of the class drops the absent member a card, telling him he is missed, and asking him to return. This method, when followed up, soon shortens the absentee list, and makes the scholars of the several classes more prompt and regular in attendance."

If you will visit a stone quarry you will find that they use the simplest instruments to crack and remove the largest rocks; so the Lord uses the simplest of His servants to accomplish some of His greatest purposes.—Heber C. Kimball.

"The teacher who does all the preparation, all the thinking, and all the speaking is in a fair way to ruin the discipline of even a good and well-disposed class. " The smaller the children the more this holds true. The teacher who preaches to her little ones, or makes them feel that they are enduring hardship, or that they are made to do disagreeable work in the Primary is missing her opportunity. Happy the teacher who can play with her scholars and at the same time teach them eternal truths; happy the teacher who can make work play. The ideal beginners' class is that where the teacher is surrounded by a little circle of eager questioners and answerers, who are learning something new and good every moment, and who are having a good time because they are playing and not working."

RECITATIONS

A DANDELION DIALOGUE.

"Oh, dandelion yellow as gold,
What do you do all day?"
"I wait here in the long green grass
Till the children come to play."

"Oh, dandelion yellow as gold,
What do you do all night?"
"I wait here while the cool dew falls,
And my hair grows long and white."

"And what do you do when your hair grows white
And the children come to play?"
"They take me up in their dimpled hands
And blow my hair away."—Selected.

A WILD ROSE.

(Recitation with gestures, for one or three little girls with wild roses).

Just take a piece of sunset—
The pinkest one you've seen—
And cut four pretty petals out,
Then wrap them carefully about
With scalloped bits of green.

Then catch the yellowest sunbeam
Of all that dance and dart,
And fringe it into silken floss,
Pour on a drop of dew for gloss—
This makes the blossom's heart.

Then fill all with the breath of
The sweetest wind that blows,
And fasten to a stem all new,
The sharpest bee-stings—quite a few—
And you have—this Wild Rose.—Selected.

OUR LEADER, BRIGHAM YOUNG.

Tune:—"Annie Laurie."

Among the greatest heroes
Of whom poets ever sung
There's none more true and noble
Than our Leader, Brigham Young.
Chorus:—

All honor to his name
Of him let praise be sung
For there's none more true and noble
Than our Leader, Brigham Young.

Saints were mobbed,—our prophets martyred
Those men whom God had sent,
Brigham came and led, our people
Across a continent.
Chorus:—

Out in a barren desert
Where the savage Indian roams,
'Mid poverty and hardships
He planned our future homes.
Chorus:—

Saints followed his wise counsel
Till now where 'ere one goes
Each barren sunburnt valley
Now blossoms as the rose.

Marinda Skidmore, Preston, Idaho.

SIMPLE REST EXERCISES.

SISTER AND I.

Did I ever try to tell you how I play with little sister?
I am four, but she is only one you know,
So I must be very careful when I hitch up all our horses,
For you ought to see how fast those horses go.
All the high-back chairs are horses,
Papa's shoes are shetland ponies,
And the rocking chair our carriage, where we ride,
We go galop, galop, galop, up and down the whole creation,
With Teddy-bear and dollies by our side.

—Angie Warnick.

FOUR-YEAR-OLD.

Hippity, hoppity, who!
What can a little boy do
First thing in the morning?
Why laces his shoe,
And now he is four
He can do much more
He can put all his clothes on too.

Hippity, hoppity, who!
At night what can a boy do?
Put play things and clothing away just right,
Say his prayers and kiss dear ones a fond good-night,
Then he s ready to sleep until morning.
These things a boy of four can do.

—Angie Warnick.

FINGER PLAY.

Just see my many fingers
I have five upon each hand,
They can dance, now shut, now open,
Oh how tall when up I stand.

If Grandpa or dear Grandma,
Come in, and I am there,
They go at once and bring for them
A nice, big, easy, chair.

They go flutter, flutter, flutter,
They go up or down at will,
But when I am in Primary,
I must hold them very still.

—Angie Warnick.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.—*Painting by Plockhorst.*

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND

Vol. VIII. JULY, 1909. No. 7.

ONE MOUNT VESUVIUS.

Miss Cook thought of it. You see, Miss Cook went to school with the Governor.

"How many of you know what day is coming month after next?" she asked one shining May morning.

"The Fourth! The Fourth!" chorused the boys, before the words were fairly out of her mouth. "The Fourth! The Fourth!" shrieked the girls, waving even more wildly than the boys.

"Well, I have something to tell you," smiled Miss Cook. "Some of us thought that as the Governor was a Bucksport boy, it would be pleasant to get up a Fourth-of-July celebration, and invite the Governor. Wait!"—Miss Cook held up both hands, "hear it all before you clap. The selectmen say there is no money, and we teachers thought that perhaps the boys and girls would like to do the celebrating themselves. Now, how do you suppose we thought they could do it?"

How eager they were to tell!

"I will ask Charles Heath, because he sits in the Governor's seat," said Miss Cook.

"By giving our firecracker money," proclaimed Charles, grandly.

"Yes," beamed Miss Cook. "We reckoned that the children average twenty-five cents apiece—what's that?—more?—perhaps so, but we counted on twenty-five cents apiece, and eight hundred children would make about two hundred dollars. Of course, we know that some spend more than twenty-five cents, and we are going to ask the boys to be true and faithful in giving whatever money they would spend. If less than twenty-five, well and good; if more, so much the better. In the evening, we planned to have a few fireworks in the Square to finish off the day. How many would be willing to do this?"

Oh, how the hands went up!

"It would save lots of hurts," remarked Charles Heath.

"And noise," added Virginia Brown. "Grandmother says she just dreads the Fourth. She will not need to, now."

"Will there be a band?" inquired Walter Perry in an awestruck tone.

"Yes," answered Miss Cook, "we have spoken for Vincent's Marine Band."

The enthusiasm of Room 14 was matched by every other room in Bucksport. The girls said it would be the best Fourth that ever was, because they could do something. Yes, the girls were to dress in white, with red-white-and-blue sashes, and go through the streets in flag-draped floats. The boys were to march. And when it was known that the Governor had accepted, "with pleasure," the teachers wondered if it were worth while to keep school any longer.

What a quiet "night before" it was! The children had been to rehearse for the last time, and were scrambling home to bed. Mother had kissed Lucy good-night, and was about to warn Arthur that he must not monopolize the bath tub too long, when everybody in the Heath house heard a faint, but familiar, "Whish—chee—chee—chee—chee—chee"—and then such a terrified scream. Mother flew downstairs. Lucy tumbled out of bed. Arthur snatched a towel and ran.

There, in the farthest corner of the back yard were father, and Nora, and a boy that spun and spun, with hands to his face, crying, "Oh, oh, my eyes! My eyes! Oh, oh, oh!"

What a sorrowful party went into the house! Mother wet a towel in hamamelis and bound Charles's eyes, while father hurried for the doctor.

There was no celebration for the Heath family, that Fourth. Father had to go because he was a selectman, but mother, Arthur, and Lucy, had to stay at home, yes, and Buck—Buck was named for Jack London's splendid hero, but didn't look at all like him.

"I don't care for anything, but the Governor," mourned Lucy. "I can hear the band some, and I've seen the girls sit up in those high boxes on wheels, but I never saw a Governor, never in all the world."

Charles fidgeted. "Perhaps you don't think I'm sorry, Lucy Heath," he blurted fiercely.

"Well," pursued Lucy, "I wish you'd been sorry before you bought that old Mt. Vesuvius."

"Arthur, dear," said mother, quietly, "it's a quarter past ten, now, and they're all going to the station to meet the Governor's train. Why don't you, and Lucy, and Buck, go over in the park, and pretend you are in the procession? You might take the horn and be the band. Lucy and Buck can be the procession."

"Come on, Lucy," submitted Arthur. Then he took the tin horn from the piazza steps and began to toot bravely:—

"Glory, glory, hallelujah,
Glory, glory, hallelujah!"

"You be the fife, Lucy, and sing squeally," said Arthur. "I'm the cornet, now. One, two, three—begin!"

"Glory, glory, hallelujah,
Glory, glory, hallelujah!"

Up and down they paraded, Buck tagging along. In and out among the trees they went, fife and corneting with all their might. Suddenly Buck stopped, raised his head, and began to bark sharply. The procession halted. Carriage wheels were heard. Buck flew ahead. An open carriage came in sight, and stopped.

"Where is the celebration?" shouted the gentleman.

"Let's go and tell him," urged Lucy over Arthur's shoulder, and away they ran.

"It's down in the Square," said Arthur, raising his hat, and shyly returning the pretty girl's smile.

"Why, we came this way because we thought we heard music," he said.

"You did," returned Lucy proudly. "It was Arthur and I pretending that we were going to the station to meet the Governor. Did you know he was coming on this train?"

The girl laughed gayly. "Is he? Why aren't you going to meet him, too?"

"Because," returned Lucy, severely, "Charles bought a Mt. Vesuvius, and it exploded in his eyes."

"Oh," shuddered the girl, "will he be blind?"

"I don't know," sighed Lucy. "They all gave their firecracker money to have the Governor come, and Charles oughtn't to have kept the five cents"—

A thrust of the horn stopped her. Arthur did not care to have the family dishonor exposed to strangers.

"He gave forty-five to the celebration, Charles did," declared Arthur, sturdily.

"And I suppose he was just dying to hear one firecracker on the Fourth—just one." The girl was smiling at Arthur. "Hear that, father. The mean thing went off in his eyes. Father, dear, I want to see Charles."

Father pulled out his watch and puckered his eyebrows.

"Is that your house through the trees?" asked the girl. "And is that Charles on the piazza? Gabriel!" she called. "Please drive around to that yellow house on the right. Come, children, hop in, and ride."

"We're late now," grumbled father.

"Never mind," chimed the girl, coaxingly, tucking an arm round Lucy. "Bucksport never can be happy, with Charles so unhappy."

Mother dropped her sewing and sprang to her feet in amazement, when a fine carriage, with a colored coachman on the box, stopped at her gate.

"We came to see Charles." The girl in white muslin was hurrying up the path, with the children. "We're so sorry for him."

She whispered something to Mrs. Heath, and went over to Charles. "Give me your hand, Charles," she said. "I want to introduce you to somebody. Charles, this is the Governor."

As Charles felt his hand laid in a large, warm palm, his face twitched, and he tried to struggle to his feet.

The Governor put his other hand on Charles's head, saying, "Sit still. I am very glad to meet you. I am a Bucksport boy myself, you know. I am sorry you met with such an accident."

Charles swallowed hard, but he made himself speak. "It served me right, sir, I mean, Mr. Governor. We all agreed to give our firecracker money, and I kept back five cents. It was a mean thing to do and—and—I sit in the Governor's seat at school—the one he sat in in the seventh grade."

The Governor's hand tightened round Charles's. "My boy," he said, in a low tone, "nearly all the sorrow and trouble in the world comes because people forget their honor. But I am sure you never will forget again. Now, Elizabeth, we must go. This little girl says they have gone to the station to meet us, and that means that they did not receive the letter saying we would drive down."

There was a flutter of gay good-bys, and mother, Lucy, and Arthur stood watching until the slender, waving hand, and the fine carriage were hidden by the park trees.

Then mother said softly, "So you saw the Governor, after all, Charles."

"I didn't see him," repiled Charles, sadly, "but I felt him. And mother, the nice young lady said—my eyes would be all right in a day or two. Is that true?"

"Yes, dear," answered mother.—Dorcas Jenks.

OUR FLAG.

Above the flags of all nations,
  Our beautiful banner floats high:
Its stars like the stars of heaven,
  And its blue as blue as the sky.

Long may it wave in its beauty,
  The symbol of freedom and right:
Not a star be lost from its azure,
  Not a blot stain its spotless white.
—Selected.

GIRLS' DEPARTMENT

A COZY CORNER.

"Across a corner of the room where you love to sit and read have a framework of wood fastened, and on this lay a thick cushion made to fit the corner and the frame nicely. Cover the cushion with some pretty material and tack on a valance to cover the framework. Lay a pillow on the seat, and spread a rug before it. Near by set your table with your favorite books and work upon it. If you choose, a corner shelf can be put in over the seat on which books or a bust can be placed."

FANCY HOUSEKEEPING.

Life is a pleasant institution,
Let us take it as it comes!
—W. H. Gilbert.

The decorative side of home-making is the one oftenest entrusted to the daughter of the family. She may dust a room, arrange a vase of flowers, concoct a salad, an ice-cream or a cake, or embroider a centerpiece. Such accomplishments are anxiously acquired in the vacations, or in the scant hours of the working-day which may be snatched from school-books.

Mother and daughter have an uneasy sense that something ought to be done to fit the girl for her probable duties as wife and mother, and fancy housekeeping is the tribute they pay to the demand of conscience for an education outside of text-book and laboratory.

In the strange, inevitable unrolling of life, the gay schoolgirl may be called on in a few months to be cook, seamstress, laundress, general housekeeper, each in turn, perhaps all at once. But there is no magic by which she may acquire these arts. She must, then, choose among them—with such wisdom as she may.

Fancy housekeeping is of less importance to the embryo home-maker than any other branch of her profession. The ordinary experience or the sudden emergency of the future is far more likely to call for a well-broiled beefsteak than for an ice-cream; for a fire in the range rather than for an artistic arrangement of roses; for a strong buttonhole rather than for an embroidered doily.

Neither the dainties of the cooking-school nor the decorative arts of the housekeeper are the best investment for the scant leisure of the schoolgirl. The cooking of a chop, the supreme achievement of boiling a potato so that it shall be mealy, and the ordering of a morning so that the dinner-getting shall not infringe on the bed-making—these are the labors in which the daughter may well acquire skill. When the demand for it comes, the fancy housekeeping will take care of itself.—Selected.

BOYS' DEPARTMENT

THE WAY OF A BOY.

MABEL CORNELIA WATSON IN GOOD HOUSEKEEPING.

When mother sits beside my bed
At night, and strokes and smooths my head,
And kisses me, I think some way
How naughty I have been all day;
Of how I waded in the brook,
And of the cookies that I took,
And how I smashed a window light
A-rassling—me and Bobby White—
And tore my pants, and told a lie;
It almost makes me want to cry
When mother pats and kisses me;
I'm just as sorry as can be,
But I don't tell her so—no, sir,
She knows it all; you can't fool her.

WATER BEWITCHED.

"A surprising feat may be accomplished in the following manner: Take an ordinary dinner plate and fill it with water. Then get a small empty vial and assure the company that you are wizard enough to pour water through the solid bottom. Having declared that the vial must be perfectly dry when the experiment is performed, thrust a stick into it and hold it to the fire till it is very hot—too hot to hold. Then stand it, without delay, mouth downward, in the plate of water Pour a teaspoonful of water on the bottom of the vial, as if you meant to fill it that way. Every time you do this the vial will become more and more filled with water. As this evidently takes place every time you pour water on the bottom, it will look as though the water had passed through the solid glass. Of course the water really rises from the plate with the contraction of the air as the bottle cools."

OFFICERS' DEPARTMENT

SEVENTH ANNUAL CONVENTION

Report of the Seventh Annual Convention of the Primary Officers of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, held in Salt Lake City, Utah, June 4, 5, 6, 1909.

FIRST SESSION.

June 4th, 2 p. m.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

President Louie B. Felt.

My beloved brethren and sisters: I feel, today, that we are to be congratulated on the number who are here present at our first meeting. We know that we are here for a purpose, and my prayer is that God, our eternal Father, will help every individual here present today to receive, while they are here for this convention, that which they most desire; that our heavenly Father, will give unto those who shall address you the very thing that you most want.

In behalf of the General Board we do most heartily welcome you to our city and to this convention. We want you to know, dear sisters, that we love you; that you live in our hearts; that we think of you, pray for you, and ask God our heavenly Father that He will make us one in this great work with the children.

I want to say to you, in the beginning of my remarks, that we have with us, this afternoon, Apostle George F. Richards, who has been chosen as a help to the General Board—a supervisor and a help—Apostle Hyrum M. Smith has also been appointed to help the General Board in their work. We feel that with the help and the assistance that these brethren will give us, we can not go far astray; and we place ourselves in their hands, for them to correct, for them to advise and counsel, if they see that we are not doing just what we ought to do. The desire of every member of the General Board is to do good—do good with our stake officers, with our local officers, and with the most precious gift of God to man and woman, our children. We have said many times that Love is our motto; and it is our motto; we want to rule in love; we want everything that we do done by and through love—love for one another, and love for the little children.

I pray God our heavenly Father that while we are assembled together in this convention, that we may throw off all care and all worry,—especially the dear mothers who have, perhaps, left their little ones to come here to drink at the fountain head. I pray that God will have a care over these children, that He will preserve them, and that He will not permit any disturbing influence to come into your homes while you are absent, or in your hearts or minds while you are here present with us. We desire that every moment of your visit here shall be a joyful one, that when you return to your homes you may say, I am glad that I went in to the convention. We want you, my sisters, to pray for those who have to take part on the program, that God will inspire their hearts, that He will help them, as He has helped you many times—that everything that we try to give may be profitable to you, that words may be given that will help you in your work, and words that will comfort you in your homes.

There is no greater mission than that which we have, the work with the innocent children—God's work here upon the earth. We can not doubt

it. I know that you all feel very grateful that President Smith has appointed these two apostles to help us in our work, just as you appreciate your high-councilmen who are helping you. Some of them are present here this afternoon, and we extend a hearty welcome to them. We wish to thank those of our brethren who feel that they can and will help us in our work. We received word last week that one of the high-councilmen was a teacher in the fifth grade in one of the associations. I don't know that I have ever heard anything for a long time, that has caused my heart to so rejoice, that our brethren can see the importance of the work that we are doing with the children.

Our sisters have gone out to visit you in your stakes, and they have come back with good reports, that the sisters are alive to their duties, that our stake officers are improving all the time, and that they are awake to the duties that devolve upon them. If this be so, then the local associations can not help but be in a good condition. This is true, because if you are interested and are alive to your work, you will certainly have officers who are alive to their work.

Last year we had fifty-six stakes. All, with the exception of two, were visited by members of the General Board; and I will tell you why these two were not visited: Our sister had her suit-case ready to start, when one of her family met with an accident which resulted in death in a few hours. Of course, we could not expect our sister to take that trip, and all the other members of the General Board were out in some other stakes. Those two stakes were Panguitch and Kanab. This year we have sixty stakes to visit; we have four new ones, Ogden, North Ogden, Bear River, and Yellowstone. You see how our work is increasing, how it is spreading.

We have 8,377 officers in our associations—an increase of 635 over last year. We have 50,081 children enrolled as members of the Primary association: boys 20,082, girls 29,999. We have an increase of 2,376 over last year. We held two thousand more preparation meetings this year than were held last year, and I trust that you will see and understand the importance of the preparation work. We hope the time will come when not a meeting will be held without the proper preparation.

I pray God that He will bless you, that He will fit and prepare us to do the work as it should be done, that we may be prospered in the work in which we are engaged. I pray that His blessings may rest upon you, that long life may be your portion, and that your work may indeed be a pleasure and a comfort to you, is my prayer, in the name of Jesus, Amen.

Reading by the secretary of the

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE PRIMARY ASSOCIATIONS

of the Church of Jesus Christ of the Latter-day Saints, for the year ending December 31, 1908.

Number of Associations in the Church	717
Number of Associations reported,	684
Number of Stake Officers,,	757
Number of Local Officers,	7,603
Number of boys enrolled,	20,082
Number of girls enrolled,	29,999
Total number of officers and members,	58,441
Number of children of Primary age,	65,669
Average attendance of officers,	4,331
Average attendance of boys,	8,116
Average attendance of girls,	14,718
Total average attendance,	27,165
Number of meetings of Stake Boards,	820
Number of meetings of Local Boards,	573

Number of regular meetings of Primary Associations,	22,132
Preparation meetings of Local Officers,	9,015
Number of Sunday Conferences,	522
Number of special meetings,	1,027
Number of entertainments,	1,046
Number of Fairs,	67
Number of Associations graded,	649
Number of Libraries,	363
Number of Books,	8,152

LIBRARIES.

Vilate Peart.

I notice by the reports that we have about eight thousand books in the libraries in our primaries throughout the stakes. A number of years ago, libraries were established in nearly every ward in the stakes of Zion, in connection with the Primary Associations. Many of these libraries were not very extensive, being limited to only a few volumes. At the present time, we regret very much to say that the books are not in circulation as much as they should be, and we desire to see an awakening of the library movement. In a number of the wards and stakes, through the carelessness on the part of librarians or members, books have been lost or misplaced. There are various reasons, perhaps, why the books are not being circulated. It may be that the libraries need replenishing. Perhaps the books have grown stale. We must remember that books selected a number of years ago may not always meet the demands of the boys and girls of today. While there are standard books in children's literature, which should always form the foundation of their reading, there are new books being written, which should be added to the libraries, if we expect the children to read and be in touch with the current things of the day. It may be that some of the titles selected were not as good as they might have been. I remember reading, some time ago, an authority on children's literature, who spoke of the condition of church libraries throughout the United States. He said that as a rule, what was known as the Sunday School library, or the church library was very dull to the average child. people having the idea that only books of a definite religious influence should be included in the church library. We believe that any book which is morally uplifting is a good book; and in the list which we are offering there are many books which can not be classed among the religious books, but they are books with a purpose, which teach better morals and advance higher ideals, and you will find that the stories are suitable to our work, inasmuch as the Primary stands for the moral education of the children. This same writer said he remembered when he was a boy going to the library to find something to read. but he never could find anything that appealed to him; the books were all too dull; when he took a story home and read it, it was usually about some morbid boy or girl who was too good for this earth; as a rule, they were saints who died young, and it made him afraid to grow like any of them for fear he might be marked for death at an early age. Many of the strictly religious books are purely sectarian, and just as he describes them. They are not what children are looking for. Another authority on children's books said that nearly all of the Sunday School books he had read described people who were prenaturally pious; and they were so very good it frightened him out of attempting to be as they were, for he knew he could never reach the heights which they attained at such tender years.

The greatest wisdom should be exercised in choosing a religious book. We have a list of books we are offering to the Primary associations, which suggest not only books for children but also books which will be helpful to the officers in assisting them in their work, and which will help them to better understand child nature. We occasionally hear a

parent say, "My children do not care to read!" I believe that this is often because the right books have not been placed in their hands. Most all children like to read; they are anxious to read; and should read, but they need to be directed in what they read. Children are not able to discriminate between what is good and what is harmful. The parent, or some one familiar with children's literature should guide them. If the parents or the teachers do not direct them, the chances are that the boys and girls of the neighborhood will do so; and, as you all know from examples which you have seen, this kind of direction is not very profitable. There is nothing more important than that children should cultivate right habits of reading; and a discriminating taste may be cultivated at a very early age, if the reading matter of the child is carefully guarded between the ages of eight and fourteen years. This comes right within the ages of the Primary. We ought to be able to do a great amount of good in assisting the parents in choosing proper literature for their children. It is only the old story of "Do," and not "Don't," of saying to a child, Here is something helpful and interesting for you to read; rather than of saying to them, You can not read this book, or, don't read that. Wisdom should be exercised in directing the children; we must not overdo it. Kate Douglas Wiggin said, "Provide the right condition for mental growth, and then let the child do the growing." "Do not direct too absolutely, or you envelop rather than develop the mind, and weaken his power of choice." Children who read unwholesome books. and become fond of them, have done so because nothing of a helpful nature has been given them, and, in many instances, because they have been forbidden to read stories of any kind. I remember a father who had a number of sons, who once said, "I will not allow my boys to read stories," and I said. "Not any kind of stories?" He said, "No, there isn't any story written that I want my boys to read. All stories fill their minds with nonsense. My children shall read instructive books or they won't read at all." From the books which he purchased for his boys, I found that his idea of "instructive" books were books filled with dry platitudes which would be very helpful to a boy who is already fond of reading, but to one who has not cultivated the habit of reading, would be more apt to discourage him in reading and give the general impression that all literature is dull. His sons do read stories—I happen to know that they go around in the neighborhood, where they live, and borrow stories from the boys, and often they read books which are not proper for them to read. They are afraid to take them home, so they read them on the ditch bank, or some place else; but they will have stories, and they get them. It is claimed that if a child reads only the best books up to the time he is twelve years old he will never care for anything of an unworthy nature after that time. How necessary it is, then, that we do all in our power, as Primary officers, to see that the children have only the best, up to that age. Children will not read books which do not interest them, and if they do read them, they will not understand them. They must have books which appeal to them, and the successful way to encourage reading is to give books which not only entertain, but will, at the same time, elevate and instruct and. if possible, stimulate the child to action. How many of you here today read books, when you were girls, which created a profound impression on your mind, and made you feel that you wanted to be better, because the girls in the story-books did commendable things, and because they overcame obstacles and difficulties. Take, for instance, "Little Women," which every girl reads sometime in her life, either in her teens or before she arrives at that period. How many girls have felt more like taking up the struggles of life because Jo, Meg, Beth, and Amy struggled through poverty and were always cheerful, loyal-hearted girls ,who kept the spirit of love burning in the home. In no way can a lesson be taught better than by conveying it to the child's mind through the form of a story. We must be careful the impressions produced are uplifting and inspiring. The Savior, the world's greatest Teacher, understood the value of story-telling. How many times, when

asked a question, He answered with a story. Many of the people with whom the Savior came in contact would not listen to His doctrines, and yet they would pause on their journey to hear Him tell a story; and by clothing truth in a parable. He was able not only to gain their attention, but to reach their hearts, and many lessons were taught in this way. The influence which the story-book people have over the child who reads and is at all impressionable is a factor in character development which we can not afford to ignore. The influence is silent, but it is there just the same and is unconsciously woven into the child's life. In story books the characters are usually clearly portrayed, their motives of action brought out definitely. Children often find it easier to understand these characters and feel better acquainted with them than with their associates. Watch the child who has read a book which inerested him. The characters are thought about, quoted, and often imitated. How many times cildren will act out and play the whole of a story-book. I remember a family of children who were not allowed to read stories, and one of them said to his father, one day, "Papa, we have hundreds of books, but we haven t anything to read. We haven't a book that doesn't preach to us;" and it was true; in this man's library there were no books fitted to the child's nature. A child must have a book full of action. Children are full of activity, and the more action in the book the better they like it. They want to read of boys and girls who are doing things, and who are passing through the same experiences and conditions which the children of today meet. These are the books which we must provide for the children, if we would have them acquire a taste for reading. A discriminating taste must be cultivated, if they are going to read with pleasure and profit in later years.

The examples of the influence of books of an impure nature are evident almost every day, in the newspapers and magazines, in the reports which we hear from the juvenile courts throughout our country. I remember reading what one of the judges of a certain juvenile court said regarding a number of lawless youths who were brought under his care. Out of twelve boys he found eleven of them had been brought there through reading literature which had given them wrong impressions of life—stories of bold robberies and holdups, where the hero had always been made to outwit the police and come out on top. From these boys he not only gathered books such as "Tracy, the Bandit," "Wild West Weekly" and the Jesse James boys, but found concealed in their desks at school small burglar tools, sand-bags, and different things of this kind. which were the direct result of the books they had been reading. This same judge said he thought there was onthing in life which influenced children more—except the association with criminals—than reading books of successful criminals. Many of the juvenile courts throughout the land could trace the wrong-doing of the children back to this very thing. The parents have not had a knowledge of what the children were reading.

I always feel sorry when I hear a teacher or a mother say, "I do not have time to read. If we are going to teach children we must find time to read. If we do not do it, it means mental starvation not only for the teacher, but for the little ones who are placed under her care.

In connection with our library list, we would like to see every ward own all of the back volumes of the Children's Friend. If vou are looking for short moral stories, you can not find anything better than those contained in the back numbers of the Friend. I remember, while visiting one of the stakes, not long ago, a brother of the stake presidency said: "My wife and I have discovered a new way of overcoming faults in our children. Whenever we see a child do anything wrong we do not ocrrect it at the time, but watch carefully for a story bearing on that particular fault, and if possible find a story which rather exaggerates the fault we saw in the child, and then when an opportune time presents itself, we give this storv quietly to the child; and it has never failed to have the proper effect." We seldom have to go beyond the Children's Friend to find the right kind of a story."

This is only one of many testimonies which we receive from time to time regarding the Children's Friend. One mother who has a family of grown up boys, and who is working in the Primary, said: "When the day comes that the Children's Friend is expected, my grown up sons hang around the post office until one of them gets the magazine, and keeps it until he has read every word, and the rest of us have to wait; the one who gets there first has the Children's Friend first. It is just as interesting to my boys twenty-five years old as to the children six, eight, and ten years of age." I heard a father, a member of the high council, who is working in connection with the Primary cause, and doing a great deal of good, say: "Why, the 'Children's Friend,' it 's not only the children's friend in our home; it is father's friend, and mother's friend. There is no book that we have in the home used as much as the Children's Friend." Another one of the authorities of the Church said that he had a large library of books for children; he had made a collection of good things for his children to read, but noticed that there were no books in all his library used more than the bound volumes of the Children's Friend. This speaks well for our magazine, and seems to be the general sentiment, throughout the Church, of all who are acquainted with its contents.

It is desired that the officers go home from this conference with a determination to get up entertainments or raise means in some way to buy books that their libraries may be re-established. It is not the number of books in a library that counts, but the circulation of the volumes among the children. A few books well read will be much more profitable to your association than a hundred books which are not read; and, by the way, we often see lists of a hundred of the best books. We do not profess to offer a list of a hundred of the best books, because it is impossible to give you a hundred titles of best books. It is always a matter of individual opinion. If we were to select a thousand titles there would still be hundreds of good and worthy books, not mentioned. We intend that our list shall be added to from year to year, so that you may have whatever the children most need.

We advise that before purchasing books you see that a place is provided for the care of the books, that a librarian be appointed who has some knowledge of books; that she read the books in the library, and be in a position to help the children and give assistance in the selection of books. A librarian who is interested can do much good in assisting the children by saying, "Here is something I think you will like." If you see that books are not being taken out as much as they should be, you can call the children's attention to certain volumes, and see that all books are kept in circulation and read.

The books must be taken care of when they first arrive. The librarian should be prepared with labels to mark the books. You may have something printed specially, or you may use the blank labels and write on them; but if you have a very large library it would pay to have printed labels to use inside of the book, giving the name of your ward association,, the name of the stake also, if you wish, and the number of the book. You must also have a corresponding shelf-list with the same numbers that you place in the books. Have a small book where you will record all the titles, with the numbers of the books, so you will have a perfect record of the name and number of all books in your library; and have a place to make notations about books which may be lost, and also a list of those that are out which you want to recall. I would suggest that, if you are going to have labels printed, that you have something like the following added to the label: "Books must be returned in....." Leave a blank for a figure showing the number of days or weeks that the book may be used, whether you want it back in a week, or two weeks, from the date of borrowing. "Books that are lost, damaged, or destroyed, must be paid for by the borrower." Your rules must be strict, and you must see that they are carefully observed. If you do not enforce proper regulations, you will lose many of the books

in your library, through negligence. There should also be a small label pasted on the back of the book, with the number of the book, corresponding with the inside label. It is a good way to have a measure, and measure from the bottom of the book to the point where you wish the label placed, so that your labels are uniformly alike and even. Attention to neatness will make your library look better; and will repay you for your trouble. If you wish to have slips printed to give out with those who borrow a book, you may do so. We do not desire to make the rules for libraries too complicated, as we realize that in a number of the stakes the libraries will necessarily be small, and you will have to use your own judgment in the matter. Where you have large libraries there will be more work than with the small ones. We would be pleased to have any of you call at the office and see the books which are suggested and we can talk with you further about matters pertaining to libraries.

My the Lord bless you in this work is my prayer. In the name of Jesus, Amen.

Mrs. Angie Warwick, Stake Librarian of Bingham Stake.

My dear sisters: In establishing the library in the Bingham Stake, in Idaho, as soon as the word was received from headquarters, they were anxious that the children's libraries should be established, we canvassed the wards, met with the organizations, and all of the associations became very much interested and very anxious to have books, and that a permanent library might be established in each association.

A great man once said: "He who judgeth me by my relatives, judgeth wrongfully, for them I can not help; he who judgeth me by my companions, judgeth better, for those I help to choose; but he who judgeth me by the books I love and read, judgeth wisely."

We thought if we could get good books in the hands of the chlidren that they would love them and make them their companions; and if we could have them in the meeting house, where they met every meeting, they would become as their friends, and the faces of friends. With this thought in mind we decided to establish libraries that would be permanent in each ward. The children went to work in earnest. Some of them gave little basket socials, some fairs, some bazars, and so on; and in a very short time the money was given to the stake for library purposes, and we purchased books. Some of the libraries are not very large at present. Only the amount of five dollars came from some of the smaller wards. One library was started with seventy-five volumes as the first order, and they are very proud of it. We have little slips printed and placed in the back of the book, as the sister has already explained, indicating the number of the book, the ward to which it belongs, the stake, and the rules which govern. We also have a little slip printed for the librarian; and at the end of the year these slips will be returned to me, being the stake librarian, and I can see from those slips how many times the volume has been read, and by whom; I can see the condition the book is in at the end of the year, see whether it is in good condition, or if it needs replacing. If there are books which have not met with any success, books which the children do not love, we will know in the future that those books are not suitable for children in the ages for which we purchased them. With that thought in mind we established our library. We hope to add to it, and to establish libraries in every association that will be a credit to the associations and a joy to every child in Bingham stake.

SOCIALS.

Ida. B. Smith.

My brethren and sisters: I sincerely desire an interest in your faith and prayers the few moments I may stand before you this afternoon. I am very much pleased to see so many of the Primary workers present, and I

hope and trust that we will have a time of rejoicing while we are together during our general convention, that we will gain strength, and be encouraged, that we will go back to our homes feeling more like working for the children of Zion than we have ever done before. This is our object in meeting together, and I do hope that we will carry this feeling back to our associations.

I have been asked to say just a few words on the subject of socials in our Primary associations. This is a question that has been asked the members of the General Board a great many times: What shall we do to entertain our children? How shall we entertain them? Many of our sisters have come to us with complaints that their little children's dancing parties and socials have been failures, because of the rowdyism and the disorder of the children. I know that in some cases this is true, because I have visited one or two such places myself, where children seemed to take things in their own hands, and do just about as they pleased—especially at the little dancing parties; they seemed to think that the more confusion and the more noise they made, the more fun and the more enjoyment they were having. This question being asked so many times, Sister Felt and her counselors thought it would be a very good idea to have a test-social, to see if we could have as good order in social gatherings as in a Primary meeting. Some of the officers of the General Board got together, selected an association, and made out a program. Little games were selected, and songs, and dances, that required some practice to learn. Three games for the first grade, three for the second, three for the third, three for the fourth, and three for the fifth—three for each of the grades in the association. Then at the close of the Primary meeting, they called the children together, for several times, to memorize the words to the songs, and to learn the tunes and the dances; and one afternoon, at the same hour as the Primary meeting was usually held, the General Board came down to the association, and they went through with the little social. The children formed on the outside of the building in grades, the first, second, third, fourth, and fifth; and just on the minute, almost, the children marched in. A very good leader led the grand march, and the children did splendidly;they could not have done better. Then they formed in the center of the hall, eight abreast, and sang a Primary song; one of the children opened with prayer; they sang another song, and marched to their seats. The children in the first and second grades were seated in their little red chairs, the third grade in another section, and the fourth and fifth grades on the other side of the hall. When the little games were called for, the children marched on to the music, and went through their little exercises, games, dances, or whatever they were going to give, just as nicely as could be. This plan was followed up to the fifth grade, and over again, until all the grades had given all the exercises that had been planned for. After this refreshments were served, and the girls of the fourth grade and the fifth grade passed the refreshments. They had little paper plates and paper napkins, and served ice cream and cake. The officers were a little afraid when it came to the refreshment part, but when the children were all seated, the little girls passed the refreshments, and it was really a beautiful sight to see nearly two hundred children seated around that hall, with their plates, enjoying it just as much as any one could have done. At the close of the social they sang another Primary song; another of the children dismissed; and then they all marched home. Many of the children came up to the teachers and officers, and said it was the best party they had attended in their lives. This, my sisters, shows that children enjoy order and system just as much as we do.

Sister Felt was delighted with the social, but she was not quite satisfied; she thought she would like to see if the social could not be caried out successfully by teachers who were thoroughly prepared and without any preparation on the part of the children; so it was decided to go to another local association and try it in that way. The teachers selected games and

dances that required no practice or learning. These teachers were thoroughly prepared; they knew just exactly what they were going to do and how they were going to do it. When their children arrived, they took them through the exercises just as successfully as they did in the first social, and it was just as thoroughly a success from beginning to end. The order was splendid.

Still Sister Felt was not quite satisfied; she thought she would like to know what could be done with a dancing party. There had been more complaints about dancing parties than anything else; so it was decided to give one in another association. This was given in Farmers ward. I was present, and I never enjoyed anything more in my life than that little dance with the children. There were one hundred and sixty-five children present, and they looked like so many fairies. In the first place, they were dressed so sweet, and clean, and neat, they looked beautiful. The hall was very pretty—it was a new building, and it was beautiful of itself. The music was splendid. The caller was very good, and used judgment in his directions. The children marched in the same as they did at the social; then sang their little Primary song, opened with prayer, sang again, and took their seats. When the dances were called the caller did not have any difficulty whatever in getting the children to take the floor. They formed on for their dances, and the president was very careful to see that a teacher or officer of the Primary association, at least one, was in every set on the floor, to help the children through. The caller gave them only the changes that they could easily get through, and which they all understood. They danced little square dances, the Sir Roger de Coverley, and the Virginia Reel. They had had no practice, but through the preparation of the teachers, knowing just exactly what they were going to do, and how they were going to do it, they went through it very nicely indeed. The children were held for three and a half hours; they went in at two, and were there until five-thirty. The order could not have been better if those present had been grown-ups; it was splendid, and I think one reason for the success of the party was, of course, the preparation of the teachers, in the first place; the other was the music. The music was excellent, and the children seemed to have respect for that music. In one of the dances that I had attended, there were two hundred children present, and just one piano. Down at the end of the hall the music was not heard, and they thought they would play leap-frog and have a good time in that way. If we wish to interest the children in such parties, the music must be good, the caller must be good, the hall in good condition—decorated a little if possible. All this has a tendency to make the children orderly and courteous.

I would like to see play introduced into the associations, in our Primary work, where at proper times they could learn games, etc., so that when the president of the association feels like calling her children to have a social time, the teachers could get together, and in a few minutes make out a program—know what to do and how to do it—and the children would go through with the program nicely and have a time of rejoicing.

Since I have been asked to say a few words on this subject I have read a number of articles, by different authors, on the subject of play; and while reading, I jotted down a few ideas of these authors. Doctor Hall says, "There should be a great deal of play for children, and very little work. Work and play are essential to physical and mental life. If the play is thwarted, or unduly emphasized, the harmony will be destroyed, and the result will be physical or mental weakness—perhaps deformity."

Another author says that most of the child's physical and mental expansion comes through the medium of play.

"In play the child wants companions. He learns to know others—to see their weaknesses, appreciate their sufferings, admire their strength, and emulate their example. Proper play teaches to recognize the rights of others, sympathy for others, sympathy for dumb animals, and the necessity

for law and order. Such a valuable agency for development should be guided rationally and intelligently."

Emilie Poulsson writes: "The pretty petals of the blossoms are enjoyed in their time; but, although they drift away in their pink and white prettiness on the summer breeze, we do not lose the fruit which has been developing beneath them. In spring-time, the time of blossoms, rejoice in the multitude of blossoms. In infancy and childhood, the time of play, rejoice in the abundance of play. Encourage it to the utmost, but remember always the fruit of which it is the blossoms and forerunner.'

Johnson says: "Let the child live its own life in and during each stage, especially in play. Let the child play his part among his companions, so that he may play it as a future citizen."

Blow, in the International Education series, makes this comparison between work and play: "In work the mind concentrates itself; in play it surrenders itself to the allurement of its object. Work demands the subordination of personal inclination; play occupies itself according to its own caprice. Work seeks an end different from its activity; in play, the end sought is the activity itself. Work prepares the individual for combination with his fellows; play develops originality, and enriches the individual with something distinctive which he may contribute to his fellows. Work without play degrades man into a machine; play without work makes him the toy of circumstances and impulse. Surely it is only necessary to grasp these familiar antitheses to recognize that harmonious development demands a transition from one to the other."

Groos has said, "There are two ways of making use of play in education: first, by introducing the playful into the work; second, by employing play as a means of development."

There is a very short article here, written by Henry S. Curtis, of New York, on the subject of "Play and Idleness:"

"Play has suffered much at the hands of parents from being confused with idleness. Moralists tell us of the blessings of work, and quote for us: 'An idle brain is the devil's workshop.' Many parents straightway infer that they must keep their children at work in order to keep them out of mischief. It would be hard to make a greater mistake. Those who reason thus fail to perceive that play is far more opposed to idleness than is work. Work never rouses the child to such intense activity as does play; it never reaches down and stirs up the emotional nature in the same way; it can never generate such an amount of energy.

'The enemy these parents are seeking to assail is idleness; but, in the haze of their vision, they have mistaken a friend for an enemy, and have attacked play. Play has twice the power to keep a child out of mischief that work has. Play rouses the latent forces in a child's nature as nothing else will. Play generates more spontaneous mental activity in an hour than the school can in a week.

"Play is perennially interesting; it always appears to us as natural and beautiful. Play was the primitive state from whose Eden the curse of Cain has driven us to labor. It is the state to which we hope to return when the last trump has sounded,—not to play on harps, but to play marbles if we wish,—each to do the thing his soul loves best for the joy of doing it. It is to this state that we hope the millennium will bring all our work, when we shall be so fitted for our tasks that all work shall become play.

"Play is the poetry of life. It is the action of crude genius. It is spontaneous, inventive, forever opposed to the mechanical and to routine. It is motion that seems to spring like a flower from the seed of life. It is grace itself. Nothing else is so great a stimulus to physical development and growth. No other activity can set free so much of the energy that a million years of heredity have stored away in the brain cells of the child. If you will keep your child out of mischief when he is small, and out of vices when

he is older, do not give him too much work, but see that he has large and deep and exciting play."

Now, my dear sisters, I hope that we will strive to bring our children, the children of Zion, to the very highest stage of manhood and womanhood; and may the Lord help us to do this, is my humble prayer, in the name of Jesus, Amen.

SECRETARIES.

Margaret C. Hull.

In the first place, this afternoon, I want to say, that it seems to me that in only a very few wards or stakes is the secretary given her proper place. After a sister has been chosen to take the position of president, she should then consider her secretary, because, very often, most of the work in the Primary association, that comes under their jurisdiction, has to be transacted between the president and secretary; so that these two should be very close together, and both should be very competent officers. I am not meaning by that that the other officers should not be competent also. The president should never sign a report until she has looked it over, and added it, and divided it, and found out whether or not there is any mistake at all in it. Sometimes we may have very competent secretaries, but just one little mistake will change the whole report, and that mistake may have been made unintentionally, but it has been made, and the president should see that there are no mistakes in the report.

In making out your averages, you are asked for the average number of boys, or the average number of girls, or the average number of officers in the association. We used to print a letter on the back of the report stating how to do this; and I don't know but what it would be a good idea to do this again, because some of us come into this work new, and we don't know how to do it. Suppose you have fifteen boys this week, twenty next week, thirty the next week, and seventeen the next week—if you want to find the average number of boys who have been attending that month, add up the four numbers, and then divide by four—first add, and then divide by the number of numbers you have, the number of days that you have taken the number of boys and girls present; if it is four, divide by four. Be careful in making your averages. Then, in making your totals, we have found a number of mistakes, a great many times in the adding of the totals, making the totals wrong, when the other figures are correct. Sometimes you have your averages all right, you have your number present all right, and the number belonging all right, but when you come to making the totals they are wrong; you have either misadded or not taken the right numbers. Here is where the benefit comes in the president and secretary working together; when the president adds up the different figures in the report, if there is a mistake she will find it, if she is careful—and you should be careful. When these reports are handed to the stake boards and they hand them to the General Board, if there are mistakes they must be corrected or the reports will be wrong. We are urged to be very careful in all our reports.

I wish that every officer, every secretary, of every stake would watch carefully the number of meetings held. We are required to hold forty meetings, and we are going to ask you, and have asked you, for a report of those forty meetings. When you visit your wards, keep this in mind. Your minute book has a place for each meeting. Now, suppose a meeting was not held, because the ward was quarantined for sickness, or something of that kind, at that place in the book just simply mark a cross, in the space for that day, and write, "No meeting held—account quarantine;" or, "No meeting held, because of a social;" or anything that may have stopped that meeting. Write it there on that page. Do not use that page for the next day's minutes; take the other page; and if you follow this plan, when you come to the end of the year every meeting is accounted for in the book—the sec-

retary's minute book, and you have no trouble in making out your report accurately, giving reasons for meetings not held and an account of meetings held.

In visiting the stakes we often ask the question, How many children are there of Primary age in the stake, or ward? And then we ask you how you get your information, and so on. In finding the number of children of Primary age you should take every child of the ward, whether they belong to the Church or not, and count them as of Primary age. and then state on the report whether they are children of Mormon families or non-Mormon families, so we know whether you have both, or just one. You should try to get all the children in your ward interested in this work, not only the children of Latter-day Saints; but it is your duty to labor with the others if you can possibly get them in. If you find the number of non-Mormon children in your ward, give us the record, stating so many of each group; be very specific. In making out your financial reports, we find that either you have forgotten, or you do not have your former report before you, or you didn't watch what you did last year, or something is the matter, because it is wrong. One of the first questions asked is this, "Is the balance on hand as stated in last year's report?" When we compare the new with the old report, we find you have one amount stated for last year and another for this year. Down near the bottom, the next to the last item asked for is "Cash on hand date of this report." Perhaps you say $75.00. Then, next year, when you make out your report, the "balance on hand at last year's report" will be $75—not $35, or $100, but $75. We find such mistakes all the time. Your balance of cash on hand at last year's report is your balance on hand when you begin your report for the new year.

Then your disbursements—the first item is the nickel fund. Sometimes you tell us you sent in $33 for this fund, and then in your report, "per cent of nickel fund paid." you say 33 per cent—you simply take the same figure for the per cent. Sometimes you just say $33. Now, you should take what you should pay and what you have paid to find your per cent. Suppose you should have paid $33, and you paid only $27. In order to find your per cent of the nickel fund paid, divide your $27 by your $33, then you will have your per cent. That will be about 81 per cent. We hope you will watch this. Just divide that which you paid in by the amount you should have paid and you have your per cent of the nickel fund paid.

Sister in Audience: In the questions that were sent out to the stakes, the question was asked, how to get and keep a correct report of the children of Primary age; we would like to know how to do that.

Miss Hull: The wards have done that in different ways. Some of them divide the ward into sections, and give each teacher and officer a section of the ward to visit, from house to house. As they visit in the homes, they can find out the number of children, and that should be kept on a blank, and then the blanks should be brought together in a book which should be kept. In some associations they have what they call their "missionary lists," where they keep the names of those children who do not attend regularly, and then they work with those children constantly to get them in, until they have every child in the ward enrolled in the association, and then they do all they can to keep them there. This record should all be kept in a book by itself: you should not mix it with others, or you will not know just where to find it.

Others have gone to the ward clerk, but it is not the best way to do, because you have not that definite information for yourself which is possible under the other plan.

Others appoint so many teachers to do this work; but the most successful way has been to divide the ward into sections and give each teacher a section of the ward, and let her keep an account of the children in that section.

Geo. F. Richards: Did you say there were forty meetings? There are fifty-two weeks—

A. We require only forty meetings; some of the wards close their Primaries during the summer; some during the winter. Primary association meetings are not all continued the year round. We have outline lessons for forty meetings. In the associations where they hold them the year round, the teachers prepare extra lessons for themselves.

Sister in Audience: I would like to know how to keep a record of five grades in our minute book, when there are only three grades given space.

Miss Anderson: There will be a new minute book for the coming year, which will have space for the five grades.

Sister in Audience: When the children are paying their nickel fund, if we get up a little entertainment, and the children pay their nickels in that way, and childrn come in from other wards to attend the entertainment, and pay their nickels—how are we to account for that? Just send it in as "nickel fund," and count it the hundred per cent?

Miss Anderson: There are several ways of collecting the nickel fund. The ideal way is to have each child give it as a voluntary contribution out of its own earnings, or savings. If we can not raise the nickel fund in that way, the next best plan is to have the association earn it. If, in the process of earning, you get more than your hunderd per cent of the nickel fund, you are only required to send in the one hundred per cent for the members enrolled. Anything over and above that would be the property of the organization. Sometimes the children are asked to go home and request their parents to pay the nickel for this fund. That is the one plan we do not approve of—either the association or the children themselves should earn the nickel.

Q. What shall we do with the two grades for this year?

A. There are two spaces in the minute book for program—one place for preliminary and one for supplementary program work. We put in both these spaces because some organizations have a preliminary program, and some have a supplementary program; but no organization has both. We have asked the secretaries for this year to use one of these blank spaces for the fourth and fifth grade reports.

CHORISTERS.

Nellie P. Whitney.

If I could, I would have every chorister feel that her position is just as important as the president, or as the secretary—as Sister Hull has said. I believe if every officer felt the responsibility of her position that way, we would surely have a good Primary. I would like to have every chorister feel like that, and every Primary worker feel that the music is just as important as any part of our work. I think it goes a long way to the success of our meetings, if we have good singing. I have never seen a child that did not love to sing—that is, if it was thoroughly acquainted with the songs. I think that every Primary worker should devote a little time and a little thought to the Primary songs, and in this way she would be a great help to the children, and a great help to the chorister. Singing is a part of our religious worship, and I think we owe it to ourselves to devote a little more time to it than we do, and to think more of it than is usually the case. How often our singing is a matter of form, without any particular thought of how or what we are singing.

Now, when we are ready to commence our work in the Primary, if our officers are stationed at the door to greet the children as they come in, and the teachers sit at the places where their classes will be, and if we have music, softly played as they enter the building, I know it will be a great help in overcoming the noise and confusion that so many Primaries have at the commencement of their exercises. Try this somtime. Have somebody seated at the piano, as they enter, and have some rag-time, or popular air played as loud as it can be played, and see how it affects the children. Then try this plan: Have somebody seated at the organ, and play very softly,

some beautiful hymn, not loud, so it will drown all the noise they make. Have the officers greet the children. and with the music playing softly, the children will enter and take their seats quietly. When we have a religious meeting, we have to say, "If you will all come to order," or, "If you will all give your attention, we will commence our meeting." I think this should be entirely done away with, and the right kind of music will help. When you are ready to start, and have selected a song to sing, it should be played softly, so it will get the children in the mood for that song. When you are ready to start, have the song announced—nothing else, just anounce the song; then all stand together; and when you begin your singing, all start together—not one or two, and then have the others come in at random as they can, but be particular to have them all singing at once. If the children are acquainted with the words, and you have a good song to commence with, it goes a long way to the sucess of your meeting.

Right here the nersonality of the chorister should be felt. If she stands beating time mechanically, like the ticking of a clock, you might just as well say, "Children, watch the clock, and keep in time;" it would be just as great a help. The leader must feel that hymn, just as much as you must feel the story vou are telling. If you have no interest in your lesson, or the story you are telling, you can't expect to interest the children. Any chorister who does not love her work can not expect to interest the children. I think it is absolutely necessary for every Primary to devote a few minutes every week to the singing practice. I do not think any definite time could be set for it; it should depend entirely on the mood of the children. Select something that the children can understand, something that will appeal to them; and, when it is possible, tell them some interesting event connected with it. Tell them why or how that little song happened to be written, or something interesting connected with the author. Then begin with the words, and take time and patience to teach them. There are very few of our Primary children who can get up and sing a Primary song right through; there are very few children who know all the words to a song, or who can sing the two parts. Any chorister who will take the time and patience to teach the two parts of the song will get enough pleasure from the results to pay her for her work. If every teacher is familiar with the parts of the songs that are going to be practiced, she can help the children a great deal in that way. Take special pains to teach the boys the alto. Their voices are particularly and peculiarly adpated to the lower part, and I know they enjoy singing.

A chorister should be very quick to notice any inattention, and notice where her presence is required. Never stand away up, as I am standing now, to teach children. Go right down among them, and if there are any who are not singing or paying attention stand with them and sing with them. In this way you will soon get their attention, and they will soon enjoy the singing. Do not tire them. When you see they are tired and restless, and not enjoying it stop immediatelv.

I would always begin by repeating the words. I would repeat the words in one verse several times—learn one verse at a time, in one meeting. Do not repeat so much that the children get tired. After learning a verse, then start with the alto, and have everybody sing it. I would like to say that to have good singing it is not necessary to have everybody shout. Just let them sing in their natural voices; and, especially when they are practicing, let them sing softly, and have them notice the difference, so that when you want them to sing out, they will still have the power left in their voices to sing a little louder. When they sing at their full power, it is not so musical, and it is injurious to their voices.

I think if a chorister is interested in her work, every sign she makes to her children will be understood by them. If she wants them to sing louder, they will understand her wishes, simply by the movement of her hand. If she is interested, they will understand just what she wants; she will not need to say a word to them. When we are singing we should see to it that every one of the children stop together—just as we want them to start together.

PHYSICAL CULTURE.

Isabelle S. Ross.

(Some very simple but good exercises were given by Ssister Ross to illustrate her talk. These exercises cannot be given here.)

I believe that a few simple physical exercises should be a part of the regular business of every Primary meeting, for this reason: The majority of the children come to you after they have been in school all day; they are mentally exhausted, and their nerves often on more or less of a strain. Exercise acts immediately upon the state of the body, renewing its forces, and tempering the nervous system. Now, I noticed that there was a tendency towards sleepiness today, and some of you have been on a nervous strain. You are worn out and weary—not in a condition to receive the beautiful truths that you are listening to. It is just the same with the children. When they come to you, they are worn out, and they have to be confined in the room for another hour, after being in school all day. Just a little exercise would make all the difference in the world. It would have a happy effect upon the lessons that you desire to teach them, because it would give to the mind more vigor and elasticity. Gymnastics and physical exercises take the children, weary with mental effort, and restores them with refreshed and active minds. Rosseau says that in teaching there are two important points to be kept in mind; first, that to teach children wisely and efficiently, we must know child nature; second, that without such knowledge we can not really sympathize with that nature. He says, "Exercise, therefore, not only the physical strength but also the other senses that direct it. Make the best possible use of each, and verify the one impression by that of another. To learn to think,therefore, we should learn to exercise our limbs, senses, and organs, since these are the instruments of our intelligence; and in order to make the best use of these instruments, it is necessary that the body which produces them should be robust and healthy." Now, some of you may say that it requires one who has taken a course in physical education to give those physical exercises. This is true to a certain extent, but I believe I can show you a few exercises that any of you can give. They are just a few simple ones that can easily be given. In some of your Primary associations, perhaps in most of them, there may be three or four tiers of seats. When you are ready for the exercise, give the command, "Class stand." Please remember that, because when we are exercising here that will be the command instead of counting. In order to do effective exercising it is necessary to have a good standing position. I believe the easiest way to get that is simply to have the class stretch. No command need be given, except "Stretch." On the command, "Stretch," they rise on the toes, with the arms up.

Have class monitors appointed, and when the command, "Class stand," is given, they immediately go to the windows, and put up the windows both from the top and bottom, to get good ventilation; that is a very important thing. In the winter time, however, when there would be a draft, I would have the windows open just while they are marching and running. Be careful of colds and drafts. Class! Stand! Arms upward stretch!—On your toes—away up—reach up higher—farther, away up. Position! (Hands at side.) In giving this exercise to the children, you should constantly urge them to reach up higher, farther up (indicating), so that they get that fine position, erecting the spine. There are some teachers who give this stretching exercise at the close of every lesson in school. It corrects any incorrect postures that they have gotten through the lesson work.

Herbert Spencer says that happiness is the most powerful tonic; hence the importance of the element of play entering into all our exercises. Froebel tells us, "Play is the development of the human mind in its first effort to make acquaintance with the outward world." He says, "We should not

consider play as frivolous: on the contrary, it is a thing of profound signification. By means of play, the child expands in joy, as the flower expands when it proceeds from the bud, for joy is the sum of all action, at that age." Let the teachers in the Primary association take a lesson from these few words of that great teacher who was the founder of the kindergarten work. Froebel's success was due to his knowledge of the child nature, and the turning of work into play. The teacher of these exercises should use that element in the work. Now, the child—a healthy child—naturally loves to play, and you can turn that play to good account. You can give them good exercises, and little games can be introduced. Any teacher can introduce so many things. I simply suggest a few that any one can give.

ELDER GEORGE F. RICHARDS.

Having been called, in connection with Elder Hyrum M. Smith, to assist the General Board in Primary work, I wish to say that I feel very much pleased, my dear sisters, and brethren who are here present, with my call. I have a desire to acquaint myself more thoroughly with the work that is expected to be done in the Primary associations, that I may be of some service in the cause. In order to acquaint myself with this work, I realize that it is necessary for me to read the literature that emanates from the General Board, and also to attend the conventions and meetings, where I can do so. For this reason I am here present with you, and expect to continue to attend these meetings of this conference. I appreciate the kind welcome that has ben given me by the members of the Board. I rejoice to see this large attendance of faithful sisters and brethren who have come from far and near to obtain some additional information that will aid them in their Primary work. I feel to say, God bless you, my sisters and brethren. I hope that you will not tire in this mighty labor. When you think of fifty thousand children assembled once a week to receive instructions, under the impress of the Spirit of the Lord, what a mighty responsibility rests upon those who have this work in charge. Although you, as local teachers, may have just a small group of boys and girls under your immediate care, on a certain day, it would be well to remember that there are at that same time at least twenty thousand children assembled who are receiving just such instructions as you are imparting—As I remember it, the average attendance is about 40 per cent, so there would be something like twenty thousand children in attendance at each meeting, and the general enrollment is much greater. When we realize that those who have charge of this work are directed largely by the information and instructions they receive from you, and from the outlines of work that you have, how very important it is, my sisters, that we have the very best outline of work that it is possible to provide, and that the teachers themeslves be instructed and qualified and equipped, by your help, and by study and prayerful thought, in order that they may accomplish the good that has been designed.

I was pleased, in hearing the statistical report, to note that about forty per cent, as I remember it, of all those who are enrolled in these associations are boys. I hardly thought there was so large a percentage of boys in the Primary associations. I am very pleased to note this fact.

Now, I do not desire to detain you here longer, my brethren and sisters; but I wish to say, in conclusion, that I desire to take an interest in this work, and to render such assistance as I can. I think my duties and labors are such—calling me into the various stakes of Zion—that I can, perhaps, keep in a little closer touch with Primary work in the stakes, than possibly any one member of the General Board, because these members do not have the opportunity of going out nearly every week in the year, and being associated with these Primary workers. I, therefore, hope to be of some benefit to the cause, and to be able to give a little encouragement to our sisters, and also to our brethren, who have some responsibility in connection with Primary work.

May the Lord add His blessing and be with us during all the meetings of this conference, and in our social gatherings, I pray in the name of Jesus, Amen.

SECOND SESSION.

June 5th, 10 a. m.

Fifty-seven stakes responded to the roll call at this session; later two more reported, so that every stake, with the exception of Big Horn, was represented at the convention.

A talk on Preparation was given by May Anderson. The officers divided into the five grades and in each department instructions were given on lesson work.

THIRD SESSION.

June 5th, 2 p. m.

LECTURE, "THE WAYWARD CHILD."

Dr. E. G. Gowans.

My fellow workers: I am pleased with this opportunity of addressing you on this occasion, and I trust that I shall be enabled to say something that will be of assistance to you in the work which you are doing in the various wards from which you come.

I feel that you are engaged in a very important work, and I feel that you are, by your presence, manifesting your own interest and sincerity in the work which you are doing.

I have been asked to talk to you this afternoon on the subject of The Wayward Child, and I believe that it is not inappropriate to speak to a body of workers of this kind upon the subject of The Wayward Child.

You know there are those who not only would, but there were those who did criticise the Savior for leaving the ninety and nine and going after the one, but sometimes I feel that we are devoting too much, probably all, of our time and attention to the care of the boys and girls who will get along pretty well without us, and we are not reaching out to the boys and the girls who need us the most. I am sure that every Primary worker has felt, when she has stood before her class, that these boys and girls that are before her are not the ones she desires to reach. I believe that every conscientious teacher in standing before a class of boys and girls, if she gives the matter consideration at all, feels that there are some other boys and girls that she ought to be reaching and she is unable to reach. The boys and girls who are not amenable to influences that ordinarily bring them within your reach are the boys and girls who need you most.

So I believe if we devote more attentoin to looking after the wayward boys and girls, but not permit the boys and girls who are getting along pretty well to take all of our time—Don't understand me that they do not deserve to get along well. They do. But they will get along pretty well in spite of what you do—devote less time to them and more time to the boys and girls who need your help and your assistance so much. If we could reach a decision of this kind, that we would, in the future, devote more time to the boys and girls who are regarded as wayward then there are a number of questions that would naturally come up requiring solution at our hands.

In the first place I think we ought to know what is really meant by a wayward child. The probability is that the definition that would come to the minds of most of us is that a wayward child is a child who wants his own way. But we think of the wayward child only as the boy or the girl who wants his or her own way if that way is different from ours. We don't

think of the boy who wants his own way as being wayward if he wants to do what we want him to do. We don't speak of him as a wayward boy, and yet the same qualities of mind which impel him to act according to his own idea are there in the boy who does as we want him to just as they are present in the boy who wants his way that is different from ours. The same feeling that impels him to act on his own judgment is there. The difference is that one boy desires to do what we choose to say is right while the other boy tries to do and wants to do what we have said and what we feel is not right. So we have come to regard the boy or the girl, the child, as wayward who wants his own way in doing what we do not want him to do.

Now,there are a great many causes for waywardness,and I think it would be profitable for us, for a short time, at least, to go over some of these causes for waywardness in boys and girls. I am not going to take up your time in going into individual cases of waywardness in the beginning of my talk, but I desire to call your attention to some of the reasons why boys and girls are wayward.

Thus we have found in the Juvenile Court work generally, boys and girls are delinquent and go wrong largely because somebody else has not done the right thing by the child. Now, that may seem to some of you to be a very sweeping statement to make. but ninety-five per cent of all of the delinquency among boys and girls is chargeable, either directly or indirectly, to their fathers and mothers or teachers, or some grown people who come in contact with them. Now you want to know how that can be. For example, not more than a week ago I happened to be present at a little company where the child came to his father and said, "I want a nickel to buy some pop-corn." 'No, my boy, you can't have a nickel to buy pop-corn." Well, the boy began to cry in a simpering sort of way—not really crying. The boy wasn't hurt. His feelings were somewhat offended. But he began to whine, and he kept it up for about ten minutes, every once in a while asking his father again for a nickel to buy some pop-corn. The father persisted in his refusal to give the child a nickel. The child kept on for another ten minutes, I am positive, although I did not look at my watch, that the child kept on in this way for fully twenty minutes. Finally the father put his hand in his pocket and took out a half dollar and said, "Now, my boy, go get your pop-corn and bring me the change," and the boy went away as happy as ever, because he had accomplished what he wanted to accomplish, for he had worked his father again, as he had done many times before.

Who was responsible for that? Was the child himself? Certainly not. It was the training his father had given him. His father had taught him, just as plainly as any person could teach another, that if he persists long enough in asking for what he wants he will get what he asks for. His father has not said that in so many words, but he has told him as plainly as if he had told him in words, "My boy, you will get what you want if you keep on long enough."

I wonder how many workers, how many teachers, how many people coming in contact daily with boys and girls, who are leaving their impress and their own personality upon the child, are guilty of just this sort of thing.

As I said before, I am not going to take up your time with examples, but I say ninety-five per cent of all of the waywardness in boys and girls can be traced either directly or indirectly to the conduct of adults who come in contact with them.

This instance that I have related to you might be classified as one of the parental causes of waywardness in children. You—all of you, and particularly those of you who are parents, if you will look back upon your own experience will be able to recall, by your own experience with your own children, a number of instances in which you know just as well as you know anything that you have been responsible for the waywardness of your children. I know that it is not a pleasant thing to tell people of their faults,

but this unpleasant duty falls to a great many of us, and I propose to keep on doing it as long as anybody will listen to me. We might just as well know our faults and then as manly men and womenly women meet these things in the way that they ought to be met. So you will pardon me if I begin to point out not only the faults of parents but the faults of teachers, and probably the faults of Primary officers.

Then there are a number of causes of waywardness in children that might be considered as community causes—the general attitude of society toward children and the faults of children—the general feeling of your neighbor to your child and of you towards your neighbor's child.

I want to say that in this matter of making distinctions between our children and our neighbor's children we are making mistakes all the time. Not very long ago two ladies came into the juvenile court with their boys and the boys had been guilty of some technical infraction of the law, which was not a very serious thing, and as we were talking the matter over one mother said to me, "Now, my boy is a good boy. My boy never does anything of this kind, and he would not have done this if it had not been for Johnnie; Johnnie led him into it. You can tell when you see Johnnie what kind of a boy Johnnie is and you will know Johnnie led my boy into it." I made a note of the proposition, and after a while the other mother and the other boy came in. She said, "Now, my boy Johnnie is a good boy. He never did anything of this kind and he would never have done it under any circumstances if Ernest had not led him into it, and Ernest led my boy into it." The fact of the matter was the two boys were equally to blame. One led the other, both led each other, and the two boys were responsible. They got together and, as the officers down in the court say, patched up a little scheme and both worked it out and both boys were responsible, and both mothers had told half the truth and both mothers had attempted to protect their own children when they knew perfectly well that their own children were just as bad as the other.

I believe if fathers and mothers and if society in general in its attitude toward children and children's faults, would come to recognize the fact that the child of any parent is apt to go wrong we would have taken a great step in the right direction. And if mothers could come to realize that their children—if you who are mothers will realize that your very own children are just as apt to do wrong as the children of any other mother. you will have made a splendid step in the direction of correcting the waywardness of your own children.

Coming under this subject of community causes for waywardness naturally comes the school.

Now, I have a great deal of sympathy for boys and girls in school. I think that school is positively one of the barbarisms of the present day. We take a child seven years old, eight years old, sometimes we take them as young as six years old. at the very time when he ought to be out in the open air, leading a free life, developing large muscles, learning the things he ought to know, learning to develop the muscles that he. in common with lower animals, must develop and use as fundamental to the very life which they are living; at a time when he wants to be out and free and in the open we take hold of him and take him to school and we put him in and we shut the doors and shut the windows and turn on the heat and put him down on a bench, and sometimes his feet won't reach the floor and they dangle, and he is restless, and if he wants to talk the teacher won't permit it; and we shut him up there as a prisoner for three hours in the forenoon, then let him have a little recess. and three hours, or two hours, or one hour more in the afternoon, and we imprison the little fellow all these hours and we expect him to be still and be a good boy. How often have you heard this?—Now, Johnnie, you must be a good boy; you must be still." He can't be still! It's impossible! He can't be still. The very law of his nature, the law of his development, the thing that he must do, that nature is compelling him to do, the very laws

of nature that have been organized for his development compel him to activity. And we take him and put him in school and prevent the activity that nature intended him to have. As I say, I have a lot of sympathy for children in school.

But there is not the right sort of co-operation between school teachers and parents in the matter of the education of the child. For example, a child comes home from school and says to his mother, "Teacher shows partiality; teacher does not treat me like she does so and so." And the mother listens to it, of course (and this may be a Primary teacher that the child is talking about), the child comes home and tells his mother that the Primary teacher does not treat her as she does the other children in the school; So and So is a favorite and always has her own way in the Primary school, and I never have my own way, and she says. If that is the way my child is going to be treated I won't let her go any more, when the mother should say, "My daughter, I want you to understand that your teacher has not made any mistake; I want you to understand that you must go right back to school and do just exactly as your teacher tells you, and you must understand that I am going to work with your teacher to get you to do the right thing," and if the mother would say that once the child would not come home with such stories again. Parents do not appreciate the importance of their working together with the teachers in such a way as to get the right results.

There is another of the community causes for waywardness among children.

We have here in Salt Lake City, and I know you have in a great many othehr towns, what we call picture shows. I am not going to ask you who visit these picture shows to show your hands, but I know a good many of you visit them. There is nothing in the world that appeals to the child like the activity that the picture show produces, and children are just wild to go to the picture shows. They go in and witness the show three times before coming out, because the proprietor doesn't drive them out at the end of the first performance. They repeat the program three times, and the children go in at the beginning of the first performance and stay until the last, if they are permitted. Not very long ago a boy of a splendid family, and good stock, with the right kind of father and mother, and a boy when you look into his face you would know that he was a good boy, was arrested by the police for burglary, and he had a considerable amount of stolen things on him. and it was found necessary to deal radically with the boy on account of a number of conditions which arose in connection with the case, and in my talk with the boy I found out this: that that boy had seen six times in the picture shows of Salt Lake City burglaries committed and shown in these pictures. And I asked him if the burglars were ever caught, and he said no, they weren't caught in any of the pictures that he saw.

Now the picture-show business is not conducted for amusement; it is conducted for money. That is what people are in it for. These things are not gotten up to amuse people; they are gotten up to make money because they do amuse people. The fact that they appeal so strongly and strikingly to the imagination and the activity of the child makes the thing doubly dangerous to him. I think that nearly all of the picture shows we have in Salt Lake City ought to be abolished. Why? Because the proprietors put on sensational pictures in order to satisfy the demand of adults, and they permit children to go in just at the time in their lives when these things make the most terrible impression upon them.

This is one of the community causes of waywardness among children. Now I say that if we are going to have picture shows for children,—and the picture show itself is not a bad thing—I believe it could be made very educative and instructive. I think we could show all kinds of activity in manufacturing, we could show races, foot races, automobile races, and things that are somewhat sensational but that do not involve any immorality in

them; we could show wild animals, all kinds of things that naturally interest children, because they are interested in nature and natural things about them. We could show all these things in picture shows and never make a bad impression on the child. But what we are doing all the time, and what parents are doing, and what the proprietors are doing is to permit children to go to these picture shows and have these vivid, striking, terrible impressions made on their minds just at the very time when they are most susceptible to them.

So we find there are a good many community causes for the waywardness of children.

It is not a very difficult thing to find men conducting a little corner grocery store who will sell tobacco to boys if there doesn't happen to be anybody around to see them. Why, not very long ago some very respectable members of the Church who conduct a store (I say members of the Church because it is true; they were nominally, at least, members of the Church) bought a whole lot of stolen stuff from some boys, and they knew positively, because of the price at which they were buying these goods, that they were stolen goods. Why? They did it to make money out of it. That is all. Why does the corner groceryman sell tobacco to the boy? Because he makes half a cent, probably, on each sack of tobacco—I don't know how much, but he makes something out of each sack of tobacco, and that boy's soul may be sold because this dealer wants to make half a cent on a sack of tobacco, and the boy begins his waywardness. And sometimes he finds out that he can buy it for his father when his father sends him to the store with a note, and the next time he wants it for himself he forges a little note and takes it in and gets the tobacco and goes off behind the store, or somewhere else, with some boys, and gets his first lesson in smoking. It would be astonishing if we could get all of the cases in which men and women who have boys and girls of their own, for the paltry few cents they make on the sale of a pack of tobacco, to sell the soul of the boy, are perfectly willing not only to violate the law but to lay the foundation for the ruin and waywardness of the boy or the girl.

So we have parental causes for waywardness, school causes for waywardness and community causes for waywardness. The conscience of the community has not been awakened to the importance of doing preventative work among children. It is not a difficult matter to get the county commissioners almost anywhere to vote ten, fifteen or twenty or twenty-five thousand dollars to enlarge a jail in the county. It is not a hard thing to get a legislature to appropriate money to enlarge the penitentiary. It isn't a hard thing to get a city council to authorize the chief of police to employ four or five or ten or fifteen more policemen. But it is the most difficult thing in the world to get any one of these authorities to do something in the way of a little school where two or three wayward boys and girls can be taken care of. They can't spend any money for that. They can spend all the money that comes into their hands for the purpose of building and enlarging the county jails and penitentiaries and alms houses, and things of that kind, but nothing can be done in the way of spending public money for the boys that are just beginning their waywardness,—just at the time when they could be corrected, when a small expenditure of a few thousand dollars would prevent, in the future, the expenditure of hundreds of thousands of dollars for the capture and conviction of the hardened criminal, after he has reached that stage in his criminality. What is that a reflection on? It is a reflection on the general attitude of society toward the child. And all of us make up society and we are responsible. It is not enough for us to say that the official whom we have placed in power is responsible. We are responsible, because there is not a sufficiently vigorous public sentiment on matters of this kind to enable these officials to feel that they are doing the will of the people in spending money in preventative work.

So the community causes for waywardness on the part of children are

very, very extensive. Well, what will you do? What is to be done? What is going to be accomplished by talking about these matters? Why, anybody can talk; it is a very simple thing to talk! It is a very simple thing to point out the trouble. Anybody can find fault; I am not going to be a chronic fault-finder. But it requires wisdom on the part of people to cooperate in such a way as to correct and remedy the faults after they have been pointed out to us. Sometimes it takes a little courage to point out the faults, but not very much.

There are a great many things that can be done, and the work that you are doing in the primary associations is one of the things that can be done to correct the waywardness of children. I think that one of the important and fundamental duties devolving upon teachers and officers in the Primary associations is to come into very close, intimate personal relationship with the fathers and mothers of the children in their associations. The workers should be cemented so closely to the home that the workers in the home and the workers in the association will be working right together, that you will understand each other, that there will not be any sort of criticism on the part of parents of the actions of the association in the presence of the child, and there will not be any criticism on the part of the officers of the association of the parents in the presence of the child, but that the parents and the teachers should get together and understand each other, and if in any particular family there is an example of waywardness come together and talk the matter over in such a way that they both, parents and teachers, understand each other perfectly and work together for the accomplishment of this purpose.

I said in the beginning I believe that we devote a great deal more attention to the children who do not need us than we should do, and less attention to the others. I think that one thing that could be done in the Primary associations is the organization of some sort of movement in the association which looks to the bringing in of the boys and girls who never have yet been in the Primary association. They are the boys and girls who need you most. They are the boys and girls whose parents need your cooperation more than the parents of the boys and girls who are already regular attendants at the Primary association. And I want to tell you what I think concerning one means of accomplishing this purpose; that there is absolutely nothing you could do that would be more beneficial to the children who already come than to get them to work for the others. I do not know that I could give you any instruction as to the details of a method to be worked out that would accomplish this. I heard a teacher tell one day of trying to teach the subject of charity to a small class of boys in Sunday school, and the teacher said that he had worked on this subject of charity a long time; that he had told stories about charitable things that were done, and these things were so touching that he had actually seen the tears come into the eyes of the little boys as they heard the story of the marvelously charitable act that had been performed by somebody, and there was a desire worked up on the part of the boys to do that sort of thing for somebody, themselves. But finally the matter came to such a head that he had an opportunity of testing it to find out to what extent his teaching of charity had been effectual, and he was astonished to find that with all the stories he had told, with all the beauties of charity he had pointed out, with all the tears that he had brought to the eyes of the boys on the matter, he had not developed the idea of being charitable in their hearts at all, and he concluded that the thing he had better do, instead of talking about charity, was to get the boys to be charitable, so he thought about it, and he thought about it two or three weeks before he got the matter perfected in his mind. He came before his class one morning and after the regular lesson had been gone through with he said, "Now, boys, there is a widow woman living at such and such a place, and coming by the place a few days ago that old lady was out splitting kindling, and I know she has rheumatism, and it is the

hardest thing in the world for that old lady to cut kindling," and he asked how many boys in the class would like to go up and cut up a big pile of kindling for sister so-and-so, and every hand went up, and every boy went around and cut up kindling, and were delighted in doing that sort of charitable thing. I say that that teacher did more in that one little practical lesson in doing things than had been done by all his teaching and lessons of charity in the theoretical; it was a practical thing, that impressed itself upon those boys in such a way that they would remember it all their lives.

I say we talk too much about things and do not do things enough. If we want children to be charitable we must teach them to be charitable. If you want children to pray it is no good to talk about prayer, the beauties of prayer, the efficacy of prayer, and to give examples of the efficacy of prayer, but get the little fellow down on his knees, and get him to say a prayer and you are teaching prayer, and that is the only way to teach prayer. When you get him down in the physical attitude of prayer and he prays, then you are teaching him the lesson of prayer.

It is the same all the way through. If the boys and girls who come to the Primary association are going to be affected by you, if you are going to leave your impress upon them, if you are going to get them to be what you want them to be from the standpoint of religion, from the standpoint of charity, if you are going to get them to do things, if there are a dozen boys and girls in your ward who are not members of the Primary association who are inclined to be, possibly, a little bit wayward, why isn't it possible to organize these boys and girls who do come into some sort of organization and do something so that they will get these other boys and girls in. I don't care if they don't get them into the Primary association, let them go off somewhere, to the play-ground, somewhere, and get with them, and work with them; get the children to come together with the children who have not been coming; get them to work together, get them to go with each other, and the first thing you know these other boys and girls who have not been coming will very naturally come right along to the Primary with the other children.

I say that the one child is more important, from the standpoint of the importance of this work, not because one is more precious than the ninety and nine, not that he is more precious than any single one of the ninety and nine, but the ninety and nine are already in the fold, they are safe, the shepherd can leave them; the wolves can't get into the fold, the doors are closed. We have these children, they are already coming to the Primary; you can leave them long enough to go out and get the wayward boys and girls and bring them into the fold. Not only that, you can take older ones and stronger ones along to help in the work, and when you get one child in you have done more for the child that goes after the other than you have for the one that is brought in. There is nothing that will be more valubale and exercise a more valuable influence on the life of the child than getting him to do the thing you want him to do. If we will just quit talking about things and get down to the work of doing them we will be accomplishing what we want to accomplish for the boys and girls. That is one way in which we can affect the parental causes of waywardness.

Now then, Primary workers will have another duty to perform in the way of affecting the community causes of waywardness. The standard which the community has set for itself is the thing that has to be changed. Now, here in Salt Lake City we have a curfew law. That curfew law says that it shall be unlawful for any person under the age of eighteen years to be out on the streets or public places of Salt Lake City after nine o'clock at night. That is what the law says. Now, I know there are a number of Primary officers who are under eighteen. I wonder—I wonder, now, if they are all thoughtful and cereful enough, and conscientious enough, to feel that they are living strictly up to this particular law in order that they can say to their children: Now, you must be at home after nine o'clock at night.

Don't you know that there are parents in Salt Lake City, and probably at other places, surely in other places, who care nothing at all about this matter; not a thing? You can go down on the streets, on Main street, and for your own instruction I would advise you to do so, go down there at eleven o'clock, or half past eleven, or, if you care to do so, wait until twelve o'clock, and see how many boys and girls, not only boys and girls of Salt Lake City but boys and girls who have come in here on the present railroad rates, to be here during this time, how many boys and girls under the age of eighteen are on the streets of Salt Lake City after nine o'clock tonight. You will be astonished! You will be appalled to see little fellows and little girls, ten and eleven and twelve and thirteen years of age parading up and down the streets of Salt Lake City at ten and eleven o'clock tonight. I am sure you will be astonished. And where should children be at that time? Not only in their homes, but they ought to be in bed, as you all know. Not only that, but their fathers and mothers ought to be, too. We don't set the right kind of example before our boys and girls. The law says that they must be on some legitimate business if they are out after nine o'clock. I wish we could have a curfew law which would apply to men and women so that in order, even if they are a hundred years old, to be out on the streets after nine o'clock at night they must be on some legitimate business.

Not very long ago I was riding down on the Third Street car. A man got on the street car, not a member of the Church we belong to, and he said to me, "Do you know anything about those children that are playing around my house at nights?" I said"I did not,but that I would be very glad to get the information, so that I could assign an officer to investigate the matter." "Well," he said, "there are two or three families living in that neighborhood and it is their regular habit to go away at night." He said, "I don't know where they go, but I guess they go down town to the shows, but any way they go away and leave the children alone, some ten and fourteen and fifteen and others as young as five and six, and these children are out on the streets until ten o'clock at night, and they make a lot of noise. I am at home, my family is there, and they annov and bother us." The man is not a member of the Church, and he pointed out the fact that these families whose fathers and mothers went down town every night were members of the Church. You can imagine how I felt. I was humiliated beyond measure to think it was possible for him truthfully to say that three families in his neighborhood, in the Church, of which the fathers and mothers go off in the evening to have a good time while their children were left at home, and permitted to be out on the public streets in violation of the curfew law up until ten and half past ten o'clock at night. I was humiliated beyond measure. I told him, as best I was able, that I would assign an officer and investigate the case and find out what was being done, and see if we could not get these parents to stay at home and keep their children off the streets.

Do you think it is the right thing that Latter-day Saints should be humiliated by an officer writing to them and giving them instructions of this sort? It seems to me to be one of the most humiliating things in the world. I am gratified to say that there are hundreds and hundreds of families in the Church, hundreds of them, who are not to be classed with these three families that I speak of just now. Not at all. They are fathers and mothers who are devoted to their work of raising their children. They are fathers and mothers who appreciate the responsibilities of parents. They are men and women who have assumed the responsibilities of fatherhood and motherhood who have a full realization of the importance of that work. They are fathers and mothers who are doing their very best to bring up their children according to the requirements of the law of God and the law of the land. They are not only requiring their children to be obedient to the law, but they are setting an example before their children of obedience to the law. But they are not those who require the attention and help of workers among children. It is the other class of parents who require their help. These

childern who belong to the families where the fathers and mothers are not in danger. It is the children of fathers and mothers who have no realization of the importance of their work as parents who need your help. And something ought to be done to raise the standard of the community concerning this matter of obedience to the law.

I have pointed out something concerning the curfew law. I want to call your attention to the fact that concerning a good many other laws we feel if we are not found guilty of violating the law we are all right. Now what does that mean? Why, that it is all right to ignore the requirements of the law if we are not caught at it. Is that a high standard of morality? Certainly you will answer that it is a very low standard of morality. Righteous men, righteous women, men who are God-fearing and women who are God-fearing, and fathers and mothers who realize their responsibilities of setting examples to their children, not only live up to the law but they live above the law, because they want to be above the law, and they would be that way whether there was a law or not.

The great majority of people in the world do not violate the law which says, Thou shalt not kill. Why? Because they do not want to kill. They want to live above that law, and they would live above that law, even if there were no law against killing. Now, it seems to me the standard of morality that we must set for the communities in which we live is that we must all of us not only live up to the law. but we must live above the law, and when a father and mother live above the law it is an easy matter for them to say to their children, "Now, my boy, or my girl, this is what you must do."

I feel, my fellow workers. that I have talked as long as I should talk. I am interested in wayward children because I believe that they are very far from being bad; that there are very, very few bad children in the world. We have wayward children. it is true, and sometimes they want their own way in opposition to our way, but they are not bad children. They are amenable to treatment. They can be shown the right way. They can be saved from their waywardness. They can be made exemplary, splendid citizens if they are taken hold of in the right way. and my heart goes out to the wayward boys and girls who, up to date, haven't had a fair chance in the world, and I say it is the duty not only of Primary workers but of all the people who have anything to do with boys and girls to see to it that they do their full duty in order that the boys and girls who are inclined to be wayward will have a fair chance in the world. For we only plead for a fair chance. We don't plead for anything more than that for wayward boys and girls. Give them just a fair chance. Let the teacher, let the father and mother, let the community give the wayward boy a fair chance and in nine hundred and ninety-nine chances out of a thousand the wayward boy will develop into the right kind of a boy.

I say we ought to co-operate in this matter. We are inclined to think that wayward boys and girls are bad boys and girls. I don't care what offense a child has committed, that child is amenable to the right kind of influence, and the right kind of methods of treatment.

Not very long ago I heard a mother say, "Well, if that is true, my daughter never needs darken my door again." This woman had not learned to separate the offense from the offender. When will we ever be wise enough to separate the offense from the offender? Look upon the offense and condemn it just as vigorously as you desire, but look upon the offender to reform him, to bring about reformation. It is not punishment that is wanted, it is reformation. Reformation. This conscientious little mother, trying to live up to certain standards that society had set, said that her daughter need never darken her door again at the very time in her life when that one door should have been open, when all the other doors in the world were closed. This little mother did not realize that she was driving her own flesh and blood out into the world at the very time when her own daughter needed her help most.

I do not care what offenses boys and girls have committed, they are amenable to treatment, they can be brought in and helped, they can be made better boys and girls. It is the duty of people who are associated with boys and girls to do their duty in this measure, and may God help us to do so, is my prayer, in the name of Jesus. Amen.

FOURTH SESSION.

June 5th, 7:30 p. m.

A very enjoyable evening was spent with music, games and refreshments. Some of the games will appear later in The Children's Friend.

FIFTH SESSION.

June 6th, 10 a. m.

Many touching and inspiring testimonies were borne by the officers. All who were present enjoyed a rich outpouring of the Spirit of the Lord. We can only include a few in this report.

PRESIDENT LOUIE B. FELT.

Brethren and Sisters, we have every cause to be thankful and grateful to our heavenly Father for the many mercies and blessings He has seen fit to bestow upon us. I am pleased, as I know you will be, that the First Presidency has so kindly given us these brethren to supervise and assist us in our glorious work among the children. I know, my sisters, that it meets with your hearty approval; and we are grateful and thankful for this blessing. We feel now that we have some one at our head, and if we do not come up to the requirements that are made of us, they will be here to bring us to time. We want this. We want to do all that we do with an eye single to the glory of God, just as you do, my co-workers.

I want to express the gratitude of my heart, first to the members of the Board, those sisters who have worked so faithfully and so well to make this convention a success, to our young girls who have kindly acted as ushers, and especially our singers who have contributed largely to the success of the convention. We are grateful to those who have been appointed to take part on the programs that have been gone through; and I am grateful to you, my dear sisters, for the work that you are doing. We stand at the head, and while we are planning and trying to give something to you, the stake officers, you, the local presidents, are doing the work with the children; you are helping to teach our boys and girls the plan of salvation, you are teaching them to be truthful, to be honest, to be upright, to be morally pure.

Sisters, do not let us forget what Dr. Gowans said to us yesterday. Let us have a watch care over our boys and over our girls. Let us as teachers and as mothers watch our little ones. Try and find out who their companions are and with whom they associate, that we may be proud of our children and of their associates, and see that they do not go into by and forbidden -aths.

We are thankful this morning that we have our great friend Brother Winder, with us. Brother Winder stands by the Primary at all times; he has done so for many years now, and his kindness to us we can never, never forget or repay.

We are thankful for the Apostles that have been given us, and we are thankful for the brethren who act as High Councilmen, and give their advice, counsel, and help so willingly. I appreciate these brethren, the brethren of the Priesthood. Appreciate them, my sisters; they will assist you in all things. We want to go to the Priesthood in all that we do. There is

nothing trifling in our work. We are striving to set examples to our boys and girls that will be worthy of imitation. If a question arises that perplexes or vexes us, let us go to our Bishop or the President of the Stake, and get their counsel and advice, and we will not go wrong.

I trust, my brethren and sisters, that we shall have a time of rejoicing here this morning. We are so thankful for this beautiful day, and we are grateful for the number who are here. I know that there are many here who can bear a faithful testimony to the goodness of God to them. Do not let us be backward. Let us give expression to the feelings of love and gratitude to our Heavenly Father that are in our hearts.

I pray that the blessings of our heavenly Father may rest upon each and every one of us. Let our lives be so directed that we cannot do anything that can be found fault with. I ask God to bless you, to lighten your hearts, to go with you to your homes. May His Spirit be and abide with you in all that you do. I ask it in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

ELDER JAMES DUCKWORTH.

My brethren and sisters, I feel that I should be very disappointed if I should not take the opportunity of speaking to you just a moment about the Primary work. I have always loved and enjoyed the Primary work. My first connection with it was back a good many years. I became a member of the Primary Association in the winter of 1881, I think, and 1882, and I never shall forget the good start in life that the Primary work gave me. I became secretary of the organization, and thoroughly enjoyed the work, and whatever good has come to me in my life, I believe it would be very difficult to estimate how much of it was due to the impressions made upon me in that Primary Association. I feel truly grateful for the experience that was given to me in that little organization. I loved the work then and I have never lost that love; I love it today. I question if there are any of the Primary workers who realize the importance of this work.

I am now in Blackfoot Stake, and in arranging the division of the work among the Stake Presidency, it was with pleasure that I asked to take some part in the Primary work. You know we have our different auxiliary organizations, and while we as members of the State Presidency should take an active part in all of them, we decided to specialize in certain organizations, and the Primary was one of those given to me.

I have earned the reputation of being a Primary man, and I am proud of the title. If it is a fact, as it is, that the future depends upon the youth of today, how much good can it be said that we are doing in respect to our boys and girls. What the men and women of the future are will depend upon what the boys and girls are of today; and I know of no greater work than that which devolves upon the Primary workers, in developing the minds of the little boys and girls, for they take hold of them when the children are susceptible of receiving those impressions which have so much to do with their total make-up when they become men and women. I do not see how we can fail to love this work. I have always loved to labor with little children, in the Primary Association and in the Sunday School, and I hope I shall always have that love throughout my life. I do not think there is any work in the Church that should appeal to us more than the labor among the boys and girls of Israel. We have so much to do towards making them the noble men and women we expect them to be. There is no other organization, it seems to me, so calculated to help the mothers as is the Primary Association, and I feel to encourage all my sisters and all my brethren engaged in this work to do all they can in the work assigned them. God will surely bless the Primary workers. I am sure that when the jewels of the Lord are chosen that among the brightest selected will be numbered the Primary workers who have labored so faithfully among the boys and girls.

I believe you have no conception of the great work you are accomplishing. I want you to feel encouraged, to feel that your labor is being regarded

more and more highlv all the time, and that God looks with approbation upon it.

And the "Children's Friend"—there is no other magazine that will help the mothers and teachers as that little magazine. It was with great delight that I learned, in Australia. of the establishing of it, and I have taken pride in speaking of it. It was of great help to me in presiding over the Australian mission, and we had copies of it distributed over the mission, and it was of greater help than words can express. I have taken pride in speaking in praise of the "Children's Friend," and I hope the time will speedily come when there will be no home in Zion where the "Children's Friend" will not be found; for it is of great assistance to the fathers and mothers and to the boys and girls I consider it the best little magazine for children that I know of in the world.

There are so many good things to say about the Primary Association and of the "Children's Friend" that words would fail me to give expression to them.

I pray the Lord to bless the Primarv Associations, the boys and girls who are members of the same, and all the sisters who are working so hard to make the Primary Associations a success. I pray the Lord to bless the General Board and the brethren who have been called to assist, and all who are interested in the Church. Mav the Lord bless all Primary workers is my prayer, in the name of Jesus. Amen.

ELDER GEORGE F. RICHARDS.

My heart is filled with gratitude and thanksgiving to our heavenly Father this morning for His kind consideration of us, His children, the care He has had over us, the assistance which He has rendered us in our duties and labors, and the assurances He has given from time to time of His acceptance and of His approval of our humble efforts.

I have been delighted with the spirit of testimony that has been manifest in our gathering this morning. My only regret is that all those who have the spirit to testify have not the opportunity. This being the case, I know that our heavenly Father will accept of the desires of their hearts and will bless them with His Holy Spirit, that they will feel satisfied at the conclusion of this meeting.

I do appreciate the efforts of the Presidency of the Stakes, the effort which they are putting forth individually and that they have called to their assistance High Counselors and others to assist in the Primary work, and for the presence of these our brethren here and in the various meetings of this General Conference of Primary workers. I feel to say, "God bless these our brethren and our sisters, and our dear sister who is afflicted with her hearing and appeals to us to exercise our faith in her behalf that the Lord will preserve unto her her hearing. I do feel to sav, "God Bless this our sister that she may be healed of that affliction, and that her hearing may be preserved unto her." And these our sisters who feel so much their weakness in taking upon themselves the responsibility of teaching the little children entrusted to their care, I hope and pray that the Lord will give these, and all of us, in fact, strength and power to overcome our own individual infirmities and weaknesses; that His Holy Spirit and power may be made manifest to us in our labors, that we may be made equal to this great responsibility; that we may go, as it were, into the world in which these little ones are living; that we may be able to impart unto them that love of the Lord, with instructions to lead them in that way that they may grow up to be useful instruments in the hands of the Lord in building up His kingdom in the last days.

I pray our heavenly Father to bless you all my brethren and sisters, especially those who have come from afar. One sister with whom I had a conversation during this conference came from Canada, and left her child, her babe, a year old, and came all this distance to attend this conference meeting. I feel that the Lord appreciates such sacrificing hearts, and will

abundantly reward all who made such sacrifices to be present here. I pray that the Lord will bless their families who are left behind; that their lives may be preserved from accident and harm of every kind; that their mothers may return in safety to their homes. The Lord be with you, I most earnestly pray, in the name of Jesus. Amen.

PRESIDENT JOHN R. WINDER.

I feel very thankful, my brethren and sisters, to have one opportunity, at least, of meeting with you in this conference. It is the first time I have had the privilege, and I am delighted in listening to what I have heard this morning.

I claim a membership in this organization. It is an old saying, "Once a man, twice a child:" and I think I have arrived at the time when I can claim a membership on second childhood. At eight years of age a child is baptized, and claims a membership in this organization. I am twice eight—put them together, and you will find it is 88; so I claim membership in this organization.

I have always felt an interest in Primary work, although I have never been actively engaged in it. as some of the brethren and all of the sisters have. Yet I feel an interest in your work and labors. It is a great work you sisters are doing in sowing the seeds of life and salvation in the hearts of the little children, so that they may grow up in the fear and admonition of the Lord. It is certainly a glorious work that you are engaged in, a noble work, and I hope, my sisters, that you will not slacken your efforts or ever become discouraged, because I think now is a brighter time for you than I have ever seen before. Everything looks bright and promising to me for this organization, and I hope that when you go home from this conference, you will feel stronger and have greater strength and determination to perform your labors and duties, however arduous they may be; and whatever sacrifices you have made to accomplish your labors, and, as has been hinted, you have made great sacrifices in traveling long distances, at great expense to come here and enjoy for a few days the association of your sisters,—I hope that you will be abundantly rewarded for the sacrifices that you have made; that you may go home renewed in your strength and determination to press forward in the work; that you will be better qualified for the labors and duties that you have to perform. And when you go home, take with you all the good things that you have seen and heard during this visit. Never mind about some things that you have probably seen and heard while you are here that would not be profitable to take home with you. Think of all the good things. Take them home and distribute them among your friends and associates when you get there.

I think it is two years ago when I had the privilege of meeting with you in your conference in Barrett Hall, and it was quite a small assembly then compared with what I see this morning. There is a great increase in the numbers of the children you have under your charge, and I am delighted to hear of the progress you have made in your work. I think I intimated to you on that occasion that the time would come when you would have a home here in Salt Lake City, an office or building, so that you would not have to wander from place to place to find out where the Primary conference was being held, which was the case then, and somewhat the case now, I suppose. We expect before you come again this beautiful building over here, in which you have an interest, will be completed, that you will have an office where the authorities, the President and the General Board can always be found. I presume you will be glad to hear of this, and I know that you will be glad when the time comes that you can come here and see it for yourselves. It will not be very long now before it is completed.

I am delighted at the interest the brethren are taking in this work in the stakes of Zion. I can see that they can be of great aid and assistance to the

sisters in their labors, giving them support and strength and aiding and assisting them in any way the- can. And I believe it is a step in the right direction that the two brethren have been appointed to aid the General Board in its labors, giving them the strength and support, counsel and advice they may need from time to time.

I want to say to my sisters and to you, my brethren, especially to my sisters, that you have the full confidence and support of the First Presidency of the Church. They are always delighted to hear of the good work that you are accomplishing. They look upon the Primary Association as one of the strong institutions of the Church, because of the influence that you can bring to bear upon little children, giving them instructions and impressing upon their young minds things that will prove of great benefit to them in years to come, laying the foundation in their young minds for life eternal, giving unto them a desire in their hearts to learn the principles of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. You have a testimony to bear to them in relation to the Prophet Joseph Smith, as a Prophet of God. This testimony that you bear to the children will increase in them faith and confidence in the work of the Lord.

My dear sisters, I think that is all that I want to say this morning, except that my prayer is all the time that the blessings of the Lord may be with you, that you may be sustained by the inspiration of the Almighty continually in your labors, that He will bless you in your homes, bless you in your families, in your basket and in your store, that your substance may be multiplied and increased according to your wants and necessities. If you will continue as you have done in the past to serve the Lord, He will overrule and control all these matters for your good and for your benefit. I pray that the Lord will bless the Presidency of this association and the members of the Board, and all who are laboring in any way in aiding and assisting to build up and strengthen this work. I pray that the blessings of the Lord may be upon all you sisters, the presidents of the branches and of stakes, that you may each and every one of you be fully and abundantly qualified for the duties that devolve upon you; that the Lord will sustain you in your labors; and, as Brother Richards remarked, those who have come from long distances, and have made some sacrifices to come here, when the time comes for you to return, I pray the blessings of the Lord will go with you; that you may go in peace and reach your homes in safety, and while you are absent from your families may the blessings of the Almighty be with them. Now, may heaven's choicest blessings attend you, my dear sisters, and my brethren, is my prayer, in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

SIXTH SESSION.

June 6th, 2 p. m.

ELDER GEORGE F. RICHARDS.

Those who have been in attendance at the meetings of the Primary conference have been made aware of the fact that the First Presidency have recently appointed two members of the council of Twelve, Elder Hyrum M. Smith—who is absent from home, on duty, at the present time—and myself, to have general supervision, under the First Presidency, of the Primary association, and to aid the General Board and Primary workers. I can say that it is with much gratification that I have received notification of this appointment, and I also appreciate, very much, the hearty welcome which the members of the General Board have tendered us.

The Primary organization was not born early enough to benefit me in my childhood, but it has been of inestimable benefit and blessing to me, through my children, as it has to many, many other Latter-day Saints, however much or little we appreciate the fact. Those, I believe, who have had their children in attendance at the Primary meetings are appreciative of the good which has been done. I have been brought into close touch with this important labor through visiting the various stakes of Zion and from time to

time hearing the presidents of Primary work reporting their accomplishments, and in hearing, also, from the presidents of stakes themselves, and from some of our high councilors who have been appointed in the stakes of Zion to assist in this great work. I have also had the privilege of attending some of the stake conventions which have been held in connection with our quarterly conferences, and I have discovered the interest manifest upon the part of those who have been called into service in the Primary work. I have learned something of the detailed workings of this organization—the perfection of the plans and outlines of the work which have been provided by the General Board, the grading of the association, and so forth; and since my appointment, in attending the meetings of the general conference of the Primary workers, I have been impressed, more than ever, with the importance of this work. With each succeeding meeting, my appreciation has been increased, and the importance of this organization made the more apparent to me.

I know the Lord has been with our sisters who have, in a measure, stood alone in this great work, bearing the great responsibility of conducting the Primary work throughout the Church. I know that they have undergone hardships in traveling long distances to visit the various stakes of Zion to attend their conferences and conventions; and it is somewhat remarkable what has been accomplished by them up to the present time. We have enrolled in the Primaries throughout the Church more than fifty thousand boys and girls between the ages of four and fourteen years. The average attendance at the meetings of the Primary associations, during the past year, has been forty-five per cent of the enrollment.

There is one feature, in conection with this work, to which I desire to call especial attention, a fact that has been brought out by the statistics which have been read in our conference. There are 65,000 boys and girls in Zion within the Primary age, and only a few more than 50,000 are enrolled. You will see there are between 15,000 anad 16,000 of our boys and girls whose names are not upon the records or rolls of the Primaries. This presents a vast field of labor for those who are engaged in this work, and we shall have to ask the bishops in the various wards to co-operate with us, and, if necessary, call their ward teachers into active service along this line, that we may be able to convert the parents of these boys and girls to the necessity and the advantage to them and their children in their becoming members of this organization. The recent appointment by the First Presidency of two of the Twelve to aid in this important labor has, I take it, emphasized the importance of this Primary work. I take it, too, as an endorsement of the action on the part of many of the stake presidencies in appointing members of the high council to assist in the work in the stakes. It may also be considered as a matter of congratulation to these high councilors and the presidencies of stakes, for their efficient and faithful labors in connection with our sisters; for, as I understand, it is this fact that was the means of bringing to the attention of the First Presidency the necessity of such an appointment—the necessity of the brethren bearing the priesthood giving substantial aid to our sisters. I heard one stake president of the Primary speak, a few days ago, of conditions as they obtain in the stake where she resides, and she stated that one of the high councilors had been drafted into service as a teacher in one of the departments: that he was doing most excellent work, and the sisters there were very desirous that more of the brethren might be called to labor locally as instructors in the departments of the association. So, I believe it will come to this, and we now solicit assistance from the bishoprics of the various wards. We think, in view of the fact that more than twenty thousand of our boys are engaged in this work, that it is of sufficient importance that the bishop, or one of his counselors, in each ward should make it a point to be in attendance at each Primary meeting, or have some brother, bearing the Priesthood, appointed for that purpose. We believe that it will have a

beneficial influence upon the young boys, especially those who are approaching their teens—the older members. I have been gratified to discover that we have forty per cent of all the enrollment boys. I had hardly thought that our boys were so prominent in this work.

Our sisters of the General Board have to travel much by team. We will expect of these brethren who have been selected and appointed in the stakes to aid in the Primary work, without further solicitation on the part of our sisters, to look after their welfare, provide for them suitable transportation to and from railroad stations. I recommend that our brethren be careful to provide as comfortable conveyances as it is possible, good and trusty teams with good and trusty drivers. What you do in this way, my brethren, if you do it with a willing spirit, the Lord will bless you for it, and it will be aiding materially in the advancement of this great cause, and lighten the burdens of our sisters on whom rests the great brunt of responsibility. And to the high councilors, too, under the direction of the presidencies of stakes, we desire to call your attention to the fact that the sisters engaged locally in the stakes of Zion have to travel by teams a great deal, in some of the stakes, and it is only right and proper that these brethren should do all they can to aid them in this matter—provide for them transportation, chaperone our sisters, be gallant to them, and lighten their labors. Be with them in their conferences and their conventions, where you can answer questions which may be submitted to you, and give such instructions as the Lord may inspire you to give to the sisters engaged in this work.

I think I can see a new era of prosperity for the Primary work. I was delighted to find a number of the stake presidencies represented in the meetings of our conference of the Primary associations,and also quite a number of members of high councils, and others of the brethren bearing the priesthood. We shall call many others into service, and we invite the presidencies of stakes, who have not already done so, to take into consideration the importance of this work, and make appointments of high councilors to do that which they would do themselves if it were within their power; for because of the many burdens which rest upon the stake presidencies, responsibilities which take their time, they are not always able to give as much time to this work as they no doubt desire. We advise the presidents of stakes to use all the brethren who are available in their stakes to aid in this and any other work pertaining to the building up of the kingdom. We trust also that the bishops and their counselors will be equally interested in their wards, and keep in touch with this work, and give all the attention that is necessary for the encouragement of those who are laboring so faithfully for the blessing of our children.

I do not feel that I should occupy more time this afternoon. I realize something of the importance of this meeting where so many thousands have come from far and near to hear the word of the Lord and worship Him. Now, I desire to leave my blessing with all those who are engaged not alone in Primary work, but in all organizations auxiliary to the Church, for I have a common interest in all no one being more important. so far as I have discovered, than any other, and my brethren, although we have different appointments, where we are expected to give more time and attention,our interests are the same in all these organizations.

I know something of the benefits which they are bestowing upon our parents in Israel, and to our children who are growing up; and I feel to say in my heart, God bless all these workers in the auxiliary institutions, that they may not tire of their labors, but that they may receive a consciousness from he Lord, through His Holy Spirit, that the time and effort put forth are well expended, that their labors meet with His endorsement, and that they will be attended by His blessings. May the Lord bless you all to this end, I humbly pray, in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

SEVENTH SESSION.
June 6th, 7:30 p. m.

VILATE PEART.

My brethren and sisters, I feel very weak in attempting to represent the Primary association, and I earnestly ask for your faith and prayers. However, I am proud to be called a worker in an organization which stands for the spiritual and moral education of the children of Zion.

We have been in session, in our general Primary conference, for two days, and we have had a very enjoyable and profitable time together. From all reports, the Mutual Improvement Associations have also had some very interesting meetings. I believe that these general conferencs of the different organizations result in a great deal of good. I am interested in all of the organizations of the Church. I feel a special interest in all of the auxiliary organizations. I have worked in the Mutual Improvement association, and after being president of a local association for a number of years, and being schooled in that association, I was taken and thought eligible to come into the Primary association. I can assure you that the things I learned in connection with the Mutual Improvement Association have helped me very much, and it will be very hard for me to get away from the influence of that organization. I feel that the Mutual Improvement and the Primary associations should be very near to each other.

The Primary associations are in a better condition today than they have ever been before. We have at present eight thousand sisters who are working as officers in this cause. There never was a time, perhaps, when the officers realized the importance of this work and the responsibility placed upon them as much as they do today. There never was a time when they studied harder to qualify themselves for that which is expected of them. In the Primary associations preparation meetings are held prior to the regular session with the children. In these preparation meetings the officers meet together and thoroughly discuss and develop the lessons as they intend to give them to the children. The officers also meet in study meetings, some of them once a week, and some once a month, where they can take up a systematci study of child nature and many of them are reading and studying books which will help them to better understand the child. The testimony of Primary officers is that the work with the children is benefiting them more than they can possibly benefit the children. They feel that they have to study, that they must understand the fundamental principles of the Gospel in order to teach them to the children. As I said before, they are preparing themselves, because they feel that if they do not grow with the work, the work will grow and leave them behind.

There are at present over fifty thousand children in the Primary associations, who are being taught by these eight thousand officers. The children are between the ages of four and fourteen. It used to be thought that any one could teach small children, and that it required a person who was very wise and had a great deal of wisdom in her to teach those who are older. But that is changed now, and special attention is being paid to the teachers selected for the smaller children. Now, we believe that the children of the Latter-day Saints are blessed with faith, that faith is born with them; and it certainly rests with the parents first of all, and later with the first teachers of the children to see that this faith is rightly directed and properly developed. Therefore, the teachers in the Primary, who have these smaller children under their care, feel that their work is of vast importance.

These children, from four to fourteen, are divided into five grades: The youngest grade comprises children four and five years of age; they are almost babes, but it is simply wonderful to see the work that is being done with these little tots, and the results which come from their little lessons. Not long ago a member of the General Board visited a first grade, and to her

surprise a little girl five years of age offered the opening prayer, and did it without the least assistance from the teacher. I know you cannot expect very much from children four and five years of age: I visited a first grade in one of the associations, and in this particular instance I made a note of my observations. By actual count there were ninety per cent of the children of that class who gave a ready response in the exercises. I mean by this that there were ninety per cent of the children in the class who arose and took part in the exercises.

In the first grade, the children are four and five years of age; in the second, they are six and seven; in the third, eight and nine; in the fourth, ten and eleven; in the fifth, twelve and thirteen; and in every one of these grades, except, perhaps, in some of the smaller grades, the lesson work is brought out entirely by the children. In the third grade, the teacher merely conducts the class, and the work is done entirely by the children. In the older grades, the most of the preparation is done at home in the form of topics. If any of you think the Primary Association is not doing practical work, I would like to invite you to visit some of the associations and find out for yourselves.

A short time ago, I visited a Sunday conference of the Primary association, in one of the wards. I am just going to tell you about it to show again the practical part of our work. In these Sunday conferences the officers are expected to give the parents a practical demonstration of the work they are doing, every week, with the children. In this conference, every grade was conducted just the same as in a Primary association. The children did the work. I could hardly mention a thing that the teacher did; they were submerged in class work, and the children did all of the work in that conference. A little child opened the meeting by prayer; another small child closed by prayer, without the assistance of any grown up person. There was a small boy, not yet in his teens, who played a beautiful violin solo, and another small boy, of about the same age, accompanied him on the piano. I thought the parents in that ward must be very much gratified, indeed, to see what the children were doing, and what they were learning in the Primary association.

In visiting one of the stakes recently, one of the stake officers gave a little talk on the benefits of this work, and the testimonies received through the Primary associations. She had collected a number of very interesting testimonies from a number of the prominent brethren of the stake, and it shows so strikingly what the Primary work did for these men, that I thought I would repeat some of these testimonies this evening. The testimonies of these brethren are valuable to us because they show us the effect produced upon these men as much as twenty years ago—some of them twenty-five years ago:

"No organization in the Church has made such a lasting impression on my mind, or done so much for me, as the Primary. I was intensely interested in its work, and for many years was identified with the organization. My Primary teachers drew forth my profoundest love and respect. It was in this association that I received my first and most valued lessons in appearing before the public; even before the time when a naturally timid and man-fearing spirit came into my life. It furnished me opportunities to sing and speak before the public, and in being able to do this I gained a confidence in myself which became one of the most valued assets of my life.

"It inspired me in a musical way by organizing a Martial Band, and giving me an introduction to music which afterwards became a strong factor in inducing me in later years to strive for a higher attainment in the divine art.

"It provided me with an opportunity of expressing my thoughts in public, also in bearing my testimony, and in other ways providing means for my spiritual development. So that I feel whatever I have attained, or may attain in this direction in life, I owe a deep debt of gratitude to the Primary association for having started me right, and laid the foundation for future usefulness which has brought so much joy into my heart.

"May this organization gather in all the boys and girls, and do as much for them as it has done for me, is the wish of your brother in the Gospel of Jesus Christ."

This is from a brother who is now presiding over one of the missions. Here is another one:

"I feel that I have not the ability to express on paper that which is in my heart to tell you.

"There is no organization in the Church of Christ which I have learned to love so much as the Primary. It is practical, and in it you learn to have confidence in yourself in appearing before the organization, and in developing your talent in singing and reciting and learning to pray in public, which is of inestimable value to a young man when in the missionary field.

"I want to promise all my young friends that if they will attend this association it will do more for them in preparing and laying the corner stone for future greatness than any organization we have in the Church. It seems to reach the heart of the child, and instill a love to do good and to be of some use in the world.

"I will never forget my Primary teachers. I always remember them with a love and tenderness that no other teachers seemed to have inspired in my heart.

"May God bless every effort of the Primary, and may you continue in the good work you have begun is the prayer of your brother in the Gospel."

Another president of a mission conference.

"Primary was the place where as a child I learned punctuality, order, obedience, reverence for the Priesthood and sacred places, and faith in prayer. It was the only place where children were encouraged to take part in the program of the day.

"There is still that love in my heart for the Primary association which makes it dearer to me than any organization of our Church."

A very prominent sister in one of the stakes.

"I attended the Primary association regularly during the period of my Primary age, and received great benefits therefrom. Primary workers little realize the power for good they can exercise over the generation of children entrusted to them.

"I can heartily endorse the Primary association, considering it as I do one of the very best organizations in the Church."

Another prominent brother in the Gospel.

"While attending Primary I gained a confidence in and a love for the Gospel that has ever been with me, as a strength to resist evil, and as a hope to assist me in performing my duties."

A brother in the high council in one of the stakes.

"I consider there is no organization in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints that has done so much for me as the Primary association.

"It first taught me confidence; it then inspired a reverence in my heart for the Priesthood of God, a reverence for the house of worship; it early taught me to keep the Word of Wisdom, to be truthful and honest, to love my playmates. As I have grown to manhood, I often think of my kind teachers, especially those who organized the little Martial Band which has been the factor of my entering into a higher appreciation of music.

"May the blessings of God attend all the workers of this organization. We are looking forward to having such an organization in our midst in the near future, and hope to be able to do as much for the coming generation as the past has done for us."

Another president of a mission. He has not a Primary, as yet, in his mission.

"The Primary work has appealed to me stronger than the work of any organization of the Church. I was very much interested in all of the organizataions, but the Primary seemed to come closer to my every day life, and I feel I was of more importance in Primary than in any other organization,

due, I know, to personal work I was called upon to do. In it I learned to speak and pray in public, and also to sing, and I can never repay the kind workers who organized the Martial Band. It was the means of leading me to a higher appreciation of the divine art of music.

"May it continue to do as much for others as it has done for me."

A prominent brother in the Church.

This morning, in our testimony meeting, over in the Assembly Hall, a sister from a far away stake said that in their stake a number of children who attended the Primary had been the means of bringing their parents back into the Church. The parents had moved off into distant parts to make money, and she said they were busy looking after the things of this world, and had neglected their Church duties; but their children had come into the Primary; they had taken the influence of the Primary to their home, and through it the parents had been brought back into the Church.

In a stake which I recently visited, a sister told of a family where a little child had been very ill. She had been in the habit of attending Primary, and had a great deal of faith. The doctors gave her up, and said that nothing more could be done for her. The child asked her parents to allow the Elders to come in and administer to her. Neither one of her parents belonged to the Church, but they said it could do no harm to humor the child, so they allowed the Elders to come in and administer to the little girl. They left the room while the administration was going on. It resulted, however, in her recovery, and it was such a wonderful testimony to the parents that they decided to investigate, and they finally joined the Church. Recently the father of this child bore his testimony, in a fast meeting, and said that it was directly through the influence of the Primary association that he had been brought into the Church.

Now, these are just a few of the testimonies which we receive every day. No doubt every stake in the Church could produce as many testimonies as the ones I have read here concerning the good the Primary association is doing. Our hearts are in the work, and we are doing all that we can to help the children of the Latter-day Saints. We want to feel that when they leave us and go into the Mutual, that the Mutual Improvement associations will recognize that they have had good training. Have you ever noticed, Mutual Improvement workers, that the boys and girls whom you can not get enrolled in your associations are the very ones who did not attend Primary. Those who have been enrolled in the Primary and have been trained up in that work, they drop into the Mutual naturally and you have no trouble with them.

May the Lord bless us all in this work, and help us all to do the good which we are expected to do in the different organizations which we represent, is my prayer in the name of Jesus. Amen.

CHRIST AND THE RICH YOUNG MAN.—*From Painting by Hofmann.*

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND

VIII. AUGUST, 1909. No. 8.

STEPS UP.

"Hello, Reuben."

"Here I am."

Reuben stepped from the stable, leading a horse which he was about to water at the trough in the yard. Reuben worked for Farmer Slade, and there was nothing on the whole broad acreage, from burning brush on the pasture, which he liked, to killing chickens for dinner, which he did not like, which might not be counted on as among his duties.

"Reuben," said the farmer, "hurry up now and get those horses hitched to the spring wagon. Then, after we're all gone, you can finish nailing the slats on the chicken house and pick up the apples that have fallen down in the orchard. Then, if you can get that little bit of corn husked that was left over from yesterday, I don't mind saying you can come over to the Fair yourself this afternoon. You can get home in time to feed things."

Reuben's brown, freckled face flushed with delight. Of all things he had longed for a peep at the things he knew would be at this County Fair. As his hands moved with almost more than their usual nimbleness in harnessing the horses his mind flew back to the many things in which he had had a large share in getting ready for it: how many months ago he had sown the pumpkin seeds, the fruits of which, great yellow disks, taking a big tug for a half-grown boy to handle, he had two days before loaded on the farm wagon; how he had hoed and weeded turnips and beets; how he had watched apples and pears as they slowly ripened, rejoicing as the green turned yellow or red, often carrying to them a generous pail of water in a dry time. Even the preserved cherries and berries—had he not gathered every one? In fact, was there anything in that proud exhibit sent from the farm in which he had not had a hand?

There was so much always to be done at home that some one must usually stay, and that some one, for the two years past in which he had acted as boy-of-all-work, had been Reuben. But today he was to go, and his face still glowed as a short time later, he watched the family drive off, the farmer at the last moment calling back:

"Say, Reuben, you may leave the corn till tomorrow, so's to have a good afternoon of it."

With a heart full of appreciation of the kindness of the permission, Reuben went with alacrity to his work, before long realizing that without it there would have been no Fair for him, for difficulties seemed to arise before him. There were not enough slats to be nailed on the chicken house and he had to take time to split more. The sharp ax had been borrowed, and he had to get along as best he could with a dull one. A strong wind the night before had blown down many more of the late apples than he had anticipated, and there was no one to help him carry the heavy baskets to the cellar. But Reuben was well used to tugging his own tugs, his only way of meeting a difficulty being to bring to it an extra share of exertion and resolution. The regular morning chores—how many they counted up for one pair of hands—had been done long before; so at twelve o'clock he was able to sit down to his luncheon of bread and milk and dough-nuts, and a little later to set out on his three-mile walk to the fair.

A carriage passed him, not going so fast but that Reuben, after an admiring glance at the well-kept, high-stepping horses, had time for a look at those who rode, the one most interesting in his eyes being a boy of about his own age. Reuben recognized the turnout as belonging to some people who were remaining late at a summer hotel two or three miles away. As they left him behind in the dusty road it occurred to the country boy to think he would like to have to do with such horses as those. Then his fancy took a wider sweep, and he thought it would be pleasant to ride in that kind of carriage—wider still to be that kind of boy. But Reuben had no thought of being dissatisfied with his lot, as with a smile he trudged on.

The Fair was all he could wish, particularly in the matter of the vegetable department, in which he found the blue ribbon attached to some of the rich growths to which all Summer he had given generous care; most of all in seeing a colt on which he had lavished affection as well as care, among others, showing its paces and decorated with the first premium as it returned.

Reuben followed it to its stall, receiving a whinny of delighted recognition as the pretty animal turned to him in expectation of the apple which it soon received.

"I like that sort of thing, too," said a voice close by, as Reuben caressed his favorite. It was the boy who had passed him in the carriage, and as Reuben turned to him he felt that he liked the voice and liked the face belonging to it.

"He's a fine little fellow," said Reuben. "I've had the care of him ever since he was born."

"I think I'd like to live on a farm," said the other, "but I don't suppose I ever shall."

"Oh, I'm sure you'd like it," said Reuben heartily. He took a closer look at the boy's face, then a sidelong glance at his whole fig-

ure; as he did so a doubt arose in his mind as to whether such a boy would enjoy farm life. From his well-trimmed hair down to the soles of his dustless shoes he was something different from any boy Reuben had ever seen. Yet not so different, after all, as he followed Reuben about interesting himself in poultry and small animals, admiring all the points he was called to admire, sometimes laughing with the country boy at some betrayals of his own ignorance of country things.

The sun was going down as Farmer Slade sought out Reuben.

"You may come and load the stuff into the wagon now," he said. "Then you'd better be starting home to see to things, for the rest of us won't be there till late."

"Good bye," said the boy, holding out a hand, which Reuben felt to be curiously soft and delicate, for a cordial grasp. "I hope I shall see you again. We shall be out here next summer, and I shall be sure to look you up."

"Do," said Reuben heartily. "I'd like to show you a lot of things I don't s'pose you've seen before."

After half an hour's work with the loading, Reuben was glad to hear that he was to drive the wagon home.

"I'll ride with you, Reuben."

"Get up." The curtness of this invitation was contradicted by the warmth of look and tone accompanying it. Mr. Bruce was teacher in the school to which Reuben was allowed to go during the winter term, and if there was one thing which the boy enjoyed more than another it was to get into the way of listening to his disjointed talk. As he settled himself beside Reuben on the cushionless seat, the carriage containing the boy passed with a whirl which half concealed it in dust.

"That's nice," said Reuben, gazing after it as the distance between it and his own plodding team rapidly lengthened. "I sometimes wonder how it must seem to be a boy like that."

Mr. Bruce's kindly eyes rested on the boy.

"I suppose he thinks it good to be what he is," said Mr. Bruce. "Better than to be what you are."

"Well, isn't it?" The question was put in curiosity, not with any spirit of discontent.

"That's a pretty wide question," said the other, musingly. "It would take a long time to answer it. Yes, years."

"Don't you think it would be good to have horses like those?" asked Reuben, eagerly.

"And the carriage and the good clothes, and to sit about and be waited on instead of working, and to have everything you want just for the asking and never wonder where the money's to come from—do you think you'd like it all?"

Reuben glanced inquiringly into Mr. Bruce's eyes.

"Then, the growing up. That boy will always have things soft and easy. He looks like a good fellow."

"Yes," Reuben agreed heartily.

"He'll likely make a good man."

"Yes," again the hearty assent.

'But," Mr. Bruce laid his hand on the hard, sun-burned one which held the reins, "he'll never make the man you can make, Reuben, if you will."

"I!" There was something pathetic in the look with which the boy gazed along the straight road ahead, as if a sudden realization of his limitations had come to him.

"That boy'll never have the steps up that you'll have."

Reuben knew that Mr. Bruce could work his way satisfactorily out of an astonishing position, so he waited.

"There's an oak over there," pointing, "that's stood the weather for I don't know how many years."

"A hundred, likely," said Reuben with a critical gaze at the stalwart trunk.

"That or more. How the storms have beaten against it! How much it has known of snow and frost, cold and heat! And it has stood through all and grown on. What if Mrs. Slade's fine tulips had been exposed to such?"

"Ho! They would be blown to pieces the first good wind."

"Exactly. Now, some boys," he laid a kindly hand on the shoulder of the one beside him, "have all sorts of storms beating on them. They are not like the tulips, set in soft and sheltered places. They do many things they would not choose to do, and if there is any good in them they do such things in their lives, that it toughens them, Reuben—makes them strong, and grand, and noble."

Reuben's eyes were fastened on the speaker.

"Then there are other boys who have things easy all their days. They don't have to roll up their sleeves and fight and tug. They grow up that way—easy and comfortable."

"But, good," said Reuben, recalling the pleasant words and ways of the boy on the Fair grounds.

"Yes, as good as they can be, I suppose, seeing they haven't the chances a boy like you has."

"Chances," Reuben caught his breath a little.

"Yes, chances. Don't you know that every hard thing, every disagreeable thing you do, is a step up for you? That every difficulty overcome, every ungratified wish well put down, raises you higher, gives you a better hold on the manhood to which you are climbing, is going to make you some day the kind of man which your delicately-reared boy never can become? But I get off here. Good-bye."

Reuben's eyes followed him as he turned down the byroad. He thought of the hard things of the morning, and many others not far back; then of many more sure to be waiting for him in the near future, and he turned to face them with eyes full of hope, and heart full of courage.—Selected.

JANE ANN'S BIRTHDAY.

"Three times three hundred and sixty-five is"—Jane Ann hesitated, laid the dish towel on the kitchen table beside the pan of steaming dishes, and drew from her apron pocket a stubby lead pencil.

"Three times five are fifteen," she figured on a bit of wrapping paper. "Three times six are eighteen and one is nineteen. Three times three are nine and one is ten. Dear me! One thousand and ninety-five doses of dishes washed every year, and not one set of them birthday dishes!"

"Jane! Jane!" cautioned Aunt Rose, entering the room in time to see the little girl standing, with uplifted hands, gazing over the meadows. "Time is flying, child.'

"All right, auntie, I'll hurry, but—but Aunt Rose,, don't you ever celebrate birthdays here—have birthday cakes, and ice cream, and things the way my mother did for John and me? Don't you ever, ever?"

Aunt Rose laughed. "Your mother had only two children, and she didn't live on a farm," was the reply. "We think we do pretty well here if we keep even with the work."

That was the trouble. Work, work. It seemed to Jane Ann that everyone in the house, except the babies, thought of nothing but work. Various members of the family thought of it in different ways. On beautiful mornings, Uncle Peter usually remarked that it would be a good day to work. Aunt Rose generally hoped aloud that she could get a lot of work done. Cousin Ada made a business of shirking. She worked hard to avoid household tasks. Sammy, next in line, dodged work to the best of his ability, and Carl, a year younger, industriously followed his example. Kate and Robert worked by spells. When sent to gather eggs in the barn, they had been known to go by way of the frog pond near Baker's woods. There were three babies from one year old, to Alice, who was five. They kept Jane Ann busy, when all else failed. As far as the hired men were concerned, they expected to work.

"Even hired men have birthdays, though," mused Jane Ann, as she watched Jake take a drink of water at the wind-mill. "Let me see; counting them, we ought to have Uncle Peter, Aunt Rose, grandmother when she comes visiting, the eight children, that makes eleven, I'm twelve, and the two hired men, make fourteen! Fourteen celebrations. I'm getting so tired of washing just common everyday dishes. I wouldn't mind so much if once in a while we had party dishes, or company dishes, and anyway, birthday supper dishes."

"Well, Jane Ann," said Aunt Rose, as the child joined the regiment who were waiting for her at the gate, with their dinner pails, "I took your hint. As Alice has a birthday today, I am letting her go to school with you children. Now be a good girl, Alice. Remember, it is your birthday."

It would be impossible to say which was more delighted, little Alice, whose face was beaming, or Jane Ann, who fully expected, upon reaching home to find the dining table in holiday array, with a big birthday cake in the center, adorned with candles and fancy frosting. Perhaps Aunt Rose would write upon the cake in little round, red candies, "Alice, five years." There would be mysterious parcels beside the little cousin's plate, wrapped in tissue paper, and tied with pink or blue ribbon.

That night, Uncle Peter brought three bushels of strawberry plants in the house to be prepared for planting the first thing in the morning.

"We'll have to work lively to get it done," he said.

The children were given bread and milk for supper, served on the kitchen table. Before the sun went down they were sent to bed.

"It's a discouraging world," remarked Jane Ann, as she slowly unlaced her shoe strings.

"It might be worse," Ada responded. I was afraid they would make us help trim the strawberry plants. It's a job I hate."

Little by little, after the cousins were asleep, Jane Ann thought of a beautiful plan. Her own birthday was in June, a month later. It must not be like all other days. She would celebrate. The child knew it was useless to hope for gifts herself, but there was nothing to prevent making presents for everyone in the family, from Uncle Peter to the hired man.

Softly Jane Ann slipped out of bed to find her little purse. In the moonlight she counted twenty-three cents, the savings of a life-time, one might say, and not be far from the truth.

"Six sheets of tissue paper, and five yards of penny ribbon will do," she whispered. "If you do things up nicely, they look more expensive. Eleven from twenty-three. One from three leaves two, one from two leaves one—twelve cents left for the presents, a cent apiece. Some of the presents won't cost anything, and that's lucky. I'll make Uncle Peter and the hired men penwipers out of good stuff in the rag bag. They'll be real useful, and will please those men as much as anything. Penwipers are handy things.

"I'll make Aunt Rose a beautiful pincushion with the pink silk. Miss Matilda gave me for my doll, and I'll make a cover for it with a ruffle all around, out of my piece of dotted mull.

"Ada, let me see! Oh, I know. I'll divide my long string of beads and give her a necklace. She'll love it!

"It's always hard to think up things for boys, unless you're rich. Oh, goody! "I'll make four kites—one for Kate. Jake will whittle me out the frames, I know he will. I'll buy a five-cent china doll for Alice, and dress it like a queen. That will be lovely!

"Just the babies left. I'll make a scrapbook, an untearable one, for the biggest baby. Six cents will buy a yard of shiny pink cambric for the leaves, and I know where to get some gorgeous animal pictures to paste in.

"Then there's the little baby. He's easy. I'll make him a brownie doll, if I can find a pair of old cuffs. It's a good thing that I own a big marble or I wouldn't have anything to put inside the brownie to make him roll and kick.

"Won't I have to hurry to get so much done before my celebration?"

For many days Jane Ann was busy early and late. No one guessed ner secret until the morning of her birthday.

It was Friday. Usually, Aunt Rose swept and straightened the children's rooms on Saturday, when they could help, but that morning she changed her plans. As she worked, it was impossible to forget Jane Ann.

"I never saw such a happy child," observed Aunt Rose. "She has been bubbling over all the morning, just because it's her birthday. I believe I'll make her a big cake, but if I once begin such a thing the others will insist on birthday cakes, and Ada was born in house-cleaning time. There were threshers here when Carl arrived. No, birthdays don't count much on this farm. It can't be done."

The next minute, when Aunt Rose lifted the cover of Jane Ann's trunk to put away some trifles, she saw the twelve gifts plainly visible through the white tissue paper in which they were wrapped. Each gift was marked in Jane Ann's best writing. It was an attractive display, and Aunt Rose instantly understood its meaning.

Gathering up her broom and dustpan, the woman went downstairs and consulted the clock. Next she spread a luncheon upon the kitchen table and beside Uncle Peter's plate she left a note saying she had gone to town, and that Jane Ann's birthday dinner would be served upon the lawn at five o'clock that afternoon.

In town, Aunt Rose bought dresses, hats, shoes, suits for the boys, everything she could think of that the children needed and that she and Uncle Peter intended purchasing before the Fourth of July.

"Jane Ann shall have one birthday she and all of us will remember as long as we live,' laughed Aunt Rose, as she tried to stick the candles properly in the birthday cake. She told the truth, too. If you don't believe it, ask Jane Ann.

After that night, birthday celebrations became a regular thing in Uncle Peter's family.—Frances Margaret Fox.

GIRLS' DEPARTMENT

A PRETTY PICTURE FRAME.

Over a certain chimney-piece in a pretty little home, writes Ellen F. Wyckoff, in Ladies' World, there used to hang a handsome engraving in a very beautiful frame. This frame seemed to be an exquisite piece of carving, but upon close examination it was found to be something within the reach of all who have cultivated thrifty habits and deft hands.

The frame was made of carefully smoothed and fitted boards, and it was covered all over with nut-shells!—nut shells in variety. The edges were rows of acorns, carefully chosen and nicely put in place. After this there was no regular design, but the shells were not put on haphazard. It had taken quite a while to gather enough that were handsome and perfect. Butternuts, English walnuts, filberts, tiny pine cones, sweet-gum balls, little elm twigs—the sort with cork-like bark—and all sorts of tiny nuts were used in the design. They were firmly glued in place, and when this had been done the frame was set away to dry. When perfectly firm and dry, the "carving" was varnished. A furniture man prepared the varnish, mixing with it a sufficient quantity of walnut stain so that all the nuts were of the same color. The frame was given several coats of this very fine varnish, the picture adjusted and hung. It didn't look cheap or home-made or "messy." It was really a thing of beauty, quaint and old-fashioned and greatly to be desired. The material should all be good; there must be no hurry. A well-made frame, plenty of nut-shells, good hot glue, a can of fine varnish and unlimited patience must be brought to the work. A fine gilt beading next to the picture-mat enhanced the richness of the carved effect, by contrast of light and shade.

CELIA'S MIND.

She had a very good mind, clever and artistic and not wanting in humor; Celia had a perfect right to enjoy it. The trouble was—but perhaps one of Celia's typical days will explain the case.

Celia was going down town to do a few errands. Upon the car she met Gertrude Reynolds, who was taking a water color to be framed. "How are you going to frame it?" Celia asked, instantly interested.

"I thought I'd have a gold mat," Gertrude replied.

"O, you're making a great mistake," Celia declared, positively. "It should have a black mat to relieve the snow, and then a gold frame

if you want. Mr. Wheeler, the artist, had one framed so, and you've no idea how much finer the effect was. You try it and see."

"Well, perhaps," Gertrude answered, doubtfully, as she left the car.

A little later Celia came across Amy Dutton, who was searching for red silk for a waist. "O, why do you get red?" Celia exclaimed. "With your eyes and complexion you never ought to touch it. Blue is your color."

"But, I'm so tired of blue," Amy protested.

"Well, of course, it's your waist," Celia replied, "but I think you'll regret it if you get the red."

Three minutes later she was arguing with another friend over a book to be chosen for a gift. The friend had decided upon a charming story which had just come out, while Celia earnestly recommended a volume of poems.

"But Maud doesn't care for poetry," the friend explained. "And she does like to read the new books as they come out."

"I know, and how much she is losing because of her fancy that she doesn't care for it!" Celia said. "Don't you see, this is your opportunity to make a real gift—one that will open a new window in her life? A novel will be read and thrown aside, but the love of poetry will be a joy to her as long as she lives. You'd better take my advice. I'm sure I'm right."

"Yes, Celia had a good mind. "If only," one of her friends said, hesitatingly, one day—for they all like Celia—'if only she wouldn't insist upon lending it to other people when they don't want it!"—The Youth's Companion.

GROWING LIKE OUR MODEL.

A story is told of a beautiful statue that once stood in the market place of an Italian city. It was the statue of a Greek slave girl, and represented her as being beautiful, tidy, and well-dressed. A ragged, uncouth, forlorn street child came across the statue one day in her play. She stopped and admired it. Something in the pure white marble face seemed to touch her. She went home and washed her face and combed her hair. Next day she came before the statue again, and gazed at it long and lovingly, as before. It had an inspiration for her again, and she went home and washed and mended her tattered clothes. The statue came to be a favorite place of resort for her, and each time that she gazed on its sculptured loveliness she had a glimpse of a more beautiful life, until she became a transformed child.—The Sunday School Advocate for Boys and Girls.

BOYS' DEPARTMENT

UP AND DOING, BOYS.

Boys, be up and doing,
For the day's begun;
Soon will come the noontide,
Then the set of sun;
At your task toil bravely
Till your work is done.

Let your hands be busy
In some useful way;
Don't forget your study;
Don't neglect your play;
For each there's time enough
Every blessed day.

You will soon be men, boys;
Soon will have to take
The places of your fathers,
Fill it for their sake;
And in all that's noble
Pray be wide awake.

Boys, be kind and friendly,
Lend a helping hand
To the weak and feeble,
Till alone they stand;
And in loving others
Fulfill God's command.

—Young Evangelist.

DOES IT PAY TO GO TO COLLEGE?

Said a self-made merchant to his son not long ago, in answer to this question: 'Anything that trains a boy to think, and to think quick, pays; anything that teaches a boy to get the answer before the other fellow gets through biting the pencil, pays." That, of course, is a relatively low consideration; but suppose we begin with the lowest and advance to the highest in seeking an answer to the question.

A striking book entitled Who's Who in America contains biographical sketches of 9,643 of the more prominent people in the United States. Of this number, 6,711 have a college education or its equivalent; 965 more attended college for a time; 889 graduated from academies or normal schools; 239 stopped with a high school training; 808 attended only the common schools, while 31 were self-educated. These figures show at a glance the importance of higher education.

But the figures do not reveal the whole truth. The college population numbered only one in three hundred when the men now in active life secured their training. Their numbers entitled them to furnish only one-third of one per cent of the successful men of the nation, whereas they actually furnished sixty-nine per cent.

The Financial Red Book of the United States shows that the possibilities of winning wealth are three hundred times as great among college-bred men as among those of less mental training.

But there is another and far more important consideration than external wealth, namely, Internal Riches. A man's life consists not in the abundance of the things which he possesses. Wealth, at its worst gives the body dominion over the mind; at its best, it only gives its possessor an opportunity for higher service and for finer living. But of what value are external opportunities either for higher service or finer living, unless we possess the power to utilize them?

The great object of an education is not to enable you to make money or to win fame, but to live. Knowledge is its own exceeding great reward. "Thou art infinitely greater in that thou art a man than is any man in that he is a king."

So we say to every young man or woman who is trying to answer this question of going to college: First, 'Seek the higher education for the help it will give you in winning wealth and external success." Second, "Seek it for its own sake, for the enlargement of your own life." Third, "After getting the highest possible training, remember that the self-centered man is doomed to failure, that only he who lives for others and is centered in Christ becomes the child of God and the master of the universe."—By Bishop J. W. Bashford, LL. D., from Onward.

FOR BOYS.

One of our great American leaders says a boy should learn:
To let cigarettes alone.
To be kind to all animals.
To be manly and courageous.
To ride, row, shoot, and swim.
To build a fence scientifically.
To fill the woodbox every night.
To be gentle to his sisters.
To shut a door without slamming.
To sew on a button.
To do errands promptly and cheerfully.
To have a dog and make a companion of him.
To get ready to go away without the united efforts of mother, gradnmother, sisters, chambermaid and cook.—The International.

PARTIES AND GAMES

THE PRIMARY PICNIC.

Long before picnicking time comes, the officers should have thought out the best plan for the annual outing of their association for the year. What suits one is by no means the best for others; the successes and failures of past years form a guide. These should be studied, and a definite plan formulated in the mind of the president before the subject is mentioned, even to the teachers, whose suggstions, of course, must be graciously received, and the verdict of all secured.

There is enthusiasm in numbers, and if only the parents would attend, the large picnic could be made a grand family gathering. This is the ideal outing. But, alas, we face the fact that seldom parents can be induced to go with us; not even all the teachers can be counted on; so the responsibility for the amusement and safety of so many little ones is thrown upon the faithful few.

It is easy to make the little children have a good time; but, turned loose with larger, and more venturesome boys and girls, amid strange surroundings, and unusual dangers, the most obedient children become excited and ungovernable. Indeed, it is only due to a special providence that we ever get so many reckless, rollicking children home, safe and sound, from some of our picnics! What is so dreadful as an accident at such a time and place? This burden is too heavy to place upon the Primary president. Let her find a better way.

If the parents cannot be persuaded to attend, and the association is going to some far-away spot, she should decide firmly for a separate picnic for the little folks. Some large lawn in the suburbs, or a secluded little park, where dangers are practically eliminated, will be ideal for the gathering. All the pretty attractions of the lawn fete may be used, but it must not be a "dressed-up" occasion, for nothing but real rollicking play will make it a picnic to the children. Everything possible must be done to make them feel that they are not missing something, by being left out of the older ones' outing, and for this reason it would be best to have the picnics on the same day.

To add to the occasion, to the mothers there may be sent notes of special invitation, by the hands of the children; various pretty things may be done for these "guests of honor." The Primary teachers also will find it well worth while to plan definite games and amusements, and to add also to the fun by some "surprises."

If it is a private lawn where the picnic is held, the wishes of the hostess must be consulted carefully in all of these arrangements, and, especially, as to the serving of the lunch.

To prevent a scramble for places at dinner time, and a badly littered lawn, afterward, the older children may be marshalled as "waiters" or "dish-washers," the duty of the latter being to gather up every bit of paper, every bone, and left over crust, and cram them into the big garbage can, brought for the occasion. This may be made a part of the fun, the boys cleaning up one part, and the girls the other. Or, better yet, let each draw a ribbon to decide which duty he or she shall perform.

Thus, if the preparation is made, the day will be a real delight to the little ones and their mothers, and even to the teachers themselves. Lives are too precious for one person, or a few people, to voluntarily assum the responsibility for forty or more little children in an out-of-town picnic.

PARENTS' DEPARTMENT

WE BELIEVE

—That home-making should be regarded as a profession.

—That the upbringing of the children demands more study than the raising of chickens.

—That the home-maker should be as alert to make progress in her life work as the business or professional men.—American School of Home Economics.

COMRADE MOTHERS.

There is no end of the descriptive epithets by which we speak of women in their associations with their children. Loving, reverent, reproachful—the adjectives have an endless variety. Tender, devoted, unselfish, careless, negligent—the scope of significance is as varied as the widely differing characters of those who represent the human race at large; but there is one phase of material happiness and influence of which we seldom hear.

It is, alas! a rare, perhaps the rarest, type of motherhood, and is seldom found among our hurried, unrestful American women, and yet a "comrade mother" has gained a point of vantage for herself as well as for her children that holds them together in a wonderful fashion, and adds all the power of friendship to the sacred tie of maternal and filial love.

The "comrade mother" must have kept young in heart by reason

of her faith in the undying force of love and the certainty that truth is alive in God's world. She must be young in that sense that makes fret and repining and distrust alien to her life; she must be able to receive fresh impressions without prejudice and to judge by the standards of the present day.

And underneath must remain the unforgotten hours in which she learned to love and know the triumphant joy of being loved, so that she can share even what her chlid does not confide to her in words. She is, indeed, a comrade mother who can share and see and rejoice in what she comprehends, though it means incalculable sacrifice to her.

Struck with the beauty of a young matron, all of whose children have passed beyond infancy, I said: "What have you been doing? Your color is so beautiful."

"I have been skating with the girls," she said. "I cannot do much yet, but it is delightful to be with them in the open air." She was as beautiful as she had been at twenty, and wore an expression of sympathy and understanding of youthful happiness, caught from the children to whom she is an ideal of perfection. I was eager to see them making bright the seclusion of a pretty pond hidden in a country nook—the graceful mother and her pretty daughters, with her manly little son, not yet tall enough to protect her from a fall. Only the wintry hillsides could hear and echo their laughter.

When such efforts as these are made by those on whom sorrow had laid its hand with no uncertain pressure, and left a trembling woman to fight the fight for her children's welfare and happiness alone, there is a nobility in unbarring the windows and letting in the light and banishing the morbidity of intense grief, in order to secure healthful, vigorous minds and bodies for those who depend solely upon her for direction and inspiration.

The comradeship, close, real, unforced, that meets the ideal unity of which I have written, is not to be created by the mother alone; the child must have learned of her many a vital truth. It must have tasted of wholesome, natural pleasures—it must have been kept free from any aping of princely ways and purged of envy of things which make youth's ideas of delight a sort of commercialism—so much for so much. A jolly time for mother and children was never bought with gold!

The eager girl of eighteen and the young man just attaining his majority are ill prepared for the perfection of companionship in any form of human relationship who have not learned that it lies in the intrinsic value of the nature to which it allies itself, and takes little heed of what extraneous circumstances surround it. While the mother educates herself to keep abreast of her children and the new currents of thoughts which stir their natures as wireless telegraphy communicates itself to kindred instruments attuned to meet them, she has the double task of keeping both from deterioration.

Comfortable, well-bred young people in delightfully ordered homes abound: self-satisfied matrons see that all the conventionalities

are duly attended to, but oh, what a different thing is all this from the unity which shares everything with her who is the best of friends as well as the best of mothers!—New York Evening Post.

OLD PEOPLE.

I want to say a word to the old people. I see you wherever I go. I see you on the street cars. The conductor gives the car an extra rest when you get on or off, out of courtesy to your slow steps. I see you at church. You nod sometimes, but the sermon is not complete without your smile of approval. I see you in the warmest corner of the hearth reading the paper.

You have one great temptation—it is to think that your days of usefulness are over. You are only in the way, so you feel, and you'd better be out of the world.

It is a great mistake. If the Lord thought that old people were useless, he would have devised some way suddenly to get rid of them.

What makes a person useful? Not ability to work. A baby cannot earn a penny, cannot do a stroke of work, yet it is often the most important factor in the household. Baby's coming often makes father "straighten up;" often unites the estranged hearts of husband and wife; often brings sobriety and industry into the home life.

An old man sitting in an armchair, feeble and helpless, may be the most useful member of the household. Let me say three things to you:

1. Old people are a blessing because of their accumulated wisdom. You have made the journey of life. You have the rich experience. That boy is a bright boy who forms the acquaintance of some aged person.

2. Old people supply a necessary conservative force. You make society more stable. You bring reverence to it. The age that is wise rises before the hoary head.

3. Old people link us to heaven. You remind us of the future life. "My old mother knows how to pray," said a merchant recently to me. You bind us to the throne of God.

The earth would be positively poor without you. I am not sure but that you are the most useful members of society.—Advance.

OFFICERS' DEPARTMENT

PREPARATION MEETINGS.

The lessons for September appear in this issue, and the Primary President should now call her officers together to begin preparation for an active and successful winter's work.

If there are vacancies among your officers, consult with the Bishop and the Stake President in choosing your new assistants, and start with plenty of good help.

WARD VISITING.

Some of the associations have had a summer vacation, and some have continued the work throughout the warm weather. There is great credit due the officers who continually hold the boys and girls under the influence of the Primary organization; but, whether a vacation has been had or not, now is the best time to make a thorough canvas of the ward to get a correct and complete list of all the children of Primary age. This list should be carefully kept for future use.

SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

Every officer should have the lesson matter and general instructions where she may study them. She should be prepared to fill her position with credit to herself and be an influence for good to the children. To best accomplish this The Children's Friend should be constantly within her reach. If any of the officers are not already subscribers, the President should see to it that every worker has the magazine in her home.

THE JUNE CONVENTION.

In the July issue of The Children's Friend is the report of the June Convention. This report should be read by every officer whether they were in attendance or not; and it would be very profitable to take up some of the talks and discuss them in the officers meetings.

OFFICERS' PAPER.

THE CULTURE OF THE EMOTIONS.

The Primary teacher, and, indeed, everyone, may find many valuable applications of this principle. If the actor, by throwing himself into the bodily and mental expression of the character he is to act, can for a time lose his identity and shed real tears and be filled with real sorrow or terror or jealousy or remorse, then anyone can do it in real life. If we wish to be cheerful and sunny, we can act out the part of a cheerful and sunny person. If we feel downhearted and "blue," we should throw ourselves into the bodily and mental attitude of one who is joyous and lighthearted. If we feel that we are getting angry, we should unclench our fists, smooth out the brow, and count ten before we say what we had in-

tended. If the teacher comes to class feeling dispirited, impatient, nervous, it will never do for her to go before the class in such a condition. Nothing in the world is more cantagious than emotion. Many a teacher has gone home and complained that the class was more restless and mischievous and obstinate than she had ever known before, and has thereby simply confessed that she was in no mood that day to teach. She should, with all her will power, have put on the bodily expression of joyousness and serenity and cheerful mastery. Turn the corners of the mouth up rather than down, change the scowl into a smile, stand erect instead of bending into a melancholy curve, turn your thoughts from your ailments into pleasant channels, and in a few moments the whole horizon will brighten. Wisely has professor James said:

"Whistling to keep up the courage is no mere figure of speech. On the other hand, sit all day in a moping posture, sigh, and reply to everything with a dismal voice, and your melancholy lingers. There is no more valuable precept in moral education than this, as all who have experience know: if we wish to conquer undesirable emotional tendencies in ourselves we must assiduously, and in the first instance, cold-bloodedly, go through the outward movements of those contrary dispositions which we prefer to cultivate. The reward of persistency will infallibly come, in the fading out of the sullenness or depression, and the advent of real cheerfulness and kindliness in their stead. Smooth the brow, brighten the eye, contract the dorsal rather than the ventral aspect of the frame, and speak in a major key, pass the genial compliment, and your heart must be frigid indeed if it do not thaw."

The teacher should preach this gospel to her pupils, and, while they are in her presence at least, she should see to it that they practice it. In Church and Sunday school, as well as in Primary, pupils should be required to be reverent in attitude; they should bow the head while prayer is offered and should close the eyes, and they should be taught always to act in Church as if it were a holy place. They should constantly be impressed with the fact that the only life worth living is the cheerful life, that is is positively wicked to be pessimistic or miserable or angry or jealous, and he who goes about scattering these emotions is as bad as he who goes about scattering the germs of disease. One should school himself always to be cheerful and sunny, always to say pleasant things of neighbors and friends, and always to look on the bright side. To do this is an art, but it is an art that everyone can acquire if he will.

The Law of Habit rules here as elsewhere, but it seems as if the emotions were peculiarly responsive to the law. If one gives way to anger once, he will give way more easily and more violently on the next occasion. If one begins to worry, the miserable habit will increase with geometric strides. One swiftly becomes a slave to unchecked emotions Indecision, timidity, pride, envy, anger, jealousy, sensitiveness, impatience, distrust—all of these grow by exercise until they dominate the life. One can easily fancy that he has received a slight or an injury, and by dwelling upon it and drawing upon the memory for previous experiences with the person concerned, and by gathering together all the disagreeable things that can be recollected, can lash himself into anger and even rage and hatred. One should discipline himself to throw away the materials for such emotions; he should fix his attention on the good side of the person's character, and construe always in favor of the one under suspicion. As evil emotions grow by what they feed upon, so do good emotions.

Every teacher will find in the class two types of pupil: the logical and reasoning type, and the impulsive and emotional. The one is cold and undemonstrative; the other is effusive and liable to be ruled by the impulse of the moment. The over-emotional type is one of weakness. The sensibilities lie on the surface, and there is apt to be no depth of life.—Selected.

RECITATIONS

MOLLIE'S PROBLEMS.

There's lots of things I cannot understand,
It really makes no matter how I try.
One's why the brown comes on my little hand
Because the sun is hot up in the sky.

I never understand why birds eat worms,
Instead of pie and puddings full of plums.
I can't see why a baby always squirms,
Or why big boys are 'fraid of little sums.

I cannot understand why doggies bark,
Instead of talking sense like you and me;
And why the sun don t shine when it is dark,
Instead of when it's light, I cannot see.

I wonder what it is makes children grow,
And why they have no wings, like little flies;
But puzzlingest of all the things I know,
Is why grandma wears windows on her eyes.

—John K. Bangs.

FIVE YEARS OLD.

I know a curly, fair haired boy,
His age is just five years;
You'd s'pose that such a little chap
Would cry a lot of tears.

If he fell down and bumped his knee;
But, no sir, not a bit!
He chokes them back, and is so brave,
You wouldn't dream he's hit.

Now, if you think he's rough and coarse,
Mistaken you will be;
For when he goes in front of one,
He always says, "Scuse me!"

Of this thing I am very sure,
He's cut out on the plan
That cannot fail, when he grows up,
To make a gentleman.

—Selected.

LESSON DEPARTMENT

LESSONS FOR THE MONTH OF SEPTEMBER.

FIRST GRADE.

(Children four and five years of age.)

Lesson 25.

Memory Gem:

"You must be honest and true
You must be kind and forgiving;
You must—for unless you do,
There isn't much use in living."

Story: "David and John."

David and John had quarreled. It was all about David's yellow cat. John had come over to make a visit, and Rough, his dog, had followed him; and what did John do but let the dog chase the yellow cat! Now the yellow cat thought that Rough was at least a tiger; and she fairly flew over the ground to get away from him, then scurried up a tree so fast that John went nearly double with laughter. But David did not laugh.

"You are mean!" he said. "What made you let him chase my cat?"

"I didn't let him," said John still laughing. "He let himself. Didn't she look funny going up that tree? You can come down, little 'fraid cat; Rough has gone."

But Rough hadn't. He had slipped behind the stable; and the minute the yellow cat came down that tree, Rough bounded out and was after her. And naughty John, still laughing, urged Rough to go on. No one knows quite what would have happened next, if David's brother had not come just at that moment, and sent John and Rough home, and brought David and the yellow cat into the house.

But the yellow cat was hurt a little bit, and David cried and cried. When he went to bed, a little while after, as he was saying "Our Father," he stopped over the words "as we forgive our debtors," and then jumped up. "I don't want to finish 'Our Father,'" he said. "I can't; because I don't mean to forgive John."

David's mother did not say a word, and John hopped into bed. Then his mother sat down to tell him his good-night story. It was about Bible David, and the splendid chance he had to kill Saul, who had been so bad to him, and how he did not hurt even a hair of his head.

"I don't see," said David, "why he didn't kill him. He was bad, and was hurting other people all the time, and he had tried to kill David, lots of times, hadn't he?"

"The reason he did not," said David's mother, "was because he loved God and wanted to obey him; and God had not told him to kill the king; instead, he had told him to show him great respect."

"Did God want David to let him live?" asked young David.

"Oh, yes; and the story shows what a good man David was. Yet he never had heard our verse that we learned only this morning: 'Love

your enemies, do good to them which hate you.' This was before Jesus had come to this earth to live, you know, and he had not yet said those words."

Young David was still for two or three minutes. Then he said: "Mother, may I get up again? I want to finish 'Our Father.' I'll have to forgive John. I don't want to, a bit, because he said 'Seek 'em!' to Rough, and hurt my yellow cat; but I must, you know, because I have learned the verse, and I have promised to do what Jesus wants me to do."

So his mother moved to one side, and David knelt down and said "Our Father" through to the very end.—Pansy.

Suggestions:

Read story of David and Saul as told in 1. Samuel, chapters 20-31. Tell in simple words how Saul tried to hurt David and how David always forgave Saul and tried to help him.

Repeat memory gem. Relate story. Have concert prayer of The Lord's Prayer.

Lesson 26:

Memory Gem:

"Oh, I wonder, if anvone knows
On a cloudy day where the sunshine goes!
I have heard that it hides in the strangest places—
In the hearts of good children—and shines in their faces."

Story: "Charlie's Photograph."

"Father, Willie Morris had his photograph taken. I do want to have mine. Please let me. Wouldn't you and mother like to have one of me, father?"

"But I have a lot of photographs of you, Charlie—in fact. I take one with me every day to town. I take a different one every day—sometimes they are very ugly; but they are always like my little boy."

"O, father! Are you making fun? Why, I never had my photograph taken," said Charlie, his eyes staring wide with surprise.

"Ah, yes, you have; for I take one of you, though you don't know it, every morning when I go to town," said his father, as he hung his hat on the peg in the hall, and, sitting down in a chair, drew the perplexed little boy toward him. "This morning, when I started from home to go to my office I took a photograph of you and put it in my pocket. I took it not with a camera, but with my eyes, and the pocket I put it in was not my coat, but I put it in the pocket called memory, which I carry in my head, and I have kept it there all day."

"Shall I tell you what the photograph I had carried about with me all day was like—the one I took this morning of my little boy? asked his father, softly, as he drew him closer to his knee.

"Please, father," Charlie whispered low.

"It was a dark, ugly photograph. There was a frown on his brow, and an angry light in his eyes, and his mouth was shut up very tight indeed; so tight that he could not possibly open it to say 'Good-by' to father; and all because he wasn't allowed to go out to the garden to play ball before breakfast because it was raining. So he let father go away to town with a very ugly photograph of Charlie to look at all day, instead of the bright, pleasant one he might have had."

Charlie's head hung so low it seemed as if he never would look up again.

"I don't know what kind of a photograph mother took of you when you were going to school. I hope it was nicer than mine; and I know she wants a nice one left with her every day while you are at school, just as badly as I want one to take to town. Will Charlie try not to give us ugly ones any more?"

Charlie looked up now and whispered, "I will try, father."—Selected.

Story: "What he Forgot."

A pleasant story is told somewhere of little four-year-old Van and his valorous struggle to make his morning toilet. Van was in a hurry to get about the important business of his busy baby day, and so things went on hindside before and upside down as they are quite likely to do with grown people when haste instead of economizing time makes waste of it. The matter of righting his small wearables became very trying, at length, to Van's patience, which was only about as long as he was. Finally he backed up to papa for the buttoning process.

"Everything is on now, papa," he exclaimed, panting from his exertions.

"No, Van," responded papa. "You've forgotten something very important."

Van inspected his small person from top to toe, but could find no lack.

"Ah, my boy," said papa, "you haven't put on your smile yet. Put that on and I'll button it up for you."

No part of the toilet of the day is more "fetching" than the smile, provided it be sincere, but once on, it needs to be carefully buttoned up so that no contrary winds may blow it away or turn it into a frown.

Suggestions:

Lesson eleven in the February number should be reviewed with the children to help the thought of cheerfulness.

Lesson 27:

Memory Gem:

"A little child may have a gentle voice
And pleasant tone
For every one."

Story: "Two Faces."

"Mother, was there ever anybody born with two really and truly faces?"

"Two faces, Doris? Not that I ever knew of; why do you ask?"

"Because I heard Bessie tell Milly, the other day, that Lucy was a two-faced girl, and, of course, she really has only one face, and I was just wondering if anyone ever had two faces, that was all."

"Well, I never saw anyone with two faces on the same body, but I have seen a great many little girls and boys that have two faces on the same face, one an at home face and the other a visiting face. I remember only yesterday morning seeing a little girl that I know come down to breakfast with a forehead all wrinkled up like this," and Mrs. Percy drew her brows together in a frown, "and there was a great big pout on her lips, and I think that the little black dog, temper, was sitting on her shoulders; for every time she was spoken to, some one, and it must have been a little dog, snapped crossly by way of answer. That was that little girl's at home face.

"That afternoon, I met the same little girl out on a visit to a friend, and her forehead was as smooth as yours is now, and the merriest smile had chased the pout off her lips, and I think the smile must have frightened the little black dog away, for it was a nice, polite, little voice that answered when spoken to; and that was her visiting face.

"Now, don't you think, Doris, she would be a much nicer little girl if she were to wear only one of her faces—the visiting one—all the time?"

Doris nodded her head solemnly, "Yes, and I think that maybe she will try to have just one face, only it will be very hard."—Margaret Erskine.

Story: "The Little Red Tongue."

Once upon a time there lived a little red tongue. It had a nice little red house all its own, and two rows of pearly white teeth, whose duty it was to close tightly together, so as to prevent the little red tongue from slipping out between them and saying disagreeable, angry words, and, above all, from saying untruthful ones. But, alas! the little white teeth neglected their duty, and in consequence this little red tongue, who belonged to a little girl called Emma, was very much disliked by everybody, so much that the other little girls wouldn't let Emma, who owned it, play with them, or listen to the stories they would tell to each other when it was too wet or too cold for them to go out to play during recess; so the little red tongue said angrier words and quarreled a great deal more than any tongue, it is to be hoped, ever before had done.

One day, when Emma was sitting alone on a bench under a tree, watching all the other children at play, and the little red tongue had grown tired of saying disagreeable things, when there was no one to hear them, and so was taking a rest, Emma heard a very small voice say, "Emma!" Emma looked all round her, then up at the sky and down on the ground, but she couldn't see anyone.

"You can't see me," answered the voice, just as if Emma had asked, "Where are you?" "I am inside your heart. I have come to tell you [illegible] that are nasty and disagreeable, as you say they are, but it is that little red tongue of yours. Now, suppose you try to cure its habit of saying angry, disagreeable and untruthful things, and every time it does just give it a good, hard bite, and then make it say something kind and pleasant, and see what a difference that will make. Remember this:

"Just bite it, bite it bite it when it says things unkind;
And if it does get sore never mind, mind, mind.
It's the only way to cure it. Then very soon you'll find
It will only say things that are true and kind."

"That's very good advice, Emma, though it may not be poetry." And the voice ceased speaking as suddenly as it commenced.

In spite of her naughty little red tongue Emma was at heart a wise little girl, and she thought she would try the funny advice given her by the small voice Conscience. And she did try hard, and it was a very sore little red tongue before it had learned only to say nice, pleasant things to people; but it did learn in time.—Margaret Erskine.

Suggestions:

Review last lesson and help children to speak in kindly tones as well as to look pleasant. Talk of clouds and sunshine and their effects on people, and that everybody must do his very best to be like the sunshine in voice, face and action.

Lesson 28:

Memory Gem:

"He prayeth best who loveth best,
All things both great and small;
For the great God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

Story: "Mother's Love."

"Oh, mother, see what I have!"

"Why, Billy Grover, where in the world did you get those little birds?"

"Down in a nest under the bush. And the nest was crowded so full! There are three more in it: may I go and get another one, mother?"

"And what would the poor mother bird think?"

"Oh, there'll be two left, and she'll never know the difference. And the nest was so full before, mother, that I don't see how in the world she could sit on all of them to keep them warm. Maybe she'd be glad if I would take some of them away."

Just then the door bell rang, and mother did not have to talk any more with her little son. Billy took the two birds he had up to his room, and when he came back Aunt Kate was there.

"And how's my Billy boy?" she said.

"Fine," said Billy.

"And are you going home with me this time?"

"I don't think mother could spare me."

"Oh, she has Fred and Greta left, and she'll never miss you, and the house is so crowded, maybe she would be glad if I would take you away."

Now don't you think it was very, very strange that Aunt Kate said almost the same words about Billy's mother as he had said about the little birds' mother?

Billy didn't say another word, but I can tell you what he did. He went right up to his room and he got those little birds, and then he ran down the walk to the bush just as fast as his little feet could patter, and he put those birds back in the nest, and you should have seen how happy that mother bird looked.

And now I'll tell you a secret, if you'll never, never tell Billy that I told you. When he went back again to his room, he knelt down by the bed and whispered:

"Please, dear God, if you will forgive me for taking those birds this time, I do not think I ever shall want to take any more little birds away from their mothers, and I'll try not let any other boys do it either, if I can stop them."—Olive Plants.

Story: "How Kindness Won."

Dick was a very little donkey to have such a will of his own. You wouldn't have thought, unless you knew donkeys, that this small brown animal with the bright eyes and long ears could be so stubborn. He stood there in the road and refused to go one step farther; neither would he turn his head towards home.

"Oh, dear! What a bad donkey!" exclaimed little Bertie in despair. "How shall we ever be able to make him move?"

Her brother Lloyd, with the confidence of eight years, ran to the side of the road and brought back a short stick, with which he industriously switched the obstinate animal's sides. Alas! the donkey bore it better than he did, and he soon stopped, breathless.

After a moment's thought, Bertie, as a last resort, drew an apple from a basket in the little cart and held it up in front of Dick's nose. For a

single instant he sniffed at the rosy fruit, then moved forward obediently and took it in his mouth.

"All aboard!" cried Lloyd, and he and his sister clambered upon the seat.

And if you will believe it, whether he had forgotten his late ill temper, or because the kindness of his good little mistress had conquered him, Dick set off at a lively pace, still munching the apple, and they had no more trouble with him during the remainder of the drive.—Sunbeam.

Suggestions:

By using questions, see whether the children are trying to be sunbeams in looks, words, and actions. Talk about the value of cheerful children, especially in the home. If we love we will be happy,—happy in trying to make others happy. Who can help us to be happy and good? (Parents etc). When we prav we ask our Father in Heaven to help us Recite new memory gem and relate stories.

SECOND GRADE.

(Children six and seven years of age.)

Subject: The Lord's Prayer.

Suggestions:

Read carefully all previous lessons on this subject. Ask a number of questions that will help the children to remember the lessons that have already been given.

Always have songs and rest exercises to give variety and interest to your work.

Ask the children, often, these questions: "Who gave us this beautiful prayer?" "What kind of a man was Jesus?" "Tell me of some good thing that Jesus did."

Introduce, wherever vou can, incidents from the life of Christ and teach the children to love Him and to feel that they will try to be like Him.

Lesson 25:

Topic: Give us this day our daily bread.

Concert or individual recitation of the Lord's Prayer.

Suggestions:

If possible memorize the poem given below. Recite it to the class and then carefully review it. Talk it over with the children, telling story of bread from meal to seed, and from seed to meal, adding the thought that God sends the sun and rain to help the corn to grow.

In "Finger Plays," by Emilie Poulsson, will be found some motion songs that will help in developing interest in the story of how we get our daily bread from the Lord.

THE JOHNNY CAKE.

Little Sarah, she stood by her grandmother's bed,
"And what shall I get for your breakfast?" she said.
"You shall get me a johnny cake; quickly go make it,
"In one minute mix, and in two minutes bake it."

So Sarah, she went to the closet to see
If yet any meal in the barrel might be.
The barrel had long time been empty as wind;
Not a speck of the bright yellow meal could she find.
But grandmother's johnny cake—still she must make it,
In one minute mix, and in two minutes bake it.

She ran to the shop, but the shopkeeper said,
"I have none—you must go to the miller, fair maid.
For he has a mill, and he'll put the corn in it,
And grind you some nice yellow meal in a minute;
But run, or the johnny cake, how will you make it,
In one minute mix, and in two minutes bake it.

Then Sarah, she ran every step of the way,
But the miller said, "No, I have no meal to-day;
Run, quick, to the cornfield, just over the hill,
And if any be there, you may fetch it to mill.
Run, run, or the johnny cake, how will you make it,
In one minute mix, and in two minutes bake it."

Then Sarah looked around, and she saw what was wanted;
The corn could not grow, for no corn had been planted.
She asked of the farmer to sow her some grain,
But the farmer he laughed till his sides ached again.
"Ho! ho! for the johnny cake—how can you make it,
In on minute mix, and in two minutes bake it."

The farmer he laughed, and he laughed out aloud—
"And how can I plant till the earth has been ploughed?
Run, run to the ploughman, and bring him with speed;
He'll plough up the ground, and I'll fill it with seed."
Away, then, ran Sarah, still hoping to make it,
In one minute mix, and in two minutes bake it.

The ploughman he ploughed, and the grain it was sown,
And the sun shed his rays till the corn was all grown.
It was ground at the mill, and again in her bed
These words to poor Sarah the grandmother said:
"You shall get me a johnny cake, quickly go make it,
In one minute mix, and in two minutes bake it."

—Anonymous.

Lesson 26:

Topic: Give us this day our daily bread.
Concert recitation of the Lord's Prayer.
Review of last lesson with use of poem.

Suggestions:

Relate the story of the "Manna in the wilderness," Exodus 16, also Lesson 13 in the Third Grade, March number, The Children's Friend. The feeding of the five thousand, Matthew 14: 15-21. When we say "Give us this day our daily bread," do we mean that we do not want anything except bread? What kinds of food and drink would we like?

Talk over the growth and preparation of some of our foods, making clear the thought that it is our Father in Heaven who gives our supplies.

When food is placed upon the table for us to eat to whom must we say "Thank you."

Our Father in Heaven makes the sun to shine and the rain to fall so that we may have plenty to eat and drink, but He wishes others to help. In your home there are those who work so that you may be neither hungry nor thirsty. Who are they? How does father help? How does mother help? How do you help? So when we say "Give us this day our daily bread" we are asking for a number of things and we are going to be ready to do our part in helping to get them. And we shall learn that it is by helping others that we are the happiest.

Story: "What Willing Hands Found."

"Oh, dear!" sighed Nora, as she threw Angelina over on the couch, closed her workbox with an impatient snap, and pushed the kitten out of the way. "I've done 'most everything I could think of. I've painted a rose on my blue pincushion, hemstitched my handerkerchief, read all the tales in my book, curled Angelina's hair, made her a new laundry bag, and yet the day isn't half gone. It keeps right on raining in that dismal, poky manner, as if it never meant to stop in this world!"

"I'm sure your doll and the kitten wish it wouldn't rain, if it affects you in this manner," remarked mother, as she glanced from Angelina, standing on her head against the wall, to Fluff, who was hiding under the table. "Come to think of it," she added, "you haven't done a single thing for anyone but yourself, have you? Suppose you look round and see what you can find to do for others. There is always plenty to do if only you will look for it."

Nora rose slowly, righted Angelina, and put away her workbox. Mother was making the pretty pink silk dress Uncle Ned had given Nora, so that it would be ready in time for her to wear to May Wilson's party next week. Through the open window she could see her older brother, Frank, in his little shop, working industriously on the little wheel-barrow he was making for four-year-old Ted. When she went upstairs, she found grandmother busily knitting on a sock for Frank.

They were all working for some one else. And they were all, evidently, much happier than she was. Mother had a smile for all who came near. Grandmother hummed a quavering little tune, and Frank whistled cheerily. So she began looking about to see what she could do.

As she went from room to room, with her eyes open, how many tasks she found! Frank's shelves were all tumbled up, and his dresser drawers looked as if a cyclone had struck them. It took her almost an hour to put everything in place, but when she had finished, all was in perfect order. Then she found out, by inquiry that grandmother would be very glad of a little lunch, so she made one for her, which she could do very well. Mother was very glad of her offer of assistance, as she had torn her apron and hadn't time to mend it. Would Nora please mend the rent, and then go and water the flowers, that were getting very thirsty?

Down in the hot kitchen, Mary was trying to baste a roast, knead her bread, and iron, all at once, lamenting that there were no fresh eggs for cake. Nora volunteered to put on her rubbers, get the big umbrella, and run to the grocery for the eggs, and on her return, was allowed, as a special privilege, to iron all the straight pieces.

Just before sunset all the clouds sailed away, and the sun shone from a clear horizon.

"The rain is over, dear," said grandmother as she folded away the finished sock. "Tomorrow you can play outdoors again."

"But I think this has been a beautiful day, grandmother," said Nora. "At first I was thinking only of myself, and my own pleasure, but when I tried to help some one else, the time passed very quickly. Mother was right when she said there was plenty to do, if we would look for it, and I am really glad we had the rain."—Selected.

Lesson 27:

Topic: Give us this day our daily bread.
Concert recitation of the Lord's Prayer.
Review of two previous lessons to develop the thought that when we ask for daily bread we mean more than bread made from flour.
Continue this thought by asking the children questions of other things which are our daily needs and comforts: For example,—Homes for shelter —clothing for comfort—schools for education—churches for giving thanks, etc. Go into details as much as you can, in the time of the lesson, and make plain the fact that everything which we possess and enjoy we owe to our Father in Heaven; that He gives first, and then by our labor we may enjoy for ourselves the many good things which are placed upon the earth for our use and comfort. As in the story of the bread, God provides the earth, the seed, the sun and the rain; but we must add our efforts to change all these things into bread.
And when we are comfortable we should be happy and centented as was the boy in the story.

Story: "His Greatest Treasure."

A certain shepherd boy was keeping his sheep in a flowery meadow, and because his heart was happy, he sang so loudly that the surrounding hills echoed back his song. One morning the king, who was out hunting, spoke to him, and said: "Why are you so happy, my boy?"
"Why should I not be happy?" answered the boy. "Our king is not richer than I."
"Indeed," said the king, "pray tell me of your great possessions."
The shepherd boy answered: "The sun in the bright blue sky shines as brightly upon me as upon the king. The flowers upon the mountain and the grass in the valley grow and bloom to gladden my sight as well as his. I would not take a hundred thousand dollars for my hands; my eyes are of more value than all the precious stones in the world. I have food and clothing, too. Am I not, therefore, as rich as the king?"
"You are right," said the king, with a smile, "but your greatest treasure is your contented heart. Keep it so, and you will always be happy."

Lesson 28:

Topic: Give us this day our daily bread.
Concert or individual recitation of the Lord's Prayer.

Suggestions:

Review the stories of the "Manna in the wilderness" and the "Feeding of the five thousand" to illustrate that our Father in Heaven is ready and willing to take care of his people when they are in need. Most of the time we can help and do our share in getting the things we need to keep us well and comfortable, but sometimes we can do nothing and then the Lord comes to our help. It was this way with the Manna, the people were in the desert and were moving on a long journey, so they could not plant wheat and corn and wait for it to grow, etc.
And when the five thousand had followed Jesus they had nothing with them, and there was no place where they could buy food. They were so very hungry and Jesus did not want to see them suffer, so He performed the wonderful miracle of making five loaves and two fishes feed five thousand people.
Sometimes, even when we do our part something happens, and we would surely suffer if our Father did not help.

Once, a long time ago, when our grandfathers and grandmothers first came to live in Salt Lake City, a very wonderful thing happened. The people had ploughed the ground and sown the wheat and it was growing so nicely; the fields were all green and beautiful and they said to each other "We will have plenty of bread this year." Every morning and every night they thanked God for the sun and the water which helped to make the grain grow. Then a great trouble came upon them. Grasshoppers were seen all over the fields. When they would fly up they looked like a black cloud, and after they left a field of grain, the people saw that the grain was all gone. The grasshoppers were eating all the bread the people expected to have that year. What could they do? All the men and women, young and old, all the children who were big enough went out into the fields to try to chase away the grasshoppers, but it was no use. It looked as though everybody would have to go hungry all through the long winter. What could they do? They prayed to God and this is the way He answered their prayer. He sent a great many beautiful white birds, called sea-gulls, and they ate all the grasshoppers, so that all the grain that was left grew and ripened, was ground into flour, and the mothers made good bread which everybody enjoyed. They never forgot to be kind to the gulls and to thank their Heavenly Father for His kindness in saving the grain.

THIRD GRADE.

(For children eight and nine years of age.)

Subject: The Ten Commandments.

Lesson 25:

Concert recitation of first and second commandment.
Review on all previous lessons as follows:
Value of obedience to God's commands. See December number of The Children's Friend.
How the Israelites came to live in Egypt, including story of Joseph.)
The deliverance of the Israelites from the Egyptians, including story of Moses and the establishment of the Ten Commandments.
The First Commandment.
The Second Commandment.
For references: all the numbers of The Children's Friend for this year.
Ask class to memorize the Third Commandment for the next lesson.

Lesson 26:

Topic: Reverence.
Concert recitation of Third Commandment.

Suggestions:

Read lessons on reverence as given for the Second Grade in the March number of The Children's Friend and use what you can for this grade.

Suggestive Talk:

We hope there are not many of our boys and girls who say the name of the Lord when it is not right to do so. We need to speak to our Father in Heaven when we say our prayers or if we wish to tell of His great goodness to us. We should always be very careful to speak His name kindly and softly. It makes the Lord very angry if we use His name any other way or if we use it too often. Let us repeat this commandment. This is what it means: speak the name only when we need to and speak it very kindly and softly or we shall be punished. The Lord does not say how He will punish us, but He surely will, for He always keeps His promise.

I will tell you a story of a young man whose home is in Utah. This is a true story.

When this young man was just a small boy he went to work on a ranch with a number of rough, careless men who spent their time riding after cattle on the range, breaking wild horses, playing cards, smoking and talking nonsense, sometimes worse than nonsense and swearing and drinking.

He could not remember ever saying his prayers, no one had ever taught him to pray. When he left home his mother never told him to remember to say his prayers. But she did tell him to be careful of his words, not to swear and never take the name of the Lord in vain. He must have been a good boy in some things, for though he learned many very bad habits, he kept his word to his mother. The name of the Lord was always sacred to his thoughts and he never used it, although others around him would swear constantly.

Once a good woman came to this ranch, to cook for the men and boys who worked there. She was a Latter-day Saint and she tried to help the men and boys to be better. The boy we are telling you about liked the new cook and when she told him about his prayers, he learned to pray and he tried to be a better boy.

By and by he went back home to live; then he begun to go to Sunday school and other meetings and by trying hard each day and remembering, always, to say his prayers he grew up to be a good man. He is married now, has a good wife and some beautiful children. He says that the keeping of this commandment, "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain" was the thing that helped him to be a good man.

The following poem may be used as a recitation:

MY FATHER'S NAME.

My Father! let me never dare
To breathe Thy hallowed name,
Except in loving praise or prayer,
Or answering duties' claim.

Thy name, so sacred, and so dear,
If I should ever slight,
Ungrateful I must then appear,
And sinful in Thy sight.

For in Thy teachings, clear and true,
This lesson is made plain,
Thou wilt not hold them guiltless who
Shall take Thy name in vain.

—Lula G. Richards.

Lesson 27:
Topic: The Sabbath Day.
Recitation of Fourth Commandment.

Suggestive Talk:
When our Father in Heaven wishes us to do anything he generally shows us just how He wishes it done by doing it Himself first.

God made this wonderful beautiful world in which we live. The Bible tells us that the world was made in six days. We do not know how long these days were but it was six of the Lord's days. (Review the six days of the Creation. Genesis, 1 chapter). The Lord was very busy each day of this week and when the seventh day came we are told that He rested from His labors. And this seventh day is hallowed, which means that it is different from the other six days, a more sacred day, and that on that day we must rest from the work we do on other days. Let us name all the days beginning with Monday. Sunday is the Sabbath. So there are two names for this special day. Let us name them and try to remember them. Sabbath and Sunday. What do men do on the six days? (If some occupations are mentioned that demand labor on the Sabbath let us try to make the children understand that when everybody tries to obey God's commands it will not be necessary to work on Sunday). What do women do during the week? (It will be a good idea to impress the value of order and system in the home to make possible a proper use of the Sabbath). What do boys and girls do every day of the week? (School will probably be the most important thing in the daily lives of the children, but, be sure to emphasize the value of home duties and that each boy and girl must do his or her share).

Now, what should each one do on Sunday? What are some of the things we ought not to do? If each one of us try to remember to keep the Sabbath day holy it helps others. Here is a story of a girl who wished to keep this commandment and how she helped others to do the same.

Story: "Marion's Way."

"Oklahoma is a long way off," Marion's grandma said when the letter came asking Marion to come out and be her father's housekeeper.

"But papa needs me, grandma, and I promised mamma I would go if he sent for me," answered Marion.

"If I felt sure that your father was a good man," grandma said and then went into the kitchen to have a good cry over it.

As Marion sped across the continent in the limited express her grandmother's words repeated themselves over and over. "Is father a good man?" Marion thought. "Would he have left mamma alone so many years while he hunted for gold if he had really been good, and why has he waited so long before sending for me?" When she reached her father's ranch the question troubled her more than ever, for men who drank and swore and gambled were her father's companions and Sunday was always a day of carousal.

"It is just because they have nothing better to do that the men drink and play cards on Sunday more than on other days," Marion thought to herself.

Two weeks later she sprung a surprise on the men who rode into the yard on Sunday morning.

"Grandpa has sent me a graphophone from away back East," she said, "and I want you all to come in and hear it."

The men came; Marion's father offered them chairs, for he was proud of the tall daughter who was just beginning to make his house seem like home. He frowned a little when the first record proved to be "Home, Sweet Home." "Give us something lively," he said. Then Marion spoke

with a voice which trembled while she tried to keep back the tears. "This is Sunday, papa," she said. "I always went to church back home, and it will keep me from being homesick if we can have church here."

"I'll vote for it," one tall miner shouted, as he put up his hand.

"Go ahead, daughter," her father said.

So Marion played "Nearer my God, to Thee," and other songs suitable for the Sabbath day. Sunday was a different day after that, and Marion's father was a different man.—Selected.

Story: "What Frederick Said."

"Hello, there, Frederick, where are you going?" cried some of his playmates as Frederick passed them one Sunday morning.

"Why, I am going to Sunday school, of course. Aren't you boys coming along, too?"

"No, guess not! We don't have to go unless we want to, and, besides, we are sick of that baby class. We are going to try our new toboggan slide; father fixed it for us last night. You may stay and play with us, if you want to."

"Oh, I couldn't do that! Mother thinks I have gone to Sunday school," answered Frederick.

"What's the difference? Your mother will think you are there, and when you see the children go home you can go along, too."

The toboggan slide did look tempting, and while Frederick never before had thought of his class as a baby one, somehow now they did seem ever so much younger than those big boys. It was true that mother would not know whether or not he had been, if he went home with the other children.

Slowly he pushed open the gate, while the boys called to him to hurry if he were coming with them, but at that he said, "No, I don't believe I would better stop, fellows."

"All right, 'fraid baby. Go on to Sunday school, if you think it will be so much more fun!" they retorted.

So again Frederick hesitated; he did not like to be called a "'fraid baby," and his face flushed up with anger. What harm would it do anyhow if he did stay? Once more he pushed the gate, and slowly slid one foot in front of the other through the snow. But, somehow, there was a little voice whispering inside of him such queer things: Was it quite right? What would mother say? Would she think he was keeping the fourth commandment the way she had taught him it should be kept?

"Are you coming, or are you not?" asked the boys.

"No," answered Frederick bravely; "I am going to Sunday school, because my mother says that Sunday is the Lord's Day and that people ought not to play all day. She says the day belongs to God, and we are stealing it when we don't go to church or Sunday school, but keep it just for our own fun instead."

"Well, go on then, goody-goody; we don't care what your mother says!" retorted the two Ansteth boys, while their cousin Harold said:

"I don't know but you are right, Frederick, after all. I started for Sunday school, too, and if you will wait a minute till I brush off this snow, I will go with you."

And as both boys ran on together their hearts grew lighter with every step, and Frederick was so glad he had had the courage to say boldly what he knew was right.—Margaret Warren.

"Savior, who left Thy home above
To give Thy life for me,
Help me in every act and word
Ever to honor Thee."

Lesson 28:

Topic: The Sabbath Day.
Recitation of Fourth Commandment.
Review of last lesson.

The following story may be adapted to suit the children in this grade. Have the outing take place in your own locality and let some of the boys and girls be children of the same age as you have in the class.

Story: "One Day in Seven."

"Ho, Hugh! Come up here! We're just talking over our plans, and we want you to join us."

"Join you in what?" asked Hugh.

"Oh, an excursion"—

"Don't call it an excursion," interrupted another of the merry party. "That will sound too jolly, to Hugh, for Sunday doings. It's just a quiet ride we are talking about, Hugh, to see some of the beautiful views farther up the mountain. This is the last day for some of us, you know, and the weather has been against us. We haven't seen Echo Falls, and it's a shame to go away without it."

It was a party of young people at a mountain resort. Several hotels stood irregularly about the hillside, while farther back cottages were scattered among the trees.

"What is the plan," asked Hugh, as he took his seat among them.

"A drive to Echo Falls. We're going to take the day to it—carry luncheon along, and come home by moonlight. Of course you'll go."

There was a questioning tone, showing a little doubt in it, "of course."

"There is yet one seat in the tallyho, and we are depending on you to fill it."

"It'll be fine, Hugh."

"And there is no telling when any of us will have another chance of riding over these mountains."

Hugh felt to the depth of his boyish nature that it would be fine. How vividly his imagination pictured every detail of the delightful day's outing. But he was a little slow in replying.

"Come," said one impatiently," it can't take long to make up your mind in such a thing."

"No," said Hugh, quietly. "I'm sure I should like it, but—I think I will not go."

"Because it's Sunday? Oh, now, Hugh, don't be so fearfully good. Why it's really a duty to see all we can of the beautiful things in nature, you know"—the speaker concluded rather lamely.

"I believe in standing well by Sunday at home," said another, "but once in a year we certainly ought to be allowed a little margin."

"But," said Hugh, plainly feeling shy about advancing his opinions, "isn't Sunday Sunday about as much in one place as in another?"

"Oh, yes, if you are narrow about it," Edwin Rande spoke with a sneer. "If you want to set yourself up as a pattern for all the rest of us."

"I don't," said Hugh, with a flush. "I'm only speaking for myself."

"But, really, Hugh," said Margaret Tracy, in an anxious voice, "I feel just as you do about Sunday. But at home we always go out in the woods in the afternoon. Father and mother and all of us. I don't see much difference."

"There it is. I'd like to know where you're going to draw the line about such things," said Edwin. "Go along with us, Hugh, and we'll make it just as pious as you could wish. You shall preach to us, and we'll sing hymns."

"So we can," urged Margaret. "Just think how singing will sound up in those glorious mountains!"

"Don't go back on us, Hugh," as he arose to go. "Be here by eight in the morning." "If I'm not, don't wait for me," he said with a smile.

"I know you'll be sorry afterwards if you don't go."

He walked away feeling more than ever a great desire to take that mountain ride. It was as they said, the only opportunity they would have of seeing some points of great, natural beauty. It was his one short holiday, for in this vacation he was helping himself along as errand boy in a store.

"I'm pretty well shut up all the year round, and there is something in that idea of giving a thoughtful turn to things. Perhaps I could help it along. Even if the others get pretty jolly there's no need of letting my own thoughts go"—

However, that Hugh had his thoughts well under control was shown in the fact that he was not among the party gathered on the hotel steps the next morning. Eight o'clock came and there was a little wait for him, others, besides Margaret, feeling that his presence would have given them a more comfortable feeling in the matter of keeping the sacred day holy.

Hugh spent it more quietly, glad to join a little service held in the grove by those who did not feel that in coming to a summer resort they had left Sunday behind them, walking by one of the hotels he heard a voice from behind a vine-draped lattice:

"Hugh! Do come up here and have pity on me for a little while."

"You here!" Hugh exclaimed in surprise at seeing Edwin Rande seated on an easy porch chair, with one limb supported on another chair.

"I, sure enough. Would it be out of accord with your idea of Sunday-keeping to help me through with one of it's dull hours? Or would that seem too much like work?"

"Not at all," said Hugh, smiling in reply to the bantering, but not disagreeable, tone. "But what is the matter? I thought you were off with the others."

"I had hard luck last evening going up to the spring. Slipped on a stone and sprained my ankle. Not a bad sprain at all; but I have to keep still for a few days."

"Too bad," said Hugh in quick sympathy.

"The day has been as long as two days, with all the others gone. My eyes are not very strong, so I cannot read much. Aunt Kate read to me until she was tired out, then I sent her to lie down. I didn't know you had stayed at home, but I believe I am a little glad that you have."

"Why?"

"Oh, because—I rather see a fellow stand by his colors, even if I don't wear the same ones."

"If the colors are worth standing by, and if the fellow is worth anything."

"Just so. Your colors wash. I've been watching you a little, Hugh."

"In what?" asked Hugh, in surprise.

"Oh, in this matter of Sunday-keeping. I wanted to see if it meant anything to you, or if it was just off and on, hit or miss, fast or loose, as suited your whim or convenience. When I bluffed you last night I didn't half mean it. I only wanted to hear you talk."

"I don't believe many of us boys care to talk about the things we feel most."

"Right you are. So I cannot get much out of you. Fact is, Hugh, some of the boys where I live have been trying to get me into their mutual. They talk about the splendid Bible class they have there. I never have been much in the way of such things, but sometimes I wish

I were. I never have taken Sunday-keeping hard. I generally go to church once a day, and then do what I please for the rest of it."

"Why do you go once?"

"Oh, just because I feel I ought to. My mother always used to go. I have thought that if she had lived, things would have been different with me. Now," he looked wistfully at Hugh, "I see you are in dead earnest about such things. I wish you would tell me what Sunday is to you."

"Why—I'm not preaching, you know"—

"No, you mean,—doing. That's why I want you to tell me."

"I think it's a poor business to do things by halves."

"You're right there."

"I tried to settle it with myself some time ago. Either the Lord's Day is a sacred day, or it is not. If not, what's the good of bothering about it? If it is, and you mean to stand by the One who calls the day His own, I believe in doing it faithfully."

"Go on, said Edwin, I'm interested."

"He's given us six days in which to go our own way, and to speak our own words, and find our own pleasures. He has kept just one for Himself—a day for us to call 'the holy of the Lord, honorable.' It seems to me mean and unfair not to put our whole hearts into the keeping of it according to His way, but to try to cheat Him out of His one day in seven."

"You're right all the time. I think," taking Hugh's hand, as later he wished him good-night, "that your way is a pretty good way, and I have half a mind to walk with you in it. And you may be sure," he added, earnestly, "that if I do I walk it fairly and honestly."—Selected.

FOURTH GRADE.

(Children ten and eleven years of age.)

Subject: The Word of Wisdom.

Lesson 25:

Divisions:

Review very briefly the following as given in the preceding lessons. These topics should be given by members of the class.

What is a revelation?
Necessity for the revelation on the Word of Wisdom.
Brief explanation of first paragraph.
Brief explanation of second paragraph.
Brief explanation of third paragraph.
Brief explanation of fourth paragraph.

Suggestions:

Make this first lesson as interesting as possible. It might be advisable to add some incidents that fit in with the topics.

Lesson 26:

Topic: Use of Liquor.

Divisions:

1. Suggestive Talk by Teacher:

One day some ladies were out driving, and one of them said, "Let us go through this street. I would like to stop for a moment and see a friend of mine who is going to move away from the city soon." So they drove down the street, as she asked, but when she saw the house, she said, "Why, my friend must have moved earlier than I thought." Of course, the others asked, "How do you know she has moved?" "Why, look at the house; the windows are not clean, the grass has not been cut for days, and the veranda is littered with toys and rubbish. My friend's house would never be in that condition."

Have you noticed a difference in the way in which different people keep their houses? How should the windows be in every house? Why? How would you like to see a house kept if you had to live in it? When you have a house of your own, how are you going to try to keep it? Suppose a man buys a house; it is his to do as he pleases with, is it not? If he chooses to take an ax and break the doors down, he would have a right to do it, would he not? What would you think of a man who would do such a thing?

There is anther house, a more wonderful house than any building of stone or wood, and each one of us owns one of these houses. What do we call such a house. the house in which our spirits live while we are on this earth? Then, if our body is a house and each one of us owns such a house, I wonder if we have a right to do just as we please with it?

Read I. Cor., 6: 19-20, read the last five words of verse nineteen and all of verse twenty. Do you see what that means? God, who is our Creator and Father, made us in His image and wished us to be like Him, His loving children. But through sin and disobedience people wandered away from God, and He brought them back again with a price, the greatest price, that has ever been paid, and that is the gift of His Only Son, Who has conquered sin and made it possible for us to glorify God. Our bodies and our spirits belong to Him so that we have not the right to do just as we please with them.

As we read the history of days long gone by, we find that many people have been just as foolish as a man would be who destroys the house he is living in, the only place he has for rest and comfort. Read Isaiah, chapter 28; verse seven. This is what the people of that day were saying, and they took strong drink and more and more of it as the days went by, until mind, spirit, and body were wrecked. They were priests and prophets, having work to do for God and His people, but they made themselves unfit for any work and threw away their chances to be helpers in the world, just to satisfy a taste for drink.

Last summer, many young men from our country went to England to compete in the great Olvmpic games. There were men in these games from all over the world, and the eyes of the world were watching the outcome through the daily papers. Every patriotic American was glad when any of our men gained first place. Of course, those who gained a victory were made glad, and in their joy they did not think of all the long months of training when they had to live according to the strictest rulest, eating only such things as would give strength to the body. These contests are something like the old Olympic games held in Greece, two thousand years ago. Paul knew about these games, and when he wrote these words he was thinking of just such games, read I. Cor., 9: 24. You see, he is saying there that though many enter for a race, there is only one that receives a prize, that is, there can be but one victor. Read verse twenty-five. In

that he speaks of the training that is necessary, being temperate in all things, denying themselves anything that would harm in any way. Why do they deny themselves in this way? Simply that they might receive a crown of leaves, which was the sign of victory. Paul is using that picture of the race to show us how we ought to run the race of life. In this race, all who run well may attain the victory, and the crown that will be given to all those who win will not be one that will perish, but one that will last forever. Read Rev. 3: 21. That, surely, is worth striving for, and it does not seem possible that anyone would be willing to run any risk of losing such a reward.

Read I. Cor. 9: 27. The secret is to keep the body under; that is, not to let its desires rule our conduct. We should have these words in our hearts, "I can, I wish to;" now let us put in another phrase, I ought not. If that is there, what ought to be the next? Say, I will not. There are some "will nots" that ought to be settled in every life before the time of temptation comes. Some one has called these things the "of courses." Sometimes a boy comes very early to a certain temptation. Other boys, older ones, perhaps, are smoking cigarettes; they try to make him think that it is a manly thing to do, and because he wants to be thought quite grown up, he is tempted. He says, "I can, and I wish to," but he hears his conscience saying, "I ought not;" what will he do? Every boy ought to have it settled at once and for all, before he comes to that kind of place of temptation, that of course he will not do a thing which he knows is ruining thousands of boys every year.

Members of the class should relate the following incidents:

Story: "The Broken Bottle."

"Come on, boys, let us go and take a drink."

The speaker was William Scott, a hard working mechanic who, with three of his shopmates, was on his way home at the close of the weeks' labors. All of them had taken several drinks and had begun to show the effects of them, especially Scott, who staggered as he walked.

The four went in and stood before the bar of the saloon, which was but a short distance from Scott's home and had for years been patronized by him. Drunken men seldom drink and leave a saloon when there are two or more together; and on this occasion Scott and his friends stood at the bar and conversed as one after the other treated in turn.

Suddenly their conversation was interrupted by Scott accidentally dropping from his unsteady grasp the bottle from which he was about to pour a dram.

"Hello!" said he, "that was an accident."

"Accident or not you'll pay for that liquor and bottle," retorted the saloonkeeper, whose attention was called to Scott by the crash.

"You don't mean that, Lawrence," said Scott; "it was an accident."

"That's all right," replied the saloonkeeper, "but the price of that bottle and liquor will take the profit off many a drink; I can't afford to lose it, and you'll have to pay for it."

"But," pleaded the mechanic, "I've but a dollar of my wages left and I must take it home."

The saloonkeeper, however, was inexorable, and Scott handed over the dollar note which was to have given his wife and little ones a Sunday dinner.

When he got his change he turned to the saloonkeeper and said:

"I didn't think you would do that, Lawrence, after I've been spending a good part of my wages here for the past ten years."

"Well, if you have, I guess you've got the equivalent of every cent you spent," gruffly responded Lawrence.

"Did I?" said Scott quietly, and picking up the pieces he started from the saloon.

There was something in his manner, that Lawrence did not like, and taking the amount he had received from the mechanic from the drawer, he threw it noisily on the counter and called Scott to come back; but the latter had reached the door and went on out.

He proceeded to his home, and meeting his wife, he placed the piece of broken bottle in her hand, saying:

"There Betty, I paid seven hundred dollars for that, and I think you'll consider it cheap."

For a moment Mrs. Scott did not understand him; but looking at the pieces of the bottle and inhaling the fumes of the liquor she intuitively grasped his meaning and with a glad feeling in her heart she said:

"What do you mean, William?"

"I mean," said Scott, "that for ten years that bottle has been swallowing my earnings; but now I've bought it, and I am going to see if the broken bottle is not better than the whole bottle."—Selected.

Story: "Four Rats."

An exchange tells the story of a poor workingman who told his wife, on awakening one morning, a curious dream which he had during the night. He dreamed that he saw coming toward him, in order four rats. The first one was very fat, and was followed by two lean rats, the rear rat being blind. The dreamer was greatly perplexed as to what evil might follow, as it had been understood that the dream of rats denoted calamity. He appealed to his wife concerning this, but she, poor woman, could not help him. His son, who heard his father tell the story, volunteered to be the interpreter. "The fat rat," he said, "is the man who keeps the saloon you go to so often; the two lean rats are my mother and me; and the blind rat, father, is yourself.

Story: "A Sufficient Test."

The police court magistrate of a town in southern Kentucky was walking down the street one November evening with his friend John Markham, a distiller.

"Judge," said Mr. Markham, "have you ever tried my No. 1 brand of Old Markham?"

"No, John," admitted the judge, "but I tried three men in court this morning who had tried it."—Everybody's.

Lesson 27:

Topic: Use of Liquor.

Divisions:

1. Concert recitation of paragraph five.
2. Recitation of Proverbs 23-32.

The following may be read carefully by members and then told to the class.

3. If, at last, wine "stingeth like an adder" so also does every other successful tempter.

All self-indulgence is intemperance. An ungoverned tongue, an ungoverned temper, ungoverned passion of any kind, or the ungoverned use of them—any of these things is intemperance. Time spent in play, or in novel reading, or in sheer idleness, when the duties of the hour are unperformed, is self-indulgence, and that is intemperance. Eating too much,

or cultivating a fanciful appetite for dainties, is intemperance of a very harmful kind. And intemperance in any of these forms will leave a sting in the end.

The curse of it is that any habit of self-indulgence creates an increasing desire for self-indulgence, and one form of self-indulgence leads to and merges into another.

4. *Who Hath Woe?*—Not the drunkard alone. He has the woe that comes to depression of spirits, he has ill health, and a tell-tale face, he loses the respect of his fellows; but in all his suffering his family and relatives are forced to partake.

5. *Who Hath Contentions?*—The drunkard is full of suspicions and evil imaginings. He imagines that someone is slighting him or about to do him some evil. He often seems to be possessed by an evil spirit, he is so ready to get angry and to quarrel. Indeed one can hardly imagine a human being so cruel or so generally disgusting as many men become when they are drunk.

6. *"Gabbling."*—The drunkard gabbles away to himself, or is garrulously friendly and abusive by turns. He has no control over his tongue and reveals secrets that in sober moments he would guard carefully.

7. *Wounds Without Cause.*—The blood of the drunkard is not healthy. The least scratch may make a serious wound. The moderate drinker is not so fit to undergo an operation as the teetotaler.

8. *They That Tarry Long at the Wine.*—One reason why drunkenness is so severely condemned in the Old Testament is that it was a deliberate vice, it was a proof of bestial sensuality. Listen to Isaiah's description of the drunkards of Judah: "Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning, that they may follow strong drink; that tarry late into the night, till wine inflame them." There was no danger in those old days of a man becoming a drunkard against his will, or being knocked over by alcohol before he knew it. They had not that kind of liquor.

9. The drunkard reels to and fro. The ground does not seem steady under him. Of a pin prick he will take no notice at the time. Altogether the drunkard is a most nauseating and pitiable object. And the worst of his sad state is that he has no desire to escape from it, but if he has money to pay will as soon as he is able seek yet again that awful, degrading cup.

But it should never be forgotten that every drunkard begins by being a moderate drinker and that not one in a hundred of those who become drunkards had any idea that he was in any danger until he had actually crossed the line and become the slave of his appetite.

10. *Tripped Up.*—In one of his interesting books, Amos R. Wells tells the sad story of Jack Collins, from which every boy may learn a useful lesson.

Jack Collins, with his *six* friends, stepped into the rum-shop one evening. As they went out, late that night, walking very unsteadily, the saloonkeeper put a big stone right in the way of one of Jack's comrades, and tripped him up. The comrade fell and was killed. That comrade was Jack's Health.

The next night Jack Collins, with *five* friends went to the rum-shop again, and again they all got drunk, so drunk that another friend was tripped up, as he went out, by the sly saloonkeeper. That friend was Jack's Reputation.

The third night, in just the same way, another friend was lost—this time, Jack's Wealth.

The fourth night the stumbling-block tripped up Jack's Happiness, and the poor fellow from that time on had nobody to keep him cheerful.

The next friend to go was Jack's mind, so that Jack hardly had wit enough left to call for a glass of whisky when he came back on the sixth night.

And that evening, as he and his sole remaining friend left the rum-shop, that friend also was tripped up and slain. It was Jack's Soul.

The next night was the seventh, the Holy Sabbath, and Jack lav alone in the gutter, his six friends all fallen over the rum-shop's stumbling-blocks, and Jack himself was dead.

Lesson 28:

Topic: Use of Liquor.

Divisions:

1. Recitation of paragraphs five, six, and seven.
2. Relate following incident from life of the Prophet Joseph.

Early in the month of August Newel Knight and his wife paid us a visit at my place in Harmony, Pennsylvania; and as neither his wife nor mine had been yet confirmed, it was proposed that we should confirm them, and partake together of the Sacrament, before he and his wife should leave us. In order to prepare for this I set out to procure some wine for the occasion, but had gone only a short distance when I was met by a heavenly messenger, and received the following revelation:

Listen to the voice of Jesus Christ, your Lord, your God, and your Redeemer, whose word is quick and powerful.

For, behold, I say unto you, that it mattereth not what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink, when ye partake of the Sacrament, if it so be that ye do it with an eye single to my glory; remembering unto the Father my body which was laid down for you, and my blood which was shed for the remission of your sins:

Wherefore a commandment I give unto you, that you shall not purchase wine neither strong drink of your enemies:

Wherefore, you shall partake of none, except it is made new among you; yea, in this my Father's kingdom which shall be built upon earth.

In obedience to the above commandment, we prepared some wine of our own making, and held our meeting, consisting only of five, viz., Newel Knight and his wife, myself, and my wife, and John Whitmer. We partook together of the Sacrament, after which we confirmed these two sisters into the Church, and spent the evening in a glorious manner. The Spirit of the Lord was poured out upon us, we praised the Lord God, and rejoiced exceedingly.—From the History of the Church, Vol. I.

3. Describe how pure wine may be made by squeezing fruit to get the juice. It is impossible to get fresh fruit all the year round and so have pure wine for use in the service of the Sacrament, therefore, it is thought best to use water, which is the safest and cleanest drink for everybody.

4. Give some reasons why the use of fermented wine at the service of the Sacrament might be injurious.

5. *A Japanese Saying.*—The Japanese have a wise saying which runs

like this: "A man takes a drink, then the drink takes a drink, and the next drink takes the man."

This is a true saying, for there are multitudes of men and women who are simply slaves to drink.

Let every boy and girl resolve to let strong drink entirely alone, and then there will be no danger of becoming a slave to drink.

..6. *What's in the Glass?*—John G. Saxe, who, fifty years ago, was America's leading humorist, wrote this startling warning:

"You have heard of the snake in the grass, my boy,
Of the terrible snake in the grass;
But now you must know
Man's deadliest foe
Is the venomous snake in the glass, Alas!
The venomous snake in the glass."

7. Henry W. Longfellow wrote:

"Touch the goblet no more!
It will make thy heart sore,
To its very core.
Its perfume is the breath
Of the angel of death;
And the light that within it lies
Is the flash of his evil eyes.
Beware! Oh, beware!
For sickness, sorrow and care,
All are there!"

8. *Bottles Make Rags.*—"Bottles and rags! bottles and rags!" called the rag-man, as he plied his calling.

"Why do you always put these words together?" asked the passer-by. "Because madam," said the rag-man, courteously touching his hat to the lady, "wherever you find bottles you find rags!"

Shrewd philosophy! It is a pity our statesmen cannot see the thing as clearly, and that, for the good prosperity, to say nothing of the moral happiness of the people, they stop the accursed liquor traffic instead of putting in the way of Christian workers all sorts of handicaps.

Remember the shrewd words of the rag-man, who sees things as they are: "Wherever you find bottles you find rags." And if you wish to save people from coming to rags, you will banish the bottle. Let us all say we shall not give over the fight until we succeed.—Angelus.

9. *Modern Daniels.*—President Lincoln was one day dining with a party of friends, when one of them offered him some wine, and rather rudely tried to force it upon him. Mr. Lincoln finally replied: "I have lived fifty years without the use of intoxicating liquors, and I do not think it worth while to change my habits now." It is related of General Wm. Henry Harrison by one who knew him well, that while he was a candidate for the presidency, at a dinner, a New York gentleman, offering a toast, asked: "General, will you not favor me by drinking a glass of wine?" The General politely declined. Once again he was urged to drink a glass of wine. This time he rose from the table and said, in his grave, dignified way: "Gentlemen, I have refused twice to partake of the wine-cup. That should have been sufficient. Though you press the cup to my lips, not a drop shall pass the portals. I made a resolve when I started in life that I would avoid strong drink, and I have never broken it. I am one of a class of seventeen young men who graduated together. The other sixteen

filled drunkard's graves, all through the pernicious habit of wine-drinking. I owe all my health, happiness, and prosperity to that resolution. Will you urge me now?"—Selected.

FIFTH GRADE.

(Children twelve and thirteen years of age.)

Subject: The Articles of Faith.

Lesson 25:

Review.

Suggestions:

Read carefully all previous lessons as given in The Children's Friend, also the references and choose the parts most suitable to your class.

Divisions:

1. Recitation of Article 1.
2. Tell what you can about God the Father.
3. Tell what you can about God the Son.
4. What kind of a personage is the Holy Ghost?
5. Recitation of Article 2.
6. Relate briefly the story of Adam and Eve in the garden of Eden.
7. What is the value of punishment?
8. Recitation of Article 3.
9. Tell briefly the story of the atonement of Christ.
10. Recitation of Article 4.
11. Tell what you can of the principle of Faith.
12. Tell what you can of the principle of Repentance.
13. Relate the story of the baptism of Jesus.
14. Describe the ordinance of the laying on of hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost.

Lesson 26:

Topic: The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper.

Divisions:

1. Recitation of Article 4.
2. Why should we study about the sacrament when we are learning about the Articles of Faith? The Articles of Faith by Talmage, Lecture 9; paragraph 1.
3. What is the feast of the passover? The Articles of Faith, Lecture 9, note 3.
4. Relate the story of the Lord's Supper. Luke 22:8-13; the Articles of Faith, Lecture 9; paragraph 2.
5. Relate how the service of the sacrament was instituted among the Nephites, the Articles of Faith, Lecture 9; paragraph 3.
6. Who are worthy to partake of the sacrament? The Articles of Faith, Lecture 9; paragraphs 4-8.

7. What is the purpose of the sacrament? The Articles of Faith, Lecture 9; paragraph 9.
8. What are the emblems of the sacrament? The Articles of Faith, Lecture 9; paragraph 10.
9. Describe the administration of the sacrament. The articles of Faith, Lecture 9; paragraph 11-13.

Lesson 27:

Topic:
Divisions: Divine Authority.

1. Recitation of Article 5.
2. Relate how Noah was called of God. Genesis 6. Articles of Faith, Lecture 10, paragraphs 1-2.
3. Relate the covenant made with Abraham, Genesis 12. Articles of Faith, Lecture 10, paragraph 3.
4. Relate briefly the calling of Isaac, Genesis 26: 1-3.
5. Relate briefly the calling of Jacob, Genesis 28: 10-15.
6. Relate briefly the calling of Moses, Exodus 3: 2-10.
7. Relate briefly the calling of Aaron, Exodus 4: 14-16 and 27.
8. Relate briefly the calling of Samuel, I. Samuel, 3: 4-14.
9. The teacher should read carefully Lecture 10 up to the 21st paragraph, and explain to the class the difference between authorized and unauthorized ministrations.

Lesson 28:

Topic: The Plan and Organization in the Church.
Divisions:

1. Recitation of Article 6.
2. Describe the organization of the primitive Church. Articles of Faith, Lecture 11. paragraphs, 1-4.
3. What is meant by apostacy. See any good dictionary.
4. Tell what you can of the apostacy from the primitive Church. Articles of Faith, Lecture 11, paragraphs 5-8.
5. Relate some of the prophecies which foretold the apostacy from the primitive Church. Articles of Faith, Lecture 11, paragraph 9-11.
6. Tell what you can of the restoration of the Church. Articles of Faith, Lecture 11, paragraph 12.
7. The calling of the Prophet Joseph Smith, Lecture 1, paragraph 12.

CHRIST DRIVING OUT THE MONEY CHANGERS.—*By Hofmann.*

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND

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POLLY'S BUSINESS BUMP.

Aunt Jane smoothed her hair and her apron, and gave the baby to Polly to hold, before she opened the letter from Cousin Mary Olive Tidd. Cousin Mary Olive had gone away from Dumpling Hill to keep a shop in Poppleton when she was a young girl. Everyone thought she ought to teach school because she was a minister's daughter, but she said she had a "business bump," and "the Lord means us to do what we can."

Polly's heart had thrilled at sight of the Poppleton postmark. She thought that the letter might be an answer to the question that everyone was asking, "What shall be done with Polly?" She was an orphan, and Dumpling Hill farms bore scanty crops, and all her relatives, like "the old woman in the shoe," had so many children they "didn't know what to do."

Aunt Jane opened the letter and read it aloud:

Dear Cousin Jane: I know you have enough to take care of without Polly, so you may send her to me, and I will do well by her if she has a business bump. If she hasn't, I don't want her, and sha'n't keep her. Yours truly,

Mary Olive Tidd.

Aunt Jane said she didn't see how anyone could expect a twelve-year-old girl to have a "business bump." And the tears came into her eyes; for the letter did not sound to her as if Cousin Mary Olive would be kind to Polly.

Caddy, the twin with a freckle—not even the twins' own mother could have told them apart, if it had not been for that freckle on Caddy's nose—began to cry, because she thought it meant that Polly was going to get a bump like the one that little Jeremiah had on his forehead from falling down stairs. But Polly said calmly: "Doctor Tilden, the storekeeper, said that I had a business bump when I sold my white turkey's eggs for seven dollars and twenty cents. So I am not afraid to go to Cousin Mary Olive!"

So three days afterwards she was put in charge of Deacon Lufkin, who was going to Poppleton on business; but he had time only to

show her the way to the street where Cousin Mary Olive lived, and she had to find the shop alone.

A little bell jingled when she opened the door, and Cousin Mary Olive came hurrying out from an inner room. She scowled, but Polly tried to remember that people sometimes scowl only because they are near-sighted, and the creases of her double chin really looked pleasant.

"I am Polly Whitcomb, and I am pretty sure about the business bump," said Polly.

"You had better be, if you are going to live with me," said Cousin Mary promptly. "But you are too small for twelve! How will you look behind a counter?"

"Perhaps I shall grow," said Polly, hopefully. She felt like crying, but she kept back the tears, and used her eyes to look about her; which is always the better way. And she saw that it was a pleasant, old-fashioned house behind the shop, and in the garden the grass was every bit as green and the sky was just as blue as it was on Dumpling Hill.

"I find I must go to the city to be with my brother Nahum at the hospital sooner than I thought," said Cousin Mary Olive when she had read a letter at the breakfast-table, the next morning. "I meant to have a week to show you how to keep a shop before I left you alone, but now you will have to do it without any teaching If you have a business bump you can, but if you haven't, why I shall find it out, and you go back to Dumpling Hill. Hannah Shea, who washes and cleans for me, will do the housework, and stop with you nights. I found out last night that you could measure, and make change, and the prices are marked on everything. You may go ahead and keep the shop just as if it were your own. My customers are all good honest peopie, anyway, and I don't keep anything to entice children."

"No, ma'am," said Polly, with a little touch of sadness. For when she had walked up and down the street the afternoon before, she had seen in the window of every other shop like Cousin Mary Olive's some bright and tempting displays for the children. Not a doll, nor a toy in Miss Tidd's! Polly thought it looked lonesome.

All went well, but it was not very lively to sell spools of thread and yards of cambric all day, and she longed to be in the little shop almost opposite, whose windows gay with ribbons and toys drew the children as soon as school was out.

One day the "drummer" came from whom Cousin Mary Olive was accustomed to order goods. Cousin Mary Olive had told her to look carefully into the boxes, and see just what was needed, and order only that. Polly felt that this was the time to show whether she had a business bump, or not. But when the drummer brought in from his great, gaily-painted wagon at the door, a box with three beautiful dolls in it, she heaved a long, long sigh. She could see just how those

dolls would look in the window, if she only had a chance to dress them! For Polly had a knack at dressing dolls.

After the drummer had gone she found one of the dolls lying face downward on a pile of cambrics. Polly ran to the door with the doll, but the gayly-painted wagon was out of sight. "I will put it away until the next time he comes," she said to herself. "But he said it was only sixty-five cents! I wish I could buy it to send to one of the Dumpling Hill children!"

When little Miss Dinsmore, the dress-maker next door, came in, she showed it to her. "I would buy it if I were you; it is very cheap at sixty-five cents, and it would amuse you to dress it. Come into my house after you close to-night, and I will give you some pieces of silk," said the dressmaker.

That was one of the nights when Polly closed at seven, and she spent a delightful evening picking over the pieces of silk in Miss Dinsmore's great, rainbow-hued heap. She dressed the doll as a shepherdess; there was a beautiful piece of pink silk with tiny rose-buds; and she was so pretty, with her looped-up, puffy skirts, and a pink hat on her yellow head, that Polly couldn't help putting her in the window for the children to see. Cousin Mary Olive had not said that she would not have a doll in her window, but only that she "would not have one sold over her counter."

The wonderful news spread quickly that there was a doll, and the very prettiest doll that ever was seen in a Poppleton shop, in Miss Tidd's window, and a crowd gathered as soon as school was done—a crowd that cheered the heart of the lonely little shopkeeper. It was hard to have to say to wistful little girls who brought their mammas that the doll was not for sale; but the mammas bought something if they could not buy the doll, and Polly was kept so busy that she scarcely had time to breathe.

"I guess she won't doubt that you have a business bump when she sees the money-drawer!" Miss Dinsmore said.

But one day—the day before Cousin Mary Olive was to return—Polly did a very unbusinesslike thing. A little lame girl came in for the third time to see the doll.

Her crutches humped up her little shoulders, and her face was pale and drawn with pain, and Polly simply couldn't stand it. When she handed the doll to her, she said gently: "Take her! You may have her for your own."

"Cousin Mary never said that a doll should not be given away over her counter," she told Miss Dinsmore. "Oh, you foolish child!" cried the dressmaker. "Miss Tidd would have liked to have a doll dressed so that it would draw custom like that one. But to give it to that child! Why, her mother was Abby Foster, who treated Miss Tidd so badly when they were great friends that it has made her odd and cross."

Poor Polly dreamed that night that she was sent back to Dumpling Hill, and the conductor cried out, "No business bump!" every time he came through the car. And when she reached home the twins had turned into wooden dolls, and couldn't speak to her!

Miss Tidd came home the very next day, and she looked into the money-drawer the very first thing. And she was astonished! When she saw how many new customers came in, she was delighted; and when they asked for dolls, she said she didn't care if Polly filled the window with them, if they drew customers like that!

And Polly had not yet mustered courage to tell her whose little girl it was to whom she had given the doll, when a woman came hurrying into the shop, and actually threw her arms around Cousin Mary Olive's neck. And she said with tears that she knew she had forgiven her, because she had given her little girl that beautiful doll; and it would seem like Heaven if they could go back to the old times and be friends. And Cousin Mary Olive cried, and kissed her.

Polly slipped out of the shop then, because she thought she might be in the way. She peeped in at the back window a short time after to see whether she was gone, and the visitor and Cousin Mary sat hand in hand; and when she had gone, Cousin Mary Olive, with her scowl all smoothed out and her face looking young and bright, took Polly in her arms, and kissed her. She told her she had found out that something which had darkened her life had been all a mistake, and it was Polly who had set things right!

"A kind heart is even better than a business bump!" she said.

Cousin Mary Olive paid for the doll when the drummer came, and ordered a dozen more dolls for Polly to dress for the shop; and more than a dozen—enough to go round!—for her to send to the Dumpling Hill children.—Selected.

THAT BEAUTIFUL RECITATION.

Did you ever speak a piece and find
That all the poem words
Had flown away out of your mind
Like little frightened birds?

The people were so very near,
Their eyes so big and round,
Your voice came out so high and queer,
With such a funny sound?

The platform was so long and wide,
You felt so very small,
You had to run away and hide,
And spoke no piece at all?

GIRLS' DEPARTMENT

TOY FURNITURE.

Some time ago, when several juvenile members of our household were recovering from a severe attack of measles and were clamoring for "amusement," my thoughts went back to the days of my own childhood, which I spent in Germany, and memory presented me with a suggestion of which I proceeded to make instant use for the benefit of our little invalids. I purchased a lot of dried green peas—whole ones—which were put to soak in lukewarm water. When they were thoroughly softened I used them in the manufacture of toy furniture and the like, with the aid of pointed toothpicks—capital substitutes for the headless matches supplied to me for the same purpose long ago, when I myself was an invalid in a nursery. My little band, after watching me attentively for a while, was soon earnestly at work, and the question of amusement was settled for many a day to come.

For the benefit of many little sufferers all over our broad land and their harassed mothers—sufferers, too—I send this simple and satisfactory entertainment. It is also inexpensive, and will be entirely harmless if an older person will cut the toothpicks into shorter lengths (and point them) when such are required.

Remember, children, you must let the peas soak in warm water until soft, preferably over night. Do not take hot water, as this will cause the skin to come off and the peas will become split and useless. Then pick out the perfect ones, have a supply of toothpicks on hand, and make all the pretty furniture your dollies may require. You may also make canoes and sleds, or even a workbasket or handkerchief-box for mamma, ribbons supplying the necessary hinges for the latter.—Selected.

BETTER REMEMBER THIS, GIRLS.

Frank Jay Gould's mother-in-law, Mrs. Edward Kelly, is called "the youngest looking grandmother in America," says an exchange. She does not look over thirty, and, with her perfect figure, heavy dark hair and pink-and-white complexion, is the envy of all her female friends. This is her own explanation: "I never worry. I never fret. I never argue. I never talk scandal. I never go without nine hours sleep. I take care of my complexion. My hair is brushed for ten minutes a day. I do not flit from tea to reception and from appointments with dressmakers to tiresome dinner with the rush and bustle of a Wall street man."

BOYS' DEPARTMENT

HIDE-AND-SEEK VERSES.

Two little squirrels in a cage
  Upon their haunches sat,
And flicked their tails and spruced their fur,
  And talked of this and that.

"Some day," said one, we'll both get out,
  And catch two little boys,
And keep them locked up in a cage,
  Away from all their joys!"

"We will, we will," the other cried;
  "That would be right and fair—
And make them climb forever up
  The wheel that goes nowhere!"

"Oh, yes; and then, by way of joke,
  We'll slip in empty shells;
And make them climb a hanging rope
  And ring some little bells.

"And when they've longed for out-of-doors,
  And melancholy grown—
We'll swap them off for anything
  We think we'd like to own!"
—C. S. P. in Little Folks.

THE BOY WITH "SPINDLE LEGS."

He cannot trade them off for a better pair; he cannot sell them and buy a better pair; he must use them or none at all—this is the situation that confronts the boy with slender legs. But he need not despair. He will find that the more he uses his legs the stronger they will grow. In short, it he would get rid of his weak legs he must work them off!

Begin at once the exercises for strengthening the legs. We sugfests a few this week. If these exercises are persistently kept up, another winter will find you a better skater, a better runner and a better jumper than you are today. It is of course a delight to excel in these sports; every boy admires strength. But strength alone is not the end for which we are striving. We seek strength and health for the simple reason that by possessing these blessings we are the better able to undertake the true work of life.

1. Stand erect, chin up, chest out, toes turned out. Now slowly raise the heels until they are as high off the floor as possible; now drop slowly down.

Continue this exercise until something tells you to stop. You will have no difficulty in finding out what that something is. It will be a sharp ache in the muscles of the calves of the legs. That ache tells you in eloquent language that the muscles of that part of the body are soft and need exercising.

You should continue this exercise every day until you are able to raise your heels from the floor one hundred times in two minutes, with no pain resulting therefrom.

Vary the exercise by holding weights in the hands.

2. All work done on tiptoe brings every muscle of the leg into action. Note that in the above exercise you simply raise yourself on tiptoe. Now let us undertake some work on tiptoe. Nothing beats running on tiptoe.

How are you able to run indoors? Easily enough.

The Stationary Run. Incline the body forward as if about to start in a race; clinch the hands and place them on the chest; close the mouth and breathe deeply. Now run! Run vigorously, but do not move out of the position in which you are standing. At every "stride" raise the knees high and strike the floor only on tiptoe. Let your toes act as veritable springs.

Have plenty of fresh air in your room while you run.

One hundred to five hundred strides compose a good run.

3. Hop on one foot, striking floor on same spot at each hop; hop on the other foot. Stop when fatigued.

4. Skip the rope moderately.

THE TELEPHONE.

"I want to talk to Clover Bloom,"
Said Buttercup one day.
"I wish there were a telephone,
She lives so far away; heigh-ho!
I have so much to say."

Now Mr. Spider heard her speak
As he was passing by;
"I'll build for you a telephone.
At least, I'd like to try, he, he!
A builder fine am I."

So then he climbed the ladder stem,
And then he spun a thread
Above the Daisies—how they stared!
Above the Grass's head, hi, hi!
To Clover Bloom it led;

A silken wire telephone,
Now Buttercup is gay,
For she can talk to Clover Bloom
The livelong summer day, ha, ha!
I can't tell what they say.

—Selected.

PARTIES AND GAMES

A PRIMARY SOCIAL.

The account of this interesting party is given as a suggestion to Primary association teachers to "go and do likewise."

"It was voted a success from start to finish. About forty invitations were issued; the teachers were present and added each her quota to the entertainment.

They met at the home of one of the teachers. There was plenty of room outdoors and in. It was summer time. The dinner was served under the trees, outdoor sports and rambles in orchard and garden having been part of the morning program.

In the afternoon all gathered in the parlors for an indoor social time. Every member was furnished with a slip of paper bearing a given number, and was told that somewhere in the adjoining room he or she would find another slip of paper with the same number and a familiar quotation. Each was to find the slip bearing his own number and read the quotation and be prepared to give the author's name and something about his life. In the adjoining room the slips of paper were pinned to the curtains, slipped into nooks and corners behind picture frames, under window shades, among the bric-a-brac on the mantel, and in every conceivable place. A merry search ensued, followed by an interesting session, during which some of those present became better acquainted with certain familiar quotations from poetry, Bible, and hymns whose authors' names might be expected to be known to all. After the quotations had all been read and accounted for, several young girls read papers on noted women of the Bible; several young boys gave brief descriptions of kings of Judah and Israel. This more serious part of the program was interspersed with music and recitations. Altogether, the occasion was a most happy one, and is remembered by more than one of those present as one of the most successful and joyous Primary socials which they have been privileged to attend.

PARENTS' DEPARTMENT

OUR DAYS.

"God broke our years
To hours and days,
That hour by hour
And day by day,
Just going on a little way,
We might be able all along
To keep quite strong."

ALWAYS KEEP BOYS INTERESTED IN SOMETHING.

Keep your boy busy and interested in something. It may be something which amounts to nothing in itself from your viewpoint; but if it really interests and occupies him it is vitally useful and important. Do not let him have any time in which he "doesnt' know what to do." Provide him with a ready and waiting outlet of every ounce of "steam" that is in him. To get the best results this outlet must be one that is agreeable to him; and let every day find him soundly and wholesomely tired—ready to drop into restful slumber the minute he goes to bed.—John L. Whitman, Sup't John Worthy School.

SOME THINGS WE CANNOT AFFORD TO DO.

We cannot afford to keep the best there is within us for a chance guest. We owe to those within our homes all the brightness and sweetness of our natures, and not the dregs so often given. We cannot afford to be careless of dress and manners in our own home if we want the members of our family to be proud of us.

One should not be more fascinating as a listener to a guest than to one's own husband, if one wants to keep that husband from seeking more desirable companionship elsewhere. We cannot afford to let our home life grow dull from want of kindness and personal interest in what interests each other.

We must not let the children go hungry for loving smiles and words and seek sympathy of a neighbor because we are too busy making the house beautiful for a possible guest.

We cannot afford to throw aside all reserve and dignity just because we are with the members of the family, for we sacrifice, if we do, the high regard and respect of each other.

We cannot afford to be anything but courteous, considerate, sympathetic and helpful to members of our immediate family.—E. A. Arizona.

OFFICERS' DEPARTMENT

MORALITY AND RELIGION.

When the emotions are directed by judgment and reason we have as a result sentiment, which, taken in its psychological sense, is the highest product that the human intellect my envolve. Sentiment may be defined as "that form of feeling in which the soul responds to the good as it comes to man directly through his rational nature." It is rational emotion. The simple emotions, like anger or jealousy or sorrow or remorse, come upon us suddenly and master us; we are in a way passive and they are active. The higher emotions or sentiments are controlled and modified and elaborated by the power of the intellect; they are passive, as it were, and we active. These sentiments are generally divided into four classes: the intellectual sentiments, which include all of those sciences which rest on the question, "Here is a theory: is it true or untrue?"; the aesthetic sentiments, which have to do with beauty in its various forms—architecture, sculpture, painting, rhythm, melody, and the like; the moral and social sentiments, which deal with the relation of man to man in society; and the religious sentiments, which deal with the relations of man to God This last is the supreme achievement of the human soul.

Of the purely intellectual sentiments we shall say nothing. The aesthetic sentiments, however, must not be passed over by the teacher. It should be a part of the work of the Church to train the sense of beauty and to give correct aesthetic taste. There should be good pictures, good literature, and good music; nothing less than the best should be tolerated. Ruskin once observed "that religious people as a rule care little for pictures, and that when they do care for them they generally prefer the worst one to the best." If this charge be true, it is because the church has not taught the appreciation of art. In these days of postcard reproductions of all the great masterpieces almost in the original colors, of Perry pictures, and Tissot prints, and admirable card series made especially for this kind of work, there is no excuse for ignorance of the best in religious art. Then there is the domain of music. The most important thing about a song is the poetry, for singing after all is but another way of saying words, yet many care only for the lilt and the jig of the music. There are songs sung the words of which are mere twaddle from both the poetic and the religious standpoints. Happy the Primary that has a sensible and well trained chorister. Of good literature in the library and the insistence upon the best we have already spoken. There is no way in which the pupil's higher tastes may be cultivated to more advantage than through a proper supervision of his books and reading.

Man is a social animal. He is thrown into contact with others at every step of his progress through life, and he must constantly regulate his conduct in view of these neighbors about him. Without the moral element he would be purely selfish like the animals. The weasel and the tiger are simply embodied selfishness; their whole life is a struggle for self at the expense of all other life about them. But man has envolved the idea of altruism, that feeling that takes account of the woes of others and seeks even at personal disadvantage to further the ends of another. He has made this into a science—ethics—"the doctrine of man's duty in respect to himself and the rights of others." This moral sentiment is composed partly of emotion—sympathy, pity, and the like; partly of in-

tellectual process—comparison, comprehension, and the like. It is needless, however, for our purpose to analyze it. We need only to consider its pedagogical bearings and its value from the standpoint of teachers work.

We must realize at the outset that no two pupils are alike in their moral development. Moralty is partly inherited, partly acquired. To quote from Dr. Thorndike's Notes on Child Study: "The inherited basis is our instincts, our general predisposition toward a higher or lower grade of intelligence. * * * * A boy born with the instinct of pugnacity in great intensity will be more likely to become a brawler than a boy born wth the instinct of fear in great intensity. * * All men are not born moral equals. We cannot expect the same conduct from all." Then in addition to these inherited tendencies there are the associations and training of early years. The morals of a man are largely what the first decade of his life made them. The problem of moral education is thus a very perplexing one. To take pupils with widely varying instinctive tendencies, with widely varying powers of appreciation of the fundamentals of morals, and with all kinds of defective ideas gained during the early years in the home, and to train these pupils to a high standard of morals, is a task indeed. It requires great knowledge of human nature to know where to begin with each individual (for moral training is a task that must deal primarily with the individual) and what to take for granted. We talk glibly of the "honor system" in colleges, but there are as many ideas as to what honor is as there are students in the college. To apply the system to a class of boys below fifteen would be a hazardous experiment, for the simple reason that many of them have not yet thought out a complete working definition of "honor." A discouragingly large percentage of even an average college class have no very clear perception of the real meaning and limits of the word. Moral training often must deal with very crude materials and it is a slow process.

The teacher, especially if he works with children, must strive constantly to inculcate correct moral conceptions, which is external good behavior, and, what is more important, good manners, which is spontaneous good behavior. The first will result always from the second. The child should be shown at every point how his actions affect other people. He should be taught how to be considerate, and gentle, and obedient, and he should be shown the underlying reasons so clearly that these moral acts will become at length spontaneous. It is worse than useless to try to teach morals by mere scolding and paralyzing command. The child should feel as well as understand. We often take too much for granted; we treat the child as if he had our own conception of right and wrong. But does the child comprehend? "Words miss the mark," says Dr. Marks, "unless they awaken true echoes in the minds of those who bear them. Language depends for its influence far more upon the hearer's interpretation of it than upon the speaker's meaning. Part of the art of teaching is to see that the teacher's meaning and the learner's interpretation coalesce." The task of the teacher should be to make the external law, "Thou shalt not," become an internal law. It should become spontaneous. He who refrains from stealing simply because he is afraid of the law is not a moral man. Morality refrains from the act because of the inner law. The teacher, however, should be sure of her standard before she holds it before her pupils; but once sure of it, she should strive to make it seem to them the only reasonable standard. She should not try to force the rulingsof her own conscience upon her pupil, but she should, rather, seek to arouse the pupil's conscience.—Selected.

LESSON DEPARTMENT

LESSONS FOR THE MONTH OF OCTOBER.

FIRST GRADE.

(Children four and five years of age.)

Lesson 29.

Memory Gem:

"Even I, a tiny child,
May help some one today,
I can make my parents glad
If quickly I obey."

Story: "What Donald Missed."

Donald's papa was a doctor—a big, jolly doctor. He had been out to answer an early morning call in the country and had brought home news from Roadside Farm. Donald's mamma was born in the big white house at Roadside Farm, and had spent so many happy days there that she loved the place, and Donald and little sister had learned to love it.

Both these little people were still fast asleep when the doctor sat down to breakfast and said: "There is the cutest little colt out at the farm." Mamma gave a delightful little cry, "It belongs to Darling! The children will be so surprised. Can't we go out right after breakfast." Mamma had quite forgotten to serve the breakfast for papa, until he reminded her of it and added, "It isn't much bigger than a lamb, and Darling is certainly a proud mother, but we had better not tell the children until after supper, for I'll not have a minute until then."

Mamma was disappointed, but as she was used to these "busy days," she cheerfully assented that the secret be kept and the children be taken in the evening to see Darling and her baby.

Darling was a white Shetland pony and was at once the pride and joy of Donald's heart and was no less beloved by Little Sister, who, gleefully happy, rode behind the pretty pony in the little carriage.

For several weeks she had been at Roadside Farm where she might run at large, nipping the sweet grass and butter-cups in the great sunny pasture. and Donald and Little Sister had been lonely without her.

When the children awoke they were told that a happy, an altogether sweet and happy surprise, awaited two good children. All the bright sunny day Little Sister played in quiet contentment, but Donald—there was no contentment for Donald save in some other little boy's yard, and the doctor's rule was that Donald must stay in his own yard.

Donald was six and quite understood that he was disobeying mamma and tormenting his nurse; but strange as it may seem, this seemed to make him all the more determined to wander forth, perhaps to seek Dennis O'Flarraty down by the big sewer the men were digging, or Teddy Smith, who called him loud and often from the topmost window of his father's big barn.

When his nurse had brought him home for the third time, he promised tearfully that he would not go away again if only he might be allowed to share in the surprise. But just after supper he heard Teddy Smith's shrill whistle and in a few minutes Donald was "beating" Teddy jump off the porch rail, quite unmindful of the fact that he was in Teddy's yard and not his own. He had not jumped many times before he saw his papa

driving slowly up the street toward home. He had the new carriage and was driving the fine new black team that Donald loved to ride behind. He would call Donald home—so, quickly, the two boys hid behind the big lilac bush until the doctor was out of sight; then, they rolled on the grass in great glee and soon were making "highjumps" from the porch rail again.

Donald stood ready to jump when who should go driving past, but papa and mamma and Little Sister! The black horses were prancing and the carriage glistened in the sun. Donald shouted and called, but they did not hear him, at least, they did not turn around and soon were far down the street—on their way to Roadside Farm.

Nurse came for Donald, and as he lay in his little white bed, she told him what he had missed. As Donald watched the gray twilight gather over the tops of the trees that brushed his window and tried to count the stars as they came out, he must have done some thinking, for he never after missed any sweet and pleasant thing because he had run away.—Eva M. Turner.

Where it will assist the lesson, the story of "What Donald Missed" should be changed to fit the daily life of your children. In the back numbers of the "Friend" will be found other stories on obedience which may be used if necessary.

Lesson 30.

Memory Gem:

"Kind hearts are the gardens,
Kind thoughts are the roots;
Kind words are the blossoms,
Kind deeds are the fruits."

Story, "The Lesson the Monkey Taught;"

Norman had not been very kind to his cousin Joe; in fact, he had been really hateful to him, and Joe was not to blame either. If anything could make it worse, it was because Joe was visiting there; one should surely be courteous to a guest.

Norman's mother owned a pet monkey. It had been brought to her by a missionary friend from India, and they had had it only a short time; so its funny antics were a never-ceasing surprise and joy to the children. They had named him Jacko.

One day a hand-organ with a monkey stopped before the house, and, as soon as the children heard the organ tune up, out they ran, pell-mell—Norman, Olivia, Joe—and Jacko following.

What do you suppose Jacko did? Why, as soon as he saw the other monkey take off the little red cap from his head, and show what he really looked like, Jacko acted as if he knew him. He went right to him, leaped up on the organ-box, put his arms around the stranger's neck and kissed him. Then they seemed to talk to each other, and they had so much to say.

The children were delighted at this. Olivia called "Mother, mother do come quick, and see the monkeys hug each other." Mother came at once, and she was delighted also.

"Do you think, mother," Norman asked, "they could really be brothers, and remember each other?"

"No, my son," mother said, "it is hardly possible. I don't think they could be even cousins." She spoke the word "cousins" pretty markedly. "But monkeys seem to know how to be kind, whether they are related or not."

Norman looked hard at his mother. She nodded, and smiled. Then Norman went straight up to Joe, put his arms around Joe's neck, and kissed him. "I guess a boy can do as well as a monkey any day," he said. Norman

and Joe were quite small boys, and not ashamed to kiss. (The monkey part of this story is true.)—Selected.

Suggestions:

Have a little talk with the children about home life. How each one must be willing to share toys, etc., and give in sometimes, so that all may be happy. Talk about the flowers and fruits; how they grow, what pleasure they give us, etc. Review story of 'Two Faces." The following may be recited and then continue talk about being pleasant and helpful.

Two travelers visit each child in the land,
Going one at a time, as you'll see;
They are little "All right" and gruff "I don't want to,"
And they're just as unlike as can be.

When the children awake at the dawn of the day,
With faces all smiling and bright,
You'll know he is there making everyone glad—
The dear, merry, helpful "All right!"

But sometimes—I'm sorry, but this is quite true —
No smiles, only frowns greet the day.
Then we know "I don't want to" is surely about;
No jolly times during his stay.

So let us be careful, each day, you and I,
When we open our eyes to the light,
To tell "I don't want to" we've no place for him,
But we've plenty of room for "All right."

Lesson 31.

Memory Gem:

"Jesus, with Thy tender care,
Bless sick people everywhere;
Keep them patient in their pain,
Make them well and strong again."

Story, "Teddy's Trial:"

Grandmother had been very ill, and the doctor had attended her with a very grave face. When, at last, she had fallen asleep, after suffering great pain, he had warned them that she must on no account be wakened.

"Nothing must disturb her," he said, earnestly. "Let her sleep as long as possible. It may save her life. Perhaps, glancing at the little fellow on the stool by the bed, who was regarding grandmother's pale face lovingly and anxiously, "perhaps you would better send Teddy across the street."

"Oh, Teddy will be as still as a mouse," said his father, confidently, "when he knows that grandmother must not be awakened."

So the doctor went away, promising to call in an hour, and they all stole out of the room, and left grandmother, with only the solemn ticking of the clock that had been sweet music in her ears for a quarter of a century. Teddy went softly into the next room, and began to look at his Buster Brown books. But there was one volume he particularly wanted, that was upon a high shelf. He climbed on a low stool, and reached for it. He was still a little short of the required height, and as he stood up on tip-toe, he managed to overturn the stool. As he fell, one hand caught between some fancy spindles on the bookcase, and there he hung, just able to touch the floor with the tips of his toes. The stool was quite out of reach. He could only stand there, pulling with all his might on the imprisoned hand, which merely seemed to wedge it in tighter.

He was on the point of calling his father or mother, both of whom were downstairs, when he remembered poor, sick grandmother and the doctor's caution. If he called loud enough for his parents to hear, it surely would awaken her, and—the doctor had said, hadn't he, that a long sleep might save her life? Then the other possibliity was—no, he dared not call for aid, and he couldn't free himself. And, oh, how his little arm was beginning to ache in that strained position.

It was several minutes later that his father, coming up stairs, heard a miserable little sob from the room adjoining grandmother's. He peeped in and saw Teddy's painful predicament. A moment later he was released from the position that was becoming positive torture, and with his head on his father's bosom, he sobbingly told how he fell. The latter coughed and cleared his throat several times as he listened. Then he carried the brave little fellow downstairs to his mother.

"What has Teddy been doing?" she exclaimed, at sight of his tear-stained face.

"Showing that a little boy can be a hero," answered his father as he told her all about it. And when grandmother was well enough to hear the story, she said so, too.—Daisy Wright Field.

Suggestions:

Ask the children if anyone has ever been ill in their homes. Let them tell how sick people need help and loving care. How may little people help? Speak briefly of prayer and administration. Repeat memory gem. We should ask God to help us when we or any of our dear ones are ill, but we must help in other ways. Tell how a little boy tried to help when his grandmother was ill.

Lesson 32.

Memory Gem:

"I'll help you and you help me,
And then what a helping world there'll be."

Story, "Two Players:"

Bert lived on one side of the street; Jack lived on the other. Bert had a red toy automobile; Jack had a white one. But they were not using them. Bert was playing by the sidewalk. He had scooped a lake out of the soft earth and was patting down a fine promenade all around the edges, where fashionable ladies and gentlemen, who would look very much like sticks to anybody silly enough not to know how to make believe, would go out walking in the afternoon.

Susie McCrum came along and began to pat, too.

"Stop!" said Bert. "I am making this lake!"

"I'll help you," said Susie, obligingly, "If you will let me. Will you, Bert?"

"No, I'll not; I thought of it myself. I am going to make it all."

Susie saw the red automobile and, stooping down in a bunch beside it, put her dimpled hand on the chaffeur.

"Don't!" said Bert, quickly. "That's mine!"

"Let me take it up to the corner and back," said Susie. "I'll not hurt it."

"No, you can't," said Bert. "You let go of it!" half rising up from the side of the lake and speaking very loudly. "It isn't yours!"

In a minute Susie crossed the street to where Jack was playing. Jack was making a ranch out West, and stocking it with the animals out of his Noah's ark.

"They are all sheep or cows," he told Susie, after he had told her about the ranch. "You'll not forget it, will you?"

"No," Susie promised, picking up the elephant and beginning to choose a good place for him.

Jack looked a little sober. He had been saving one particular spot for the elephant. But never mind; the lion could go there. Susie was younger than he was, and she was company, and anyway she was a girl.

"What is the automobile going to do?" asked Susie.

"Nothing," said Jack, quickly. He had just decided that he was tired of it, and he was going to get rested by playing something entirely new. "They haven't any automobiles at this ranch."

"Let's play it's something that they do have," persisted Susie, who was not at all tired. "Let's play that it's a—a—stage-coach coming from New York."

Jack frowned and opened his mouth.

"But when two are playing," he remembered before the words came, they have to feel accommodating to each other, mother says. Selfishness spoils any game."

"Well, it can be," he answered Susie, 'if you like. But it mustn't come any nearer than here," marking a deep line, "to the ranch. All the passengers must ride their ponies after that."

Soon they heard very angry talking from the other side of the street. Bert was standing by his lake, waving his wooden spade very close to the noses of two other boys.

"Go away'" he shouted. "I never invited you! You just invited yourselves!"

"We are going," said one of the boys.

"We wouldn't stay if you paid us," said the other. "We don't enjoy ourselves enough."

At once they went over to Susie and Jack.

"We'd like to play with you," they said.

'All right," said Jack, soothingly. "At a ranch they are always glad to have visitors, so as to hear the news."

By and by Bert became lonely and went up on his steps and sat down.

By this time there were a troop of children with Jack, laughing and racing about in fine, high spirits.

Bert pouted.

"Jack always has all the good times on this street," he said, sulkily. "It isn't fair."—Sally Campbell.

Story, "Spool Bubbles:"

The children wanted to blow soap bubbles, but there were no pipes to blow them with, and no one could go down town after any, for the rain was pouring down in perfect torrents.

"Try using spools," said Mary.

"Spools?" echoed the children. "How can we use them?"

Two empty spools were found in grandmother's workbox; Mary made a bowl of soapsuds, then she dipped a spool into the soapy water and began to blow, very gently—and there was a beautiful bubble.

"Let me! Oh, let me!" cried Elizabeth. She dipped her spool into the water and then blew, but no bubble came. She tried again, but still there was no bubble.

"I can't do it!" she exclaimed, almost crying. But Mary coaxed her to try again and again, and at last she could make them, and so could her little brother.

They made little ones and big ones, they threw them into the air and blew gently to keep them floating. They spread a blanket on the floor and tossed the bubbles onto it, for on the soft blanket they would roll and bounce like fairy rubber balls.

Clyde, who lived next door, came over to the pump for a pail of water. As soon as he saw what the children were doing he hurried back to tell his brother Donald, and in a few minutes they were blowing bubbles, too.

"It's as contagious as the measles," laughed Mary, when they came over, later on, to show theirs. That is one of the best things about finding something nice to do: it nearly always makes somebody else happy, too.

By and by the sun came out, and the rainy morning was gone; but it had been a morning of sunny faces if there had been a cloudy sky, and everyone said it had been a perfectly lovely day.—Louise M. Oglevee.

Suggestions:

Tell the story of "Two Players," and let the children tell you why Jack had the happiest time. Tell "Spool Bubbles" and discuss that also with the children for the purpose of developing the thought that sharing is the best fun.

SECOND GRADE.

(Children six and seven years of age.)

Subject: The Lord's Prayer.

Lesson 29.

Topic: Forgiveness.

Review of lessons on "Daily Bread." (See August number.)

Concert Recitation of The Lord's Prayer.

Suggestive Talk:

"There is a story in the Bible which tells us about a man who had a great many sheep. Have you ever seen a herd of sheep? Where were they? Who was taking care of them? This man had ten big sons who went out with the sheep and stayed with them day after day. There were two other boys in this family, but they were not old enough to help take care of the sheep.

One day the father said to one of them, "Go, I pray thee, see whether it be well with thy brothers, and well with the sheep; and bring me word again." Joseph went because he loved his father and tried always to obey him.

It was not easy for Joseph to find his brothers out in the fields, for he walked and walked, and when he at last came to the place where he thought they would be, he could see nothing of them. The sheep had eaten all the green grass in that place, and the brothers had led them to other fields, but Joseph did not know this. He looked everywhere, but did not find his brothers or the sheep until a man whom he met told him that they had gone to a place called Dothan.

Joseph went on to Dothan, and, when he was a long way off, the brothers saw him coming and were not pleased. They were not glad to see him because they did not love him; and they did not love him, because their father had made him a coat of beautiful colors and had not made one for each of them. Perhaps if they had been as quick to obey and had been as loving and as good as Joseph was. their father would have made a beautiful coat for each of them. I cannot tell you how it really was. I only know that the brothers wished their father did not love Joseph, and that when they saw him coming toward them they began to wonder if in any way they could keep him from going home.

While the brothers were wondering and thinking how they could keep Joseph away from their father, a great many men and camels were seen coming along the road. The camels were carrying great loads of spices and precious things which the men were going to sell in a country called

Egypt. When the brothers saw the men, one of them said, "Come, and let us sell Joseph to these men." And they took their brother, and sold him, and let the men carry him to the far-off country where they were going.

Joseph's new home to which the men carried him was in Egypt. In his new home he grew to be a big, strong man, and all the time that he was growing to be a big, strong man he remembered to love God, the heavenly Father, and to try always to do the right things he knew the heavenly Father wished him to do. God took care of Joseph and helped him to grow strong and wise. He grew so strong and wise that the king of Egypt trusted him to take care of his house and his money, and told all the people in the country to do just as Joseph said.

One day eleven men from another country came to Egypt to buy wheat, and as Joseph was the only one who had power to sell the king's wheat, they asked him to sell it to them. Just as soon as Joseph saw the men and heard them speak, he knew who they were, though they did not know him. He knew that they were his own brothers, who, long years before, had let him be carried away from his home and his father. Do you think Joseph sold the wheat to them? He did, for he was "ready to forgive" them, which means that he was ready to forget how unkind they had been to him, and to love them just the same. He not only sold the wheat to them, but he told them he was their brother Joseph. When the brothers heard who Joseph was, they were at first greatly frightened, for they knew he was a great man in Egypt and that the king had given him power to do anything he wished. They remembered how unkind and cruel they had been to him, and they thought that perhaps he would punish them or keep them from going back home to their father. They need not have been afraid, for Joseph was "ready to forgive" them, which means that he loved them so much that he was ready to forget how cruel they had been, and to love them and to be kind to them. He sold them the wheat they wished to buy, and gave them presents, and told them to go home and bring their father and their wives and their children back to Egypt, to live with him, where he could help them and love them.

It is very lovely to be "ready to forgive" when anyone has been unkind to us, and it is what the heavenly Father wishes us to do, and I know that when Joseph forgave his brothers, God was pleased."

Lesson 30.

Topic: Forgiveness.
Concert recitation of The Lord's Prayer.

Suggestive Talk:

We say in our prayer, "Forgive us our debts as we forgive out debtors." If we do wrong, we do not like to have our fathers or mothers, brothers or sisters or any of our playmates feel angry towards us. If we do wrong, we are sorry and when we can we try to make the wrong right and then we like to have people forget all about our wrong doings and love us just the same. But we must be ready, just as Joseph was, to forgive others.

"What did the brothers do to Joseph when he was a boy? Was Joseph angry and cross with them because they had been so cruel to him? What was Joseph ready to do for them? He was ready to forgive. Do you know what it means to be "ready to forgive" those who have been naughty or unkind to us? It means to forget how naughty or unkind they have been and to love them just the same. When Joseph forgot how unkind his brothers had been to him, and forgave them and loved them, who do you think was pleased? God wishes us to be kind and to love one another. That is what we mean when we say, "Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors."

There is a story in the Bible, which I wish to tell you, about a father who had two grown-up sons to whom he was always very kind. He was kind to them because he loved them very dearly, even though they were as tall and big as he was. One day he gave to each of them a gift of a great deal of money. The younger son took his gift and went on a journey to a far country where, I am sorry to tell you, he spent all of his money. He did not spend it for gifts to take home to his father and brother, or for gifts for the poor or sick. He spent it all for himself; he did not spend it for new clothes or for food that would make him strong, but he spent it in a wrong way. He never stopped to think whether he was doing right or wrong, or whether his dear father would like to have him spend his money in a wrong and foolish way. All that the son thought about was having a good time; but the father at home never forgot the son who was so far away. I think that each day he loved him and thought about him, and wondered what he was doing, and where he was, and wished that he would come home.

One day as the father looked down the road he saw a young man coming nearer and nearer. The young man made him think of his son who had been gone such a long, long time, and he wondered, I think, if it could be his son. At last, even though he was yet a great way off, the father knew it was his son, and he ran to meet him, and put his arms about his neck, and kissed him. He does not look happy, because he knows he has done wrong; he has grieved his father and is sorry, oh, so sorry! for the wrong he has done. The very first words he spoke to his father were: "Father, I have done wrong. I have done things God did not wish me to do, and things you have not wished me to do; but I am sorry."

What do you suppose the father did when he heard his son say he was sorry? Yes; he forgave him. He took his son home, and called to the servants to bring new clothes and put them on him, and told them to put a ring on his hand and shoes on his feet, and to make food ready that he and his son might eat together and be glad. The father knew that his son had done wrong, but when he heard him say, "I am sorry," he was "ready to forgive" him, which means that the father was ready to forget the wrong things his son had done, to love him just the same, and to help him do right.

Do you know that God, the heavenly Father, is like the father about whom our story has told us? God loves us all so much that when we tell Him we are sorry for being naughty or doing wrong he is ready to forgive us, to love us, and to help up do right."

Lesson 31.

Topic: Forgiveness.
Recitation of The Lord's Prayer.
Review stories of Joseph and the Prodigal Son.

Suggestive Talk:

In the streets were a great many men, all walking towards the palace where the king lived. As they went along they were talking to one another and seemed to be excited about something. Some looked happy, some of them were worried, and some looked afraid. These people were all helpers to the king, and he had sent for them to come and tell him how they were getting along. One of the men walked all by himeslf. He did not speak to anyone; his face was white, and he trembled so that he could hardly stand. He was afraid because he had done wrong, and he knew he would have to tell the king all about it. The king had given him some money to use, so much money that you could not count it. Now it was time to take the money back and he did not have it to give to the king. He was sure the king would punish him and so he was very much afraid

One after another the people went before the king, and those who had tried to do their best came away looking proud and happy because the king praised them for what they had done.

By and by the name of the man who had done wrong was called. He came from the corner where he had been hiding and ran and knelt at the king's feet and told him all about his fault. At first the king was very angry and said he would surely punish him. But the man pleaded and said, "Lord, have patience with me, and I will pay thee all." The king knew that the man could never pay it all, but he thought the man was truly sorry for what he had done, so he forgave him and let him go free without punishment of any kind. How do you think this man felt? How do you think he would treat anyone that hurt him?

Well, as he went along the streets to go to his home he saw a man who owed him a small sum of money. He took hold of this poor man by the throat and said, "Pay me what you owe me." The man fell to the ground and said that if he had time he would surely pay what he owed. But the man who had just been forgiven for a big debt would not forgive a small debt, and he had the poor man put in prison. What ought he to have done? He could not say, "Forgive our debts as we forgive our debtors." He was not really sorry for his own wrong-doing and so was unkind to others.

But somebody went and told the king, and this time the king punished him very severely.

This story will help us to remember that if we want God to forgive us and love us we must be ready to do the same ourselves.

Lesson 32.

Topic: Forgiveness.
Recitation of The Lord's Prayer.
Review of previous lessons on Forgiveness.

Suggestive Talk:

If we could paint a beautiful picture of a happy home, what could we put in the picture? What people would be needed? Suppose we play that this is a picture of a home where supper is just ready and father is coming home from work. (In this talk the thought should be developed of the harmony necessary for a happy home. Children running to meet their father and the joy in their faces should be part of the picture. The children will give all the details necessary to make the picture interesting.)

Now, we have a beautiful picture. Tell me something that might spoil this home? (Neglect of duties, disobedience, etc.)

Story: Rags was only a puppy, and had some things to learn. One was that he wasn't given the morning paper to carry home from the postoffice just for the fun of running down the street with it in his mouth, and tossing it up at every step, and, of course, tearing it as he caught it in his sharp little teeth.

The hardest part of it all was that Rags wasn't the one who suffered from his wrongdoing. It was Mattie, his little mistress, who suffered. It had been such fun for her to take Rags for the morning mail, and now he either was to be left at home altogether, or else never allowed to carry the paper in his mouth. Father objected to reading his newspaper with frayed and tattered ends and blurred spots in the print, where Rags' wet little mouth had been.

But one day there was an extra letter, and a small parcel or two for the little maid to carry, and Rags looked up, saying with his eyes, "Let me help, too; see how good I'll be!" But Mattie hugged the paper tighter. Rags mustn't tempt her to disobey.

"Come, now, Mistress Mattie," said Rags again with his eyes. "Don't be selfish, give me some to carry." Mattie did so and disobeyed her mother.

Rags scampered off down the street with his treasure, tossing it up and catching it as he ran. Through the gate and across the lawn he scurried, till by the time he reached the steps the morning paper was in shreds.

Breathless and sorry, Mattie at last captured the runaway. "'Twas you that did it, you naughty Rags, so come now, confess!" and she dragged the unwilling puppy by the collar, and tried to push his fat little body up the steps. But Rags wasn't ready to confess that he had done a wrong; he and Mattie had just been having a fine frolic!

When father asked for the paper at dinner, mother said in a low, impressive voice, "Rags carried home the morning paper." Father looked at Mattie. Down she slipped from her chair, and stumbled out of the dining room. Naughty Rags crept after her. They were in disgrace.

Mattie got up on the "sorry stool" in the hall, and lifted Rags up onto the table, where he always knew he was in disgrace, and together they waited till father would come and forgive them.

When things went wrong Mattie always sat on the stool in the corner, and let father and mother know that she was sorry for having been naughty.

Very soon father came out and kissed his little maid. "I'm so sorry, father," she said, "but I just couldn't help it; Rags did coax so hard with his eyes.'

"Next time, dear, don't let Rags speak so loudly as the little voice inside of you that says, 'Do right;' listen always to it first."

Mattie looked up through her tears, and promised that next time she would obey the little voice. Then father lifted her down, and Rags scampered after her for a romp.—H. Margaret Fairlie.

We must all try to remember about the good home where every boy and every girl is willing to help and to forgive others if they desire to be forgiven. We must listen to the little voice inside which helps us to do right. I will tell you how one little girl listened:

"Let's say our prayers out loud, Susie," said Mabel, as the two little sisters were getting ready for bed one night.

"All right," answered Susie. So the two said their "Now I lay me" and their "God bless papa and mamma" together. Then Mabel jumped right up on her bare feet, but Susie still knelt a quiet little while by the white bed.

"What are you waiting for, sister?" asked Mabel.

"Why, I was listening for God to answer," said sister; "don't you 'member Miss Josepha said we mustn't hurry over our prayers? She said that was like the little boy that knocked at her door once and then ran away before she could open it. So now I always wait to see if God wants to say anything to me."

"Did He say anything to you tonight, sister?" asked Mabel, looking startled.

Susie nodded.

"Oh, sister! What?"

Susie didn't answer just at first, because it is not easy to talk about what that little inside voice says. But in a few minutes she said in a low tone, "You know me said, 'God bless all my friends,' and right away I thought of Sadie Burwel, 'cause we had a fuss today; and while I waited, God said, 'Tell her you are sorry.'"

"Will you tell her, Susie?" persisted the eager little questioner.

"Yes, of course, I must tell her."

Mabel crept into bed quietly, saying to herself that she would wait for God's answer, too, and wondering if He would tell her to confess about breaking mamma's cut-glass flower-vase.—Selected.

THIRD GRADE.

(Children eight and nine years of age.)

Subject: The Ten Commandments.

Lesson 29.

Topic: Honor to Parents.

Recitation of the Fifth Commandment.

Suggestive Talk:

The Ten Commandments are like ten bright gold pieces, fresh from the mint, but the fifth commandment is like a gold piece set with a diamond, for, as Paul says, it "is the first commandment with promise." (Eph. 6:2).

The promise was length of days in a good land. The children of Israel were journeying toward a Promised Land at the time the Ten Commandments were given, and the desire of every heart was to reach the land of Canaan, and to have a long and happy life there. When God said, "Honor thy father and thy mother," he really said, "Honor me," for only those who honor their parents honor God. This was particularly true of the Jewish people. Parents taught their children about God, and to honor parents then as now was to honor their religious teaching.

What is it to honor our parents? First, it is to obey. "Children, obey your parents in the Lord: for this is right," is Saint Paul's rendering of the commandment. There can be no honor without obedience, either to our earthly parents or to our heavenly Father.

Secondly, it is to love our parents. Obedience without love is only the obedience of a slave who serves through fear, but obedience with love is a glad, and willing service.

When David returned from the slaughter of the Philistine, King Saul said to him, "Whose son art thou, young man?" That is what the world asks of every boy or girl who does something worth doing.

"Many nations are ruled by kings. In all such governments, honor is always shown to the king by his subjects, if he is a real ruler and if the nation is to stand secure. But the way in which this honor is shown in one country, often, differs very much from the way it is shown in another. In some countries, if you could stand unseen near the throne, you might observe that every person who came within sight of the king would throw himself upon the floor before his sovereign and would not dare so much as to look up until the king gave his permission. In England, when they sing the national anthem, "God save the King," the people show their love and honor for their ruler and their country, by standing, the men taking off their hats the moment the first strains of the tune are heard. No doubt you can remember things you have seen or read which were done to show honor to the President of our nation. But there is some one who is greater than any king or President, so great that he is the Lord and Master of all things, and he is called "The King of kings." I am sure we would not have known how to honor Him in any fitting way, if he had not told us what he wishes us to do. His commands seem very simple, compared to the things that earthly kings demand of their subjects. He does not wish us to fear Him, but to love Him so much that we will be afraid to do anything that might displease Him. Love is the foundation of His kingdom. No one can be a true,

loyal, and obedient subject, who does not love his king. In what way can we show that love?

Our King is something more than a ruler. He is our Heavenly Father, and because He is the Father of all, He wishes every child of His to love all His other children, and has given us the ten commandments to help us. What is the fifth commandment of these ten great laws? Do you remember how Jesus obeyed this commandment when He wished very much to remain in the temple at Jerusalem, and knowing that it was His Father's house, and that He had work to do for His Father? He knew also that that heavenly Father had given Him an earthly parent, and that it was his duty to obey her, so he went quietly back to Nazareth, and for eighteen years was subject to her and Joseph, working faithfully in the home, and carpenter shop. What is the promise going with this commandment? That does not mean that every one who obeys the commandment will live to be old, but it does mean that those who are obedient are much more likely to be well and strong. Probably, the promise given to the people of Israel meant that they, as a nation would live long in the land to which they were going, if they kept this commandment. We know, too, that nations like the Chinese, which consider obedience to parents as one of the highest virtues, have lived as a nation thousands of years, while scores of others that seemed greater and stronger, have perished."

"When Louis Agassiz was a boy in his parsonage home in a quiet Swiss valley his mother sent him and his younger brother on an errand. "I can trust the little fellow with Louis," she thought, so she went about her work with no feeling of anxiety. After a time the two boys came to a swift, but narrow stream that flowed down from the mountains. Louis jumped across and reached out his hand to his little brother to help him over. "I am afraid," said the boy; "you must carry me across." This the older brother could not do, and there was nothing near with which he could bridge the stream, so he threw himself down with his hands on one bank of the stream and his feet on the other. "Creep over me," he said, and the little brother was soon over on the other side. When Agassiz reached manhood everybody trusted him as his mother and his little brother did in his boyhood days. He wrote, and studied, and lectured, and when flattering offers were made him if he would turn aside from his chosen work he would answer: "I have not time to make money. I have too much to do for that." Finally, people who knew him in this country began to say: "What kind of a father and mother did Louis Agassiz have, to bring him up to care more for honor and truth and the pursuit of knowledge than for fame or money?" So the eyes of many were turned toward the Swiss pastor's home, and the honor that the son did not seek for himself was bestowed on his parents.

His mother was so pleased with the recognition received by his great work entitled The Fossil Fishes, that she wrote him the following letter: "Your Fossil fishes which have cost you so much anxiety, so much toil, so many sacrifices, have now been estimated at their true value by the most eminent judges. This has given me such happiness, dear Louis, that the tears are in my eyes as I write it to you."

One hundred years have passed since Louis Agassiz was born, and thirty-six since he died, but he is still remembered as the boy who honored and obeyed his parents, and who received the promise of a long and happy life."—Selected.

Lesson 30.

Topic: Honor to Parents.

Review of last lesson.

Recitation of Fifth Commandment.

Suggestive Talk:

"What is there in this world more good and beautiful than a home? Father and mother, brothers and sisters dwell together in love in the home, which is after the pattern of the heavenly home on high. It is a safe place, the dearest place, and the boy or girl who does not love and prize the home is to be pitied.

Solomon, the wise man, who chose wisdom and an understanding heart rather than riches and fame, shows in this lesson what is needed to make home a little heaven. "Hear, ye children, the instructions of a father," he says, "and forsake ye not my law." The father is the head of the home, and as God, the Father of all, makes laws for His great world-family, so the father in the home must lead and direct his family. The child who thinks himself wiser than father and mother and so seeks his own way, is doing what he can to destroy the home. If you were to visit a great prison and go from cell to cell asking, "What brought you here?" nearly every inmate would answer: "I would not listen to the wise counsel of my father and mother." There are many little "foxes" which steal in to destroy the home. Perhaps the most mischievous of all is self-love. One child can do much to spoil the sweet peace of the home life, just by putting self first. There are three beautiful pearls which every child may have: Obedience, Humility, Love."

Story: "How Johnnie Horn-Pout Went to See the Fire."

Little Johnnie Horn-Pout had a rather damp home at the bottom of a New Hampshire lake. There were mountains all around that were covered with timber, and little brooks that came down out of the hills, and it was all very fine indeed. But Johnnie knew nothing about all this. Johnnie had been born in the mud, back in a little cove, and all his life he had been swimming around pretty close to the bottom. His father and mother were great big fat horn-pouts with big horns, and big mouths, and eyes that could see in the dirtiest kind of water, and they taught little Johnnie while he was yet very young, that the best thing he could do was tot keep close to the bottom of the pond, and keep up a good lively nosing around after worms. Johnnie's life was rather monotonous down there in the mud, and when he got to be two years old he liked to swim around and see things. His horns were out so long now that he was no longer afraid of a big pickerel gobbling him up, and so he would often go farther from home than he had been allowed to do while he was younger.

One night some men came down to the side of the lake and set a fire burning in a flat-bottomed boat. And the light from it fell far out into the water, and it made a great show down on the bottom where the horn-pouts had their home. Johnnie's father and mother were wise old pouts, and they immediately swam away into the dark, and told Johnnie to come along; but Johnnie whined and said: "Mother, you never do let me go to see anything. What is the harm of looking at this pretty fire?" But the old lady pout shook her ugly but wise head and said, "My son, your mother has learned something. Those big fires in the rowboats at night don't mean any good for the Pout people. Your grandfather and your grandmother were pulled out of the water right before my eyes one night, long before you were born, when they were looking at a fire just like that. One night your father went to see a fire, and did you never notice the hole there is in his lip? It is healed up now, but it shows plain enough where he took what he thought was a worm and a sharp hook went right through the skin and if he hadn't butted his head against the bottom of a boat, and broken the point of one of his horns, and torn that hook out, he wouldn't have been here now."

But Johnnie Pout was a self-willed little fellow, and so he said, "Moth-

er, you're too old-fashioned. I am sure a pout of my age is able to take care of himself." And so, in spite of all her good advice, Johnnie went to see the fire. At first he was very careful and peered up through the water at the great light and the strange figures of the men having lots of fun. Suddenly right against his mouth a long, juicy angleworm curled, and it tasted so good, and so soft and nice, that Johnnie shut his mouth on it before he thought. The minute he did it, he remembered his mother's warning, and turned to run away; and then there was a sharp pain through his head, and the next moment he was gasping for air in the man's boat, near the fire.

And that's the story of how Johnnie Horn-Pout went to see the fire. There are a good many young fellows, as well as young girls, who think their parents and teachers and their older friends are too old-fashioned to give good advice, who would do well to remember the fate of Johnnie Horn-Pout.—Selected.

Suggestions:

Have children bear testimonies about the goodness of parents.

Lesson 31.

Topic: Honoring Fathers.
Recitation of the Fifth Commandment.
Review of last lesson.

Suggestive Talk:

Let the children tell you of the many ways in which a father proves his love for them. How should boys and girls honor them and show gratitude for a good father? Refer to Joseph's great love for his father and how he desired to honor him.

We do not always know how much our father's love us; sometimes they do not say much about it. I will tell you how one father showed his love. It is about a man who lived in a New England town, who had a son going to school. One afternoon the boy's teacher called at the home, and asked for the father, and said:

"Is your boy sick?"
"No. Why?"
"He was not at school today."
"Is that so?"
"Nor yesterday."
"You don't mean it!"
"Nor the day before."
"Well!"
"And I supposed he was sick."
"No, he's not sick."
"Well, I thought I should tell you."

And the father said, "Thank you," and the teacher left.

And the father sat thinking. By and by he heard a click at the gate, and he knew the boy was coming, so he went to open the door. And the boy knew as he looked up that his father knew about those three days. And the father said:

"Come into the library, Phil." And Phil went, and the door was shut. And the father said: "Phil, your teacher was here this afternoon. He tells me you were not at school today. * * * nor yesterday * * * nor the day before. You let us think you were. And you do not know how badly I feel. I have always trusted you. I have always said, 'I can trust my boy Phil.' And here you've been a living lie for three whole days. And I can't tell you how badly I feel about it."

Well, that was hard on Phil to be talked to quietly like that. If his

father had spoken to him roughly, or—had asked him out to the woodshed for a confidential interview, it would not have been nearly so hard. Then, after a moment's pause, the father said, "Phil, we'll get down and pray." And the thing was getting harder for Phil all the time. He didn't want to pray just then. And they got down. And the father poured out his heart in prayer. And the boy knew as he listened how badly his father felt over his conduct. Somehow he saw himself in the mirror on his knees as he had not before. It's queer about that mirror of the knee-joints. It does show so many things. Many folks don't like it.

And they got up. And the father's eyes were wet. And Phil's eyes were not dry. Then the father said:

"My boy, there's a law of life that where there is sin, there is suffering. You can't detach those two things. Where there is suffering there has been sin somewhere. And where there is sin there will be suffering. You can't get those two things apart. Now," he went on, "you have done wrong. And I am in this home like God is in the world. So we will do this. You go up to the attic. I'll make a bed for you there. We'll take your meals up to you at the regular times, and you stay up there as long as you have been a living lie—three days and three nights."

And Phil didn't say a word. They went upstairs, the pallet was made, and the father kissed his boy and left him alone with his thoughts. Supper time came, and the father and mother sat down to eat. But they couldn't eat for thinking about the boy. The longer they chewed upon the food, the bigger and drier it got in their mouths. And swallowing was out of the question. Then they went into the sitting-room for the evening. He picked up the paper to read, and she sat down to sew. Well, his eyes weren't very good. He wore glasses. And this evening he couldn't see distinctly—the glasses seemed blurred. It must have been the glasses, of course. So he took them off and cleaned them very deliberately and then found that he had been holding the paper upside down. And she tried to sew. But the thread broke, and she couldn't seem to get the needle threaded again. You could see they were both bothered. How we do reveal ourselves in the details!

By and by the clock struck nine, and then ten, their usual hour for retiring. But they made no move toward retiring. She said, "Aren't you going to bed?" And he said, "I think I'll not go yet a bit; you go." "No, I guess I'll wait awhile, too." And the clock struck eleven, and the hands worked around toward twelve. Then they arose, and locked up, and went to bed, but—not to sleep. Each one made pretend to be alseep, and each one knew the other was not asleep. By and by she said (women are always the keener). "Why don't you sleep?" And he said gently, "How did you know I wasn't sleeping? Why don't you sleep?"

Well, I just can't for thinking of the boy up in the attic."

"That's the bother with me," he replied. And the clock in the hall struck twelve, and one, and two. Still no sleep came.

At last he said, "Mother, I can't stand this any longer; I'm going upstairs with Phil." And he took his pillow and went softly out of the room, and up the attic stairs, and pressed the latch-key softly, so as not to wake the boy if he were asleep, and tiptoed across the attic floor to the corner by the window, and looked—there Phil lay, wide awake, with something glistening in his eyes, and what looked like stains on his cheeks. And the father got down in between the sheets with his boy, and they got their arms around each other's necks, for they had always been the best of friends, father and boy, and their tears got mixed up on each other's cheeks. Then they slept. And the next night when sleep came the father said, "Good-night, mother, I'm going upstairs with Phil." And the second night he slept in the attic with his boy. And the third night, again he said, "Mother, good-night, I'm going up with the boy again." And the third night he slept in the place of punishment with his son.—Selected.

Suggestion:

Let each member of the class tell of some kindness which they receive from their father, and their intentions to try to honor father.

Lesson 32.

Topic: Honoring Mothers.

Recitation of the Fifth Commandment.

Review of last lesson.

Suggestive Talk: (Adapt the following to your class.)

I have known many women who have brought the picture of the Christ into my thoughts as I noted their daily work. Smiling over the humblest service. That's mother. Cheerfully doing the things of which the rest of us have said, "You catch me!" That's mother. After the long, long day's work—five or six or seven hours over time—sinking into a chair, weary and faint, only to rise from it with the unfailing smile on her dear, tired face, to wait on some man who has worked eight hours that day; or to mend a jacket or catcher's mitt for a boy who has played all day; or to sew on a bit of lace or adjust a ribbon or change something about a gown for a girl who has had such a good time all day that she can't stop, but must go out for a better time in the evening. That's mother. Staying at home, that the others may go out and enjoy themselves. That's mother. Sacrificing this hope, that comfort, and that rest, for people who forget to say, "Thank you." That's mother. Laying off her wraps and staying home from prayer meeting or church because somebody else danced herself or played himself into a headache. That's mother. Getting accustomed to hear the rest of the family say, as they get ready for the evening's entertainment: "Oh, no; mother doesn't care to go. Church and prayer meeting are mother's only dissipations." Well, those are about all some families allow her. They don't cost anything, and the rest of the family don't want to go.—Robert J. Burdette.

Story: "Mother's Birthday Gift."

"I've never had anything like that in all my life. Whatever is given me is something that can be used about the house," thought Mrs. Winship, as she hurried to the kitchen where a kettle of vegetables were boiling over. "Sometimes it's a set of knives and forks, then again some table linen. I've had a gasoline stove, a dozen dining-room chairs, some window shades for the parlor, and my last birthday gift was a churn.

"I don't suppose they think," charitably, "that something like what father and the boys give Millie might please me. Probably they think such things aren't adaptable to me!"

She held up her hard rough hands, and tried to imagine how a fire opal, like the ring Millie had just received as a birthday gift, would look on the work worn fingers. She changed the position as though for a better light.

"You would look rather out of place, perhaps a little bit ashamed, with a ring on. I reckon you wouldn't know how to act, never having been accustomed to such things; but perhaps you'd get used to it." There was such a trace of wistful longing in her voice, that it almost startled hard-working Mrs. Winship herself.

"Isn't it a beauty, mother! Father and the boys are just splendid to give me such a darling little ring; they're so good to me! I wish your birthday came the same time as mine, instead of three weeks later. We could compare our gifts, and rejoice together. See how it sparkles."

Millie, who had just entered the kitchen, held the ring so the sun, shining through the window, scattered little flashes of color about her hand.

"It is a beauty, dear!" There was yet just the faintest trace of longing in the mother's tone.

"What do you suppose they are going to give you? Of course, I'm going to put my money with theirs," and Millie looked up expectantly into Mrs. Winship's face. "Don't know? I knew you couldn't guess; but it's something nice!

"Father asked me only yesterday what you needed, and I mentioned so many things! There's a new parlor lamp—we can hardly go any longer without one. Then the front stairs' carpet is worn almost threadbare! I almost suggested how many times you've hinted for a new pump; how the old one is so hard to bring water with. Then while I was about it, I suggested a clotheshorse. The one we have is such a rickety affair it hardly stood up while I was hanging the last ironing on it. Don't you wish you knew which one you would get!"

"They are all very useful," replied Mrs. Winship. "I don't know as there's any choice."

Millie turned and glanced suspiciously at her mother. The way in which she spoke did not seem quite natural; or was it because she was tired?

"Mother does have too much to do," thought Millie as she hurried to show the new gift to Helen Kimball, who was just going by. "I believe we had better get the pump, for it would so lighten her work! That's what we'll decide on; father'd as soon get that as one of the others, I am sure!"

Hiram Winship had been an unusually prosperous farmer. His acres had increased as the years came and went until the original farm "was almost squeezed to death, situated in the middle of so many additions," as he facetiously expressed it. The small dowry Sarah Hobart had brought to her husband had gone to stock the place and buy some improved farm machinery.

"I'll get a ring, soon's we're on our feet—your engagement ring."

Hiram had declared before they were married, but the once slender figure had grown red and big-jointed, and the ring had not been bought. Hiram had forgotten all about it, long ago.

The afternoon following Millie's birthday, she drew the strings of her sun hat about her neck, and started for the meadow with a berry basket. She stopped before she reached the gate.

"I mustn't wear you; you might get lost," she said to the handsome birthday ring, and slipping it off, she ran back up the stairs to her room. "I guess you'll be safer there," she said, laying the opal on the velvet pincushion and hurrying back to her basket.

Some time later, Mrs. Winship stood before the bureau in her daughter's room, holding the ring in her hands. "It's rather too small for me. I imagine it's just about the size I could have worn when I was married."

She didn't hear Millie's step on the stair, nor did she notice her daughter's form in the door.

"Even though I'm growing old, I like pretty things! I haven't had a very large share; perhaps that is why I wish they knew, and would give me just one little thing for my very own. Not something for the house like"—

Millie heard no more. She crept softly away from the open door and down the narrow stairs.

"Pump—clotheshorse! Mother mine, we never thought, else we'd never have been so cruel! We've just given you the things we needed ourselves and called them presents. Mother, why didn't you tell us how selfish we were?" You've never even whispered a protest!"

"Have you decided, daughter, which we'd better get—the pump or one of the other things?" asked Mr. Winship.

It was after the supper dishes had been put away, and Millie had found her father on the cool veranda. She could hear her mother in the warm kitchen, sprinkling the clothes for the morrow's ironing.

"Yes, father, the other things," and while she spoke it low, that her mother might not hear, there was an anxious determination in her voice that caused her father to look up with inquisitive surprise.

"Not all—clotheshorse, lamp, and carpet?" he asked, with a smile on his sunburnt face.

"No, father; let me whisper."

When the dual conference was over there was a light in Mr. Winship's eyes of regret and resolve.

He sealed the contract with a bargain squeeze of Millie's hand.

"We'll get the rest, too; the pump and 'the other things!'" he declared.

"They seem to have a good deal of mystery about getting my birthday present," thought Mrs. Winship, a fortnight later. "It may be over the make of the pump or the color of the lamp shade. But there, I must be grateful; a spirit like this isn't becoming in a woman of my age!"

The Tuesday before her birthday, the hardware man from the village drove into the Winship yard.

"It's a pump!" exclaimed Mrs. Winship, and though she had half expected it, there was a trace of disappointment in her voice.

"Shut your eyes and come with us," and Millie took her mother's hand, after breakfast, the morning of Mrs. Winship's birthday, and started toward the stairs.

"But the present isn't up there!" remonstrated the little woman, positively.

"Who said so?"

"It couldn't be—a pump; besides I've seen it."

"The pump! Sarah, don't!" and over the face of Hiram Winship passed an expression of pain and shame.

"You'll have to guess again, mother," and Charles and Harold gently lifted Mrs. Winship, and carried her to the stairway.

"Hiram! Children!" In those two words was the pent-up gratitude of twenty years.

There on the bed was a beautiful copy in colors of the Sistine Madonna, from Charles; a work basket lined with silk and fitted with sewing implements of steel and silver, from Millie; a set of novels by her favorite author, from Harold; creamy lace and such a beautiful shimmering silk dress pattern, from Hiram.

"And here, Sally," said her husband, calling her by an almost forgotten name, "here is your engagement ring," and he lovingly, though a trifle clumsily, perhaps, forced it over the enlarged finger joints. "It's from us all and is our pledge to remember what we owe the little woman. There, Sally, you know—I can't express it!"—Selected.

Suggestion:

Have the children tell of the goodness of mother and their intentions to try to be good to her.

FOURTH GRADE.

(Children ten and eleven years of age.)

Sugject: The Word of Wisdom.

Lesson 29.

Topic: Tobacco.

Divisions:

1. Suggestive Talk by teacher

One bright morning there was a crowd of happy people standing at a corner waiting for the special cars that were to take them to a distant park for a picnic. Suddenly a gust of wind swept round the corner, taking every one unawares. Most of the people managed to catch their hats and keep them from being carried away, but one boy was not quick enough, and his hat whirled into the street. He ran after it, seeing nothing but the hat he was chasing, and all at once every one, but the boy himself, realized that a swiftly moving car was upon him. Every heart stood still and people turned away that they might not see the awful thing that they felt sure must happen, for it all came so quickly that no one could help the boy who was in such danger. But what they dreaded did not happen, for when the car struck the boy it threw him on the fender, and as the car was brought to a stop he rolled off unhurt.

There is another crowd on a street corner. This time it is not so large a crowd, and is one of boys only. They are urging one of their number to do something that he does not seem to wish to do. If you could have been there you would have heard something like this: "Oh, come on! What harm can it do anybody to smoke one cigarette?" And then tauntingly, "Did the good little boy promise his mother that he would not smoke?" And so the talk went on, as such talk has upon many another street corner, and the boy who stood in the midst was in great danger, but there was no one in all that crowd who would say a word or do a thing to help him. Which of the two boys do you think was in the greater danger? (Develop the following through conversations, if possible.) The one was in danger of losing his earthly life, and that is something to be very highly prized; but this life is not very long, at the best, and the gate which opens out of it, for those who love God and serve Him truly, opens into a life that is eternal and full of joy. But what about the other boy? What danger was he in? It does not seem a very great danger, perhaps, just the smoking of one cigarette. The boy would not lose his life—not right away, and perhaps not at all—what would he lose? His honor, his self-respect, his strength of will, all these would go in the one act if he yielded to the temptation, and he would be in danger of losing his health, and his mental power, and of becoming a slave to an evil habit; that is, he would enter upon the road that leads to eternal death. Of course, you and I know that not all these evil effects come to all cigarette smokers, but they do to many. Not all boys who are run down by trolleys are killed, or even hurt very much, but no sane boy would stand on the car track and take the chances deliberately.

2. Tobacco is especially injurious to the young. It stunts growth, weakens the nerves, stupefies the brain cells, interferes with digestion, and in many ways counteracts the benefit of good foods, besides diminishing the natural appetite. It contains nicotine, and this is a violent poison. Tobacco is a frequent cause of weak eyes, is apt to irritate the linings of the mouth and throat, and in many cases seriously affects the heart.

3. "The effects of tobacco on the individual after he has completed his growth and is over thirty years of age depends on the amount used and on the temperament of the person using it. The tendency, however, is always toward injury. The safe rule is never to use it. Men never regret not having formed this useless habit. Tobacco intemperance is always injurious to the body at any age. It is an expensive habit, a man is just as well off without it, and the growing boy always suffers from its use."

4. "The employers of labor in many railroad offices and business houses refuse to hire boys who use tobacco. The head of one of the

largest wholesale dry goods houses in the world recently stated his reasons as follows:

"The use of tboacco has a peculiarly demoralizing effect on the moral nature of the young. In addition to making boys tired, stupid, and lazy, it makes them irritable, perverse, careless of the rights and feelings of others, besides, in many instances, leading to lying and even stealing."

"Such facts as these certainly indicate very clearly why a boy should not use tobacco in any form."

5. Story "Cigarette Suicide."

"Some years ago, when a medical student in New York City, I saw a cruel experiment performed on a cat which had been making the night air hideous with its midnight concerts, and which was considered by one of the students to have outlived its usefulness. It was decided that its life be sacrificed on the altar of science. It was promtly secured, and practically the quantity of tobacco which is necessary to make a cigarette was allowed to soak for a few minutes in several teaspoonsful of water, and then a portion of this was injected under the cat's skin. In less than fifteen minutes this cat, endowed as it was with its proverbial nine lives, succumbed after several severe convulsions.

In our large cities, boys who are scarcely old enough to put on their own clothes can be seen seated on the curb stones repeating this experiment upon themselves by vigorously puffing away at cigarettes which contain this pernicious weed. In many cases, beyond the shadow of a doubt, they are also dosing themselves with other narcotic drugs, which are added to the cigarettes for the purpose of creating a still greater necessity for the continuation of their use. By smoking cigarettes these children are sending in advance applications for entrance into institutions for the feeblemnided, or for a berth in the reform school, or possibly for a resting place in the cemetery.

Educators have particularly noted that few cigarette smoking boys ever reach the high school. Their brain energy has been so thoroughly wasted by this pernicious habit that they have to drop out by the way, as they do not have sufficient mental capacity to pass the entrance examination in advanced work.

"A boy was recently arraigned before the court charged with a dreadful crime. His attorney pleaded for a dismissal of the case on the ground that he was a cigarette fiend and consequently did not possess sufficient moral discrimination to recognize the heinousness of the crime of which he was accused. This case only illustrates in an exaggerated form the moral deterioration that is taking place, possibly to a less extent, but none the less surely to every boy who has acquired this unnatural habit."

6. "A danger to which smokers are exposed is injury to the temper, through the increased irritability which the practice is apt to produce, and to the will which it is powerful to subjugate. This habit introduces to the conduct of life one of the most inferior forms of self-indulgence known to experience. Our State prison convicts are said to pine for their tobacco more than other luxury of freedom. The amount of duty performed, or postponed, or slighted, in obedience to the craving for the narcotic stimulant, must form a large item in the list of the many things left undone which ought to have been done. Carry the use of the strange herb a little further, and the partial palsy of the will extends to other functions. The sense of vision is one of the first points where the further encroachment of the drug shows itself. Many cases of loss of power in the nerve of the eye are traced to the free use of tobacco. Some hard smokers are great workers as we all know, but few who have watched the effects of this poison on will and character would deny that it handicaps a man, and often pretty heavily in the race for distinction."

Lesson 30.

Topic: Tobacco.
Divisions:

1. "The bad effects of tobacco on the young are even worse when it is used by them in the form of cigarettes. Many cigarettes are drugged with opium, and the enameled paper is usually made by a process involving the use of poisons."

2. "It is only within the last five or six years that the habit of cigarette smoking has made its appearance among the boys of the public schools of Chicago, but during the brief period it has increased to such an extent that several thousands have become addicted to the habit, and the majority of these boys are so affected mentally and physically that they are unable to make further progress in their studies.

"As to my personal knowledge of the effects of this habit on school boys: I have carefully observed them for the last three years, during which period at least one hundred and twenty-five boys addicted to this habit have been at one time or another under my charge. These boys smoked from two to twenty cigarettes a day, and not more than ten of them were able to keep pace with their class; yet nine-tenths belonged to educated and intelligent families. Among these one hundred and twenty-five boys were found nearly all of those pupils who were from two to five years older than the average age of children for the grade, as well as ninety per cent of those boys hard to discipline, and all of those who were in the habit of playing truant."

3. "An Anti-Tobacco Society was organized, which most of the boys joined. From frank and friendly conversations with them many of their temptations and difficulties were made clear. Twenty-four stated that the reason why they failed to learn their lessons was because most of the time they were two sleepy to study; Thirty said they were always dizzy after smoking, and did not feel like thinking. Twenty-two could not write neatly because their hands trembled; several to use their own words, felt shaky when they walked. A large number were unable to run any distance, some not more than a block, although before they began to smoke, they could run as far and as fast as anyone. Nearly all told me they had headaches constantly. With scarcely an exception they stated that they were unable to learn their lessons, though kept night after night for that purpose.

4. "Cigarette-smoking boys are like wormy apples; they drop before harvest time." If you do not believe this, ask any teacher who has to deal with those boys' brain power; ask employers who cannot rely upon these boys for carefulness, interest, wide-awakeness; go ask physicians who have to give the fatal warning long before harvest time is due. They'll all verify the statement promptly, emphatically. Since it is a matter of choosing for every individual, why not choose to be as perfect as possible, physically, mentally, morally?"

5. Story: "Something to Remember."

The principal of a large high school in one of our cities, after a lifetime spent in teaching, testified the other day that "no boy who was in the habit of using cigarettes ever yet had finished the high-school course or received a diploma," in all his experience. He said he had become interested in the subject, and observed closely the boys under his care, and that this was the invariable result of cigarette-using. It was a rule to which, so far, he had found not a single exception. Those boys who wish to succeed at school will do well to note this rule, and not forget it.—Selected.

6. The youth who was smoking a cigarette near the monkey's cage took another one from his pocket. "Would it do any harm," he asked, "if I should offer him one of these?" "Not a bit," responded the attendant. "He wouldn't touch it. A monkey isn't half as big a fool as it looks."—Chicago Tribune.

7. Story: "For the Boys—Don't Smoke."

"I am not much of a mathematician," said the cigarette, "but I can add to a youth's nervous troubles, I can subtract from his physical energy. I can multiply his aches and pains, I can divide his mental powers, I can take interest from his work, and discount his chances for success."—The New York Observer.

Lesson 31.

Topic: Tobacco.
Divisions:

1. "Tobacco has the effect of a narcotic on most people. That the healthy body has no need of it is quite well evidenced in the effect it produces, as a rule, upon the beginner. The dizziness, faintness, headache, and nausea go to show that the healthy body, especially of the young person, strongly rebels against its use. Certain things are definitely known that indicate the harmful nature of tobacco. It always increases the blood pressure. This surely tends to cause, sooner or later, a diseased condition of the blood vessels, especially of the arteries. It tends also just as certainly to instability of the heart. 'Tobacco heart' is a form of heart disease that results from excessive and habitual use of this narcotic. The feeling of palpitation and the irregularity of the pulse, in a person suffering from this disorder, are caused by the toxic (poisonous) effect of the nicotine in tobacco upon the nerves that control the heart's action."

2. "The prevalance of physical, mental, and moral weakness in boys as a result of the tobacco habit has becoming appalling. The use of tobacco by the growing boy has no defenders. Every one who knows anything about the subject need not be told that tobacco is especially injurious to the young. The growing boy always suffers from its use.

"Any boy who smokes before the age of twenty-one runs the risk of growing up with a poor brain and nervous system."

3. "The cigarette habit saps the bodily vigor, stupefies the intellect, and perverts the moral nature of many boys and young men. In a number of states laws have been enacted preventing the sale of cigarettes to boys; and in some others still more advanced ground has been taken in the enactment and enforcement of laws prohibiting within the state the manufacture or sale of cigarettes to any person. That the states take such extreme measures against the cigarette evil is plain evidence of the harmful effect of this vice,especially on growing boys. The extent and seriousness of injury wrought by the cigarette has been well stated in a recent address by Judge Stubbs of the Indianapolis Juvenile Court, who has to deal with youthful criminals exclusively. He has reached the conclusion that the great increase in the number of offenses against the law committed by boys is due chiefly to the cigarette. During the eighteen months immediately following the establishment of the Juvenile Court, he had before him for various crimes six hundred boys who were users of the cigarette, most of whom were cigarette fiends. He says, "I have found that in nearly every case where a boy was arrested for a serious offense he was a user of the cigarette. I am convinced that the cigarette is at the bottom of the most of the criminality among boys."

4. "In my experience here of eleven years, no cigarette smoker has been graduated at the head of any class, and I have signed over three hundred diplomas since coming. Cigarette smokers are fitful and uneven in their work. Most of them have stunted their growth and show it in lack of muscle, lack of staying power, bad skin color, and lack of intellectual grit."—Professor S. B. McCracken. High School, Elkhart, Indiana.

5. "Not only in the school, but also in the store, the shop, the bank, or the office, the boy addicted to cigarettes is regarded as inferior. Business men are coming more and more to the conclusion that it does not pay to hire a boy who is in the grip of this habit. Merchants, manufacturers, and professional men, who naturally wish to employ boys that will be most valuable to them, refuse to employ those who are cigarette users."

"A Chicago boy confessed last week that out of ten places to which he had applied for work the head of not one had neglected to ask him if he smoked cigarettes. In a number of instances he was made to show his fingers."

6. Dialogue and demonstration.

"You smoke thirty cigarettes a day?"

"Yes, on the average."

"You don't blame them for your run-down condition?"

"Not in the least. I blame my hard work."

The physician shook his head. He smiled in a vexed way. Then he took a leech out of a glass jar.

"Let me show you something," he said, "Bare your arm."

The cigarette fiend bared his pale arm, and the other laid the lean, black leech upon it. The leech fell to work busily. Its body began to swell. Then all, of a sudden, a kind of shudder convulsed it, and it fell to the floor, dead.

"That is what your blood did to that leech," said the physician. He took up the little corpse between his finger and thumb. "Look at it," he said. "Quite dead you see. You poisoned it.

"I guess it wasn't a healthy leech, in the first place," said the cigarette smoker, sullenly.

"Wasn't healthy, eh? Well, we'll try again."

And the physician clapped two leeches on the young man's thin arm.

"If they both die," said the patient, "I'll swear off—or, at least, I'll cut down my daily allowance from thirty cigarettes to ten."

Even as he spoke the smaller leech shivered and dropped on his knee, dead, and a moment later the larger one fell beside it.

"This is ghastly," said the young man; "I am worse than the pestilence of these leeches."

"It is the empyreumatic oil in your blood," said the medical man. "All cigarette fiends have it."

"Doc," said the young man, regarding the three dead leeches, thoughtfully, "I half believe you're right."—West Va .School Journal.

Lesson 32.

Topic: Tobacco.

Divisions:

1. Have you ever thought what a splendid servant fire is? What are some of the things it does for us? So long as it is under control and we can make the fire do our bidding it is a fine thing; in fact, we could not get along without it. But have you ever thought what an awful thing fire is when it becomes the master? If it escapes from the bonds that we fix for it, and begins to consume the house instead of the fuel, that is meant

for burning, the house will soon be ashes and the lives of the people who live in the house will be in great danger. There are some other things in this world that make splendid servants, but very poor masters.

When God made man He gave him a body in which the mind and spirit were to live. The body was meant to be a servant and so long as it is kept as a servant it is one of the most perfect helpers that could be imagined. But the body seems not to be willing to be a servant, and is all the time trying to take the place of the master, and when the body becomes the master and the mind and spirit the servants, the ruin is infinitely greater than when a fire destroys a dwelling house.

When men are getting ready to run a race they know that the body must be in the most perfect possible condition, nerves keen and steady, muscles strong and ready to respond quickly to the call of the brain and to nourish the body and repair the waste that is made by violent exercise. If the body says, "I want tobacco to smoke," or "I want wine to drink," or "I want rich pastry to eat," the mind of the athletic says to the body, "You cannot have those things, for they would make you weak and it would be impossible for us to succeed in this race." No athlete can have his body as his master; if he did, he would not be an athlete. Paul talks of this life as if it were a race and he seems to think that all people who desire to win the prize and run the race well ought to be willing to take at least as much pains as the athletes will who are striving to win.—Selected.

Story: "Allen's Mother."

"Oh, nonsense!" said Allen Goodrich. "Don't be so fussy, mother. Most all the boys smoke. So does grandpa."

"Your father didn't." said Mrs. Goodrich, her sad face growing a trifle sadder.

"He missed a lot of fun, then," laughed the boy. "Perhaps, now, he did smoke once in awhile, on the sly."

"Allen!" cried his mother, her eyes full of tears.

He kissed her impulsively.

"There, mother, don't feel bad. Of course father didn't smoke. He was one of the best men in the world, I suppose. You mustn't expect me to be like him."

Mrs. Goodrich was about to answer when they heard steps coming along through the shed. Allen, whose arm still rested affectionately on his mother's shoulder, took a step or two away from her and began to whistle. Mrs. Goodrich wiped her eyes and went about her work.

The door opened and a man of sixty-five or more entered. His untidy clothes hung loosely on his awkward frame, but a shrewd, self-satisfied expression was on his face. He sat down by the stove and taking a pipe from his pocket filled it and lighted it.

Though he had seen this done thousands of times before, Allen observed the old man closely.

"Grandpa," said he, his blue eyes full of fun, "smoking ain't healthy. Did you know it?"

"Healthy!" exclaimed the smoker. "Whether smokings' healthy or not I don't know, and I don't care. John Benton's healthy. I can lick any man of my age in this town, unless it's old Green; and I can lick him when he ain't fightin' drunk."

Allen laughed.

"Mother thinks"—he began, but a glance at her face checked him.

"Oh, I know what *she* thinks," said the old man, with a sly wink at the boy. "Thinkin's one thing an' knowin's another. She hain't seen so much o' the world's I hev."

With a white, set face, Mrs. Goodrich left the room. Allen's quick eyes saw her pallor and he felt vaguely what it was that gave her pain. John

Benton did not see her leave the room. He was scratching another match and his back was toward her.

John Benton had never had a very high opinion of his quiet daughter. He had been accustomed to say it in her girlhood days, when a friend or a teacher spoke in her praise, "Lizzie's a good girl," in a half-pitying way, as though he was mentally reserving the added statement that that was about the least that could be said of anybody. That she was "smart" he had no idea of in spite of the fact that she stood well in her classes; and when early in her twenties she married a young man whose wealth no thief could steal, and whose gentle ways were as much a mystery to him as Lizzie's, his scorn became open and unconcealed.

After three years of happiness the girl was left a widow with a little son, and there seemed to be no way open for her but to return home. Here her life was very hard. The contrast between the refined and loving home that was no longer her's and that to which she had returned made her life harder than it had been before her marriage. Then, too, she missed the faithful mother who had been taken away just after Allen's birth, and who had always been her sympathetic friend.

Through these dark years Allen's tender affection had kept her heart from breaking. He had been her comrade and her lover, and now he would soon be old enough to be her helper and adviser, and the strong arm on which she could confidently lean. She had always regretted that his home should be where daily contact with coarseness and selfishness was inevitable, but during his earlier years her own strong and pure influence had been sufficient to keep him from serious harm; but now changes were taking place in his nature. She was beginning to fear that he was slowly but with awful sureness slipping away from her. The thought was agony.

Going to her own room she sank wearily into a chair.

"Has it come to this," she muttered to herself, "my father against my child? Allen would listen to me if it were not for father. He makes me so ridiculous in my boy's eyes with his insinuations and his sneers; and yet I suppose he don't realze what he is doing. It can't be that he realizes it. Edward, Edward, what shall I do?"

She buried her face in her hands.

For some time she sat there in a misery too deep for words. When she lifted her head she was surprised to see Allen standing before her.

"Why, Allen!" she stammered, "you here; I didn't hear you."

"I sneaked along kind o' cautious. I wanted to see what the matter was."

"I think I shall have to go away from here," said Mrs. Goodrich.

"For mercy's sake, mother," cried Allen, frightened by her manner; "are you sick?"

"No; but I want to go away—to live, I mean, not to make a visit. You wouldn't mind living somewhere else, would you?"

Allen started, too much surprised to know what to say.

"I think it would be nice if we could have a little home together—just you and I; don't you?"

"What; isn't grandpa coming?"

"I don't think he would want to move. He is getting old and has always lived here. No other place would seem like home to him. I haven't got my plans made, so don't say anything to him just yet."

She arose and went back to the kitchen, and after a few moments' thought on the strange course that things were taking, Allen followed her.

It was with a heavy heart that she began to make preparations for going. She was far from strong, and the problem of providing even the humblest home for herself and Allen presented great difficulties; and what new temptations she by fleeing from those at hand might lead her boy into she could not guess; but her purpose remained firm and she trusted that God would guide her.

Following the advice of a trusted friend of her happier years she secured a few rooms in a small city not far from her father's home and where she had reason to hope she could at least earn a living. Here, too, was a good chance for Allen to continue his studies, and there might be opportunities occasionally for him to earn a few dollars to help out their modest income.

Allen did not like the idea of leaving the only home he had ever known, and of saying good-by to all his young friends; but he did not oppose his mother. His love for her was true and deep, and he had always been accustomed to trust her judgment.

John Benton was not pleased, either, and he expressed himself to that effect in unmistakable terms; but as he did not know of the contemplated change till all the arrangements were made his words had little weight.

What grieved Allen most of all, as the time of their going drew nearer, was the thought of leaving his grandfather alone. He tried to convince his mother that the old man would be better off and more comfortable with them, even if he was a little homesick at first. When she pictured him uneasy in his new surroundings he drew a picture of his loneliness in the old home after they had "forsaken" him, as he called it.

He had always been fond of his grandfather, and now when it seemed to him that his mother was taking a course not calculated to make his declining years very pleasant he was filled with pity, and his love grew stronger as the days went by.

Heavier and heavier grew Mrs. Goodrich's heart. Darker and darker grew the way before her, but her step did not falter.

On the day before that set for their departure, John Benton was taken ill. This, Allen supposed would, of course, change all their plans, but to his utter amazement his mother went on as though nothing had happened.

"Mother," he said, "what has come over you; you are not going to leave grandpa sick and alone, are you?"

"I am going to leave him," she answered, "but I trust that he will not be neglected. He is not a poor man, and there are people enough here to take care of him. I have made my choice between you two, and I have chosen you."

Allen seized her by the arm as she was turning from him.

"Stop!" he cried, "I can't stand this any longer. Look me in the face and tell me what you mean."

A sob was his answer.

"Forgive me, mother," he said more gently. "I didn't mean to be so rough: but I don't want to go away. I think we ought to stay with grandpa. I don't see what we need to go anywhere for. Why ain't we well enough off here? You seem determined to get away from here."

"I am," sobbed Mrs. Goodrich, her self-control giving away entirely. "I can't bear to see you here among the associations and temptations. I am afraid for you. Oh, why did God take your father away and leave me alone with you in such a world of sin!'

Deeply touched, Allen gazed at his mother in silence.

"I didn't know you felt so bad as this about me," he said at last; "but I'm a pretty good boy, after all."

Her arms were around him now.

"I know you are," she said, "and, oh! I did pray God to keep you so!"

"I guess He will," said Allen, returning her embrace. "Now let's decide to stay here with grandpa. I believe I can be good here if I try—especially since I have God and you to help me," he added, smiling.

"We will stay awhile," she said.

"I shall have to be good now for grandpa's sake; I don't want to be the means of driving you away from him when he needs you; and I

don't want to make you worry about me any more, either. How much harm I was doing! I didn't mean to do so much harm, mother."

"I know you didn't my dear boy," said his mother; "but one can't do wrong without doing harm."

"I guess I won't smoke any more," said Allen. "I'm glad I didn't drink. It's saved me the trouble of breaking myself of that."—Mary M. Currier.

FIFTH GRADE.

(Children twelve and thirteen years of age.)

Subject: The Articles of Faith.

Lesson 29.

Topic: The Priesthood.

Divisions:

1. Concert recitation of Article Six.
2. Review of Lessons on Divine Authority and the Restoration of the Gospel.
3. Describe the office and duties of Aaronic Priesthood. The Articles of Faith, Lecture 11, paragraphs 13-14.
4. Describe the office and duties of the Melchizedek Priesthood, The Articles of Faith, Lecture 11, paragraph 15.
5. On paragraph in Lecture 11 of The Articles of Faith should be given to each division of the Priesthood. Members of the class should be appointed to describe the office and duties of each one.
6. What are the Auxiliary Organizations in the Church? Lecture 11, paragraph 33.
7. The teacher should read carefully Note 3 in Lecture 11, and help the class to understand that the power of the Priesthood can only be held by those who are faithful, and who are willing to obey all of God's commandments.
8. The following should be related by a member of the class.

The child Samuel is an example which for thousands of years devoted parents have loved to keep in mind, and the story of the life of this little boy of Israel has been repeated age after age at the hearths of many homes. That which characterized Samuel above other children was his faithfulness. As a boy part of his work was to take care of the tabernacle of Jehovah. It was Samuel who at evening time lighted the lamp of God in the tabernacle. Samuel slept in one of the rooms adjacent to this tent at which Israel came to worship, and one night just before he fell asleep he heard a word as if somebody called him, and he thought it was Eli, and he said: "Here am I." You see, Samuel was ever ready to obey the call of the high priest. That means Samuel was faithful in his duties. The Scripture tells us that this voice which called Samuel was the voice of God, and we read how Samuel obeyed the voice of God, and we know he became one of Israel's greatest prophets, the prophet who anointed the first king of Israel and who also anointed David, their greatest king.

9. The following story, "The Way of Obedience," should be related by a member of the class.

"We sometimes say that love is the greatest thing in the world, but love always ends in obedience. We say faith is great, and so it is. It will remove mountains. It enables us to do impossible things. But faith always leads to obedience. So there is a sense in which obedience is the greatest thing in the world. No matter where we are, in what circum-

stances, in what confusions, in what perplexities, we have only to find the will of the Master and do it. No matter in what troubles we are, in what meshes of trial, in what plots of enemies, this is always the way out. The way to the light, to the joy, to the liberty, is along a plain, straight way—the way of obedience."

10. The following story, "What the Ark-Builder Teaches Me," should be related by a member of the class.

If Noah had wished to be just like over people he would have drowned with the rest. The boy who wants God to protect him, must be willing to be the "odd one" in many companies.

Noah built the ark because God told him to, not because he could read the future. The boy who obeys even when he cannot understand, is sure to come out all right.

Noah took into the ark his own family beside many animals. No one can do right without helping others.

Noah did according to all that God commanded him. Half-hearted obedience profits no one.

Noah's first act after leaving the ark was to make an offering to God. Do we always take time to thank our heavenly Father for preserving us?

Lesson 30.

Topic: Spiritual Gifts.
Divisions:

1. Review of the divisions of the Priesthood.
2. Recitation of Article Seven.
3. The teacher should read carefully the first twelve paragraphs of Lecture twelve and explain as simply as possible the meaning and service of spiritual gifts.
4. Tell what vou can of the gift of tongues and interpretation. The Articles of Faith, Lecture 12, paragraph 3.
5. Relate the story of the gift of tongues on the day of Pentecost, Acts 2:1-21, also 37-47.
6. Relate the instance in Acts 19:1-6, where Paul confirmed some people members of the Church and how they received the gift of tongues.
7. Relate Lorenzo Dow's experience with the gift of tongues. Fragments of Experience, page 39-40.
8. Relate the story of Elder Tanner's adventure with Indians—Scraps of Biography, page 17-18.

Lesson 31.

Topic: The Gift of Healing.
Divisions:

1. Review on reasons why we have Spiritual Gifts in the Church.
2. Recitation of Article Seven.
3. How do we know that the gift of healing was enjoyed during the days of our Savior and His apostles. The Articles of Faith, Lecture 12, paragraph 14.
4. What is the method of administering to the sick? The Articles of Faith, Lecture 12, paragraph 15.
5. Does everyone in the Church have equal power in the use of this gift? The Articles of Faith, Lecture 12, paragraph 16.
6. Have the following incident related.

It was passover time at Jerusalem. There was a great crowd in the city, and there was something to see from morning till night. Haniel was showing his cousin Zeruaiah the sights of the city.

"Come to the pool of Bethesda, and I will show you something strange," he said. "A great wonder happens there every day. An angel comes down from heaven and stirs up the water in the pool, and the first person who steps into it, after the water has been stirred, is cured of whatever sickness he has. You can see sick folks waiting round the pool all day, watching for the water to be stirred that they may step in. Some rich men, for charity, have built five porches round it, where the sick may wait. It is a great sight to see them all step down when the water is stirred. We will go and watch."

What Haniel said was not all true, although he thought it was true. Some natural cause—we do not know what—stirred the water, but the people, who knew nothing of science, believed that an unseen angel did it. Haniel and Zeruaiah walked quietly along the streets—for it was the Sabbath and they did not dare go noisily as on other days—till they came to the pool. Then they went up the steps to the porch and gazed at the blue water, and the long rows of people waiting.

"Oh, doesn't it make you feel dreadful to see them?" asked Zeruaiah.

"It used to, but I am used to it now. See that one lying on the mattress? He has been sick eight and thirty years."

Just at that moment the waters began to stir. All the sick people began jostling and pushing to get down to its edge first. But there was no chance for the poor man who had been sick so long. By the time he had taken two hobbling steps, a dozen others were down in the pool. He turned back, with a face so sorrowful that Zeruaiah's heart ached.

Some one else saw, too—some one whose heart had compassion on every sorrow. It was a young man, with a gentle, loving face.

"Oh, look, look!" cried Haniel, grasping his cousin's hand. "This is more of a sight than I thought we would see! This is the new Prophet who has come out of Galilee. They say he makes wonderful cures. But I do not suppose he could cure this man. He has been sick too long. He probably will cure one of the others. Let us watch."

But Jesus did not go to the others. He bent over the man who had been sick the longest and was the most hopeless.

"Wilt thou be made whole?" He asked.. And the sick man answered sorrowfully:—

"Sir, I have no man, when the water is troubled, to put me into the pool: but while I am coming, another steppeth down before me."

Then Jesus, looking straight at the man who had been bound in the chains of sickness so long, said, "Rise, take up thy bed, and walk."

And the chains were loosed. The man, at Jesus' word, rose, not slowly and painfully, but easily and quickly, lifted the bed upon which he had lain so long, and went away, cured.—Selected.

7. Story to be related.

HEALED BY FAITH.

A few years ago, there was an epidemic of typhoid fever in this city. Among the victims was Joseph Cannon, the little son of George Q. Cannon. The Cannon family lived about three miles out of town on the Jordan river. Joseph caught the fever in its worst form. He was very very ill for a great many weeks. He was only a boy, ten years old, still he knew something of the power of the Lord even at that age. He seemed to feel no fear at his condition and said to the family when they suggested sending for a physician, "I don't want a doctor, God will make me better. If you will administer to me, papa, I know I will get well." And Brother Cannon, wishing to encourage faith, in the boy's mind did as he wished. Every morning and night he administered to the boy himself, and frequently, drove home during the day from his work in town to do the same. Joseph's spirits kept up, bright and cheerful, but his body grew weaker every day

and it seemed as if the Lord was going to take him in spite of the faith and prayers of all his people. You know the Lord can't grant all our prayers. We often don't understand His purposes and God has to do what is for the best, even, if it is not what His saints desire. And so it seemed for many weeks, as if our Heavenly Father needed the beautiful spirit of this boy to help in the great work on the other side. For weeks and weeks he lay so ill, that it seemed as if a breath of wind would drive the gentle spirit from the weakened body. People censured Brother and Sister Cannon for not having a doctor. But still the little boy held out firmly: "I don't want a doctor, papa. God will heal me if He wants me to live."

During all the weeks of the worst part of the disease, four elders came from town every day and administered to him besides the administration given him by his father and brothers. In all this time the child's faith was unflinching, but in the prayers of the elders was this petition. "O, Father spare the life of this child, if it be Thy will, But not our will but Thine be done. At last the mother began to give him a little food, a few spoonsful of milk or a little chicken broth, and the little body seemed to crave it.

Then he began to gain strength very, very slowly, and to the anxious relatives the change was very encouraging. But with the slowly gaining strength a new trouble set in. His feet and legs swelled almost to bursting and were often ice cold. This condition seemed almost more serious than the extreme weakness. He gained strength enough at last to sit up in a chair or to crawl slowly over the floor, but he could not take one step on his feet. He was much better in a way and still it was feared that some new trouble would result from the swelling in his legs or that he might never be able to walk again. Of course the little boy did not know of their fears, he was patient and cheerful all the time, thanking God every day for his recovery.

One night just before the family was going to bed, Joseph was sitting in a large arm-chair propped up with pillows. His bandaged feet resting on cushions in another chair. He was very, very weak, but not discouraged, and he was listening to the talk of his brothers who were careful to tell him all the pleasant and interesting things that happened on the farm. While they were talking two elders, John White and Milando Pratt came in and were asked to administer upon him. They laid their hands upon his head and began, and it seemed as if some mighty power entered the room as they spoke. The walls shook and they themselves trembled. They rebuked the power of the Destroyer, and in the name of Jesus they promised the child that he should be healed. That the swelling in his limbs should depart, and that he should walk. You see Joseph himself had never doubted for an instant that he would not get well, but the rest of the family had feared, even while they hoped, and prayed. And none of the elders who had administered to him before, had made any promise. Their administrations had always been prayers, not promises so when these elders said, "you shall walk. You shall be entirely healed," it made a tremendous impression on his brothers who were near him. As the door closed upon the elders his little sister, a few years older than himself said, "Jodie, they promised you that you could walk. Can you now?" "Yes Joe," cried his brother," get up and try."

Before the astonished family knew what he was about, the child had struggled to his feet, and started toward his bed in the next room fully twenty-eight feet from where he sat. Instantly the mother and brothers sprang to his assistance, but he cried "Don't touch me, I can go alone." And he did. When he reached the bed he flung himself upon it and sobbed with joy. Next morning, which was Sunday, he was dressed and walked a block to Sunday School and soon recovered entirely from his serious illness.—R. C. I.

Lesson 32.

Topic: Visions and Dreams.
Divisions:

1. Review on the Gift of Healing.
2. Recitation of Article Seven.
3. Tell some of the Visions and Dreams sent by God as related in the Old Testament. The Articles of Faith, Lecture 12, paragraph 17.
4. Tell some of the Visions and Dreams sent by God as related in the Book of Mormon. The Articles of Faith. Lecture 12, paragraph 17.
5. Tell some of the divine Visions and Dreams as recorded in the New Testament. The Articles of Faith. Lecture 12, paragraph 18.
6. Tell of some cases where Dreams and Visions have been sent to people who were not members of God's Church. The Articles of Faith, Lecture 12, paragraph 19.

Incidents of Dreams and Visions will be found in The Faith Promoting Series. Selections may be made by the teacher and members of the class appointed to relate them.

"Scraps of Biography."
"Gems for the Young Folks."
"Fragrance of Experience."
"Leaves from My Journal," etc.

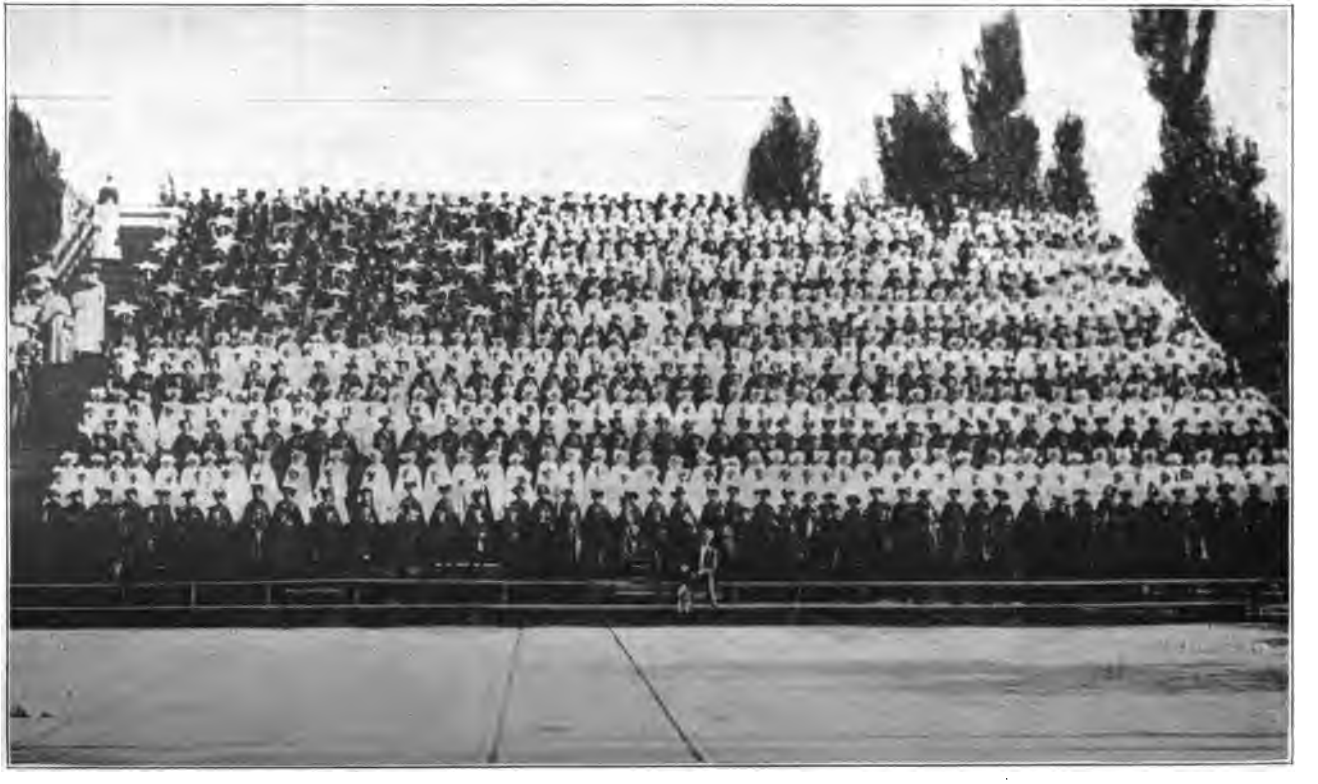
"NO WAY TO BE A 'MERICAN."

The boys had been keeping up a blissful uproar since daylight. Toy cannon and firecrackers had done their work—crackers large and small, singly and in bunches. For the most part the young patriots had confined their celebration to the back yard, but when one of them discovered Towser, who had remained as far away from them as possible, peacefully dozing under a front window, the opportunity seemed too good to be lost.

They tiptoed round the house, and placed several lighted crackers under a tin can near the sleeper. In a minute there was an explosion that made poor Towser spring into the air and bound away across the lot, yelping and half mad with terror. It was just then that Donald, the dog's master, appeared upon the scene.

"That isn't any how to keep Fourth of July, makin' a poor dog miserable!" he exclaimed, his yellow curls shaking in indignant protest. "That's no way to be a 'Merican!"

Donald was right. To be an American should mean protection for the weak, the defenseless, the helpless; it should mean the courage that is tender, and strength that is gentle, and regard for the rights of every living creature.



THE LIVING FLAG. AT THE G. A. R. CONVENTION, SALT LAKE CITY, AUG. 11, 1909.

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND

Vol. VIII. OCTOBER, 1909. No. 10.

A HALLOWEEN PARTY.

"Let's make lots and lots of lanterns," said Maggie, surveying her pumpkin with happy eyes, "and then let's think of something real new for Halloween. Will you, Jack?"

Jack nodded emphatically, together with his cheerful "Yes." Then he sat awhile in thought and afterwards said, "I know what I'd do."

"What?" demanded Maggie.

"It would be nice if all the children in this town would carry pumpkin lanterns on their heads and march into the grounds of that big house on the hill to please the little girl who walks with crutches."

"The new people's little girl, Mary?" asked Maggie softly, although, of course, she knew it couldn't be anybody else, and Jack gave an energetic if unnecessary nod of acquiescence. "It'll be fine," added Maggie, "ever so much better than tying vegetables to door knobs and old-time things like that, won't it?" and again Jack nodded, his round cheeks dimpling.

In the large house on the hill where the new people lived, Mary had three young visitors from the city, two little girls and a boy, and her mother had promised them a party; but the little girl who walked with crutches wasn't feeling well, and consequently was cross, and the boy visitor said, "I wish I'd stayed home."

"I don't care so much for things to eat, neither," said one of the little girls, and the other little girl pouted.

The bell was ringing for the party when the boy, who was at the window, saw something, a long line of shining lights coming across the lawn.

"Come and look!" he screamed, and the three little girls hurried to the window, Mary forgetting that she wasn't feeling well.

"It's pumpkin lanterns," gasped Mary. "Oh, don't they look like funny little people? Oh, just look!"

"Ain't nobody ready for the party?" inquired the maid, popping into the nursery, the bell in her hand, and joining the interested quartet at the window. "Laws! I reckon you ain't; it's the town children, sure's I live, givin' you a Halloween parade."

The queer little people with the brilliant smiling faces formed a semicircle beneath the window; they bowed together.

"They have the lanterns on their heads," screamed the boy, "and when they bow they dip their knees. Oh, isn't it funny!"

"Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!" screamed the little girls.
"Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!" came back from the lawn.

Mary's mother heard all this noise in a flutter, for as soon as she realized that the town children were bent on entertaining Mary, she decided that Mary in turn should entertain them, and she was helping the cook to find everything available in the shape of cake, candy, fruit and animal crackers, and all these things were put on the dining table and sideboard, and when the children at the window saw the children filing in from the lawn they went down in a hurry and joined the merry party in the dining room.

"It was a splendid party," concluded the boy from the city when he went home, after telling his grandfather all about everything, "but a strange part of it was that when Mary's mother asked the town children whose idea it was, a girl named Maggie said it was a boy's named Jack, while Jack shook his head and said it was Maggie's suggestion."
—Louise R. Baker.

TRAVELERS' EXCHANGE.

It was Beth, the sure-footed, who slipped and suddenly went, half sliding, half rolling, down the hillside. Donald dropped the wheel beside which he had been walking and plunged after her, while the other two members of the party gazed down the incline in alarm until Beth reached a stopping place and sent back a reassuring laugh and call.

"We have arrived!"

"And we seem to have reached a path that leads somewhere," added Donald, "so you two girls would better come after us if you're not afraid to try it. Wait a minute, and I'll come back and get my wheel."

The second descent was not so expeditious, but it was safer, and the young people found themselves on one of those winding, out-of-the-way paths that they were always delighted to discover in this summer of wandering among the hills.

"Come on!" called Beth, cheerily, ready to take the lead again. "If 'every road leads to one we need or one who needs us,' we'll soon find which lies at the end of this one."

"I hope it's a place to get a drink of water; I've been needing that more than anything else for this last hour," declared Margaret.

A quarter of a mile farther brought into view a stone chimney with blue smoke curling up to the deeper blue above, and a minute later Margaret pointed out an old-fashioned well which drew them like a magnet. They were still clustered about it when a gentle voice from the house near by called to them.

"Wouldn't you like to come inside and have some milk to drink?"

said some one standing in the open doorway—a young woman, tall, straight, brown of face under the sunbonnet she wore, who was looking out at them with unmistakable hospitality in her eyes.

"Wouldn't we!" "How delightful!" "Oh, what a nice place to rest!" The answers and exclamations mingled so eagerly that there was no need to repeat the invitation. The young travelers, warm, thirsty and tired, could scarcely imagine a greater treat than the glasses of creamy milk, cold from a near-by spring house, and the quaint old room in which they sat to enjoy it. Milk certainly never tasted better.

"We have so much of it, and no neighbors near who could use it, and it seems good to have somebody come along once in a while to share it," explained the hostess, somewhat shy in her pleasure, though her guests were much younger than she.

They rested and talked for a few minutes—only generalities about the hills, the roads and the beauty of the view, and then the little party, refreshed, and with many thanks, went on its way again. Fifteen minutes later there was an exclamation.

"Our package of magazines; We have left them all at that house."

Nobody had thought of them when they started, but everybody was sure that they had been carried as far as the house. It had been a case of divided responsibility that rested nowhere, and though Donald did tell himself that it was "just like a lot of girls," he did not make the remark audibly; he only ordered his party to halt while he went back.

"You'll be sure to lose yourselves if you try to go on," he said, and the sister and cousins meekly allowed his hint of superior wisdom to pass unchallenged.

But when, after what seemed like hours, the boy came back to them, he held up empty hands. They looked at him in astonishment, and asked whether they had not left the magazines at the house. Then he told his story.

"Girls, I couldn't do it! Yes, we had left them all right, but there she sat on that old settle so buried in those books that she never even saw or heard me when I stood in the doorway. Her bonnet was pushed away from the face—I wish you could have seen her face. Just think what it must be like to live in such an out-of-the-way place. Of course she doesn't often get hold of magazines. We have plenty of them, and I came away without speaking to her."

Beth nodded approval.

"As she doesn't know who we are she will have no way of returning them, and so she can enjoy them in peace," she said. "Wasn't it queer that she should be waiting there with the milk she was so glad to share, and that we should be carelessly carrying the books for which she was so hungry, and yet it was only a tumble on the hill-side that brought us together. I wonder"—but Beth finished the sentence only in her thought: "I wonder, if we kept our eyes open, if we wouldn't find every day of our lives a road leading to some one who needs us?"

—Ruth Cady.

RUTH'S FIRST RECITAL.

Ruth was only three, but as she lived near the schoolhouse, the children coaxed Mrs. Brown to let her go to school one Friday afternoon when they were going to "speak pieces."

Ruth knew all of her Mother Goose book, and mamma told her that she might speak a piece, if they asked her.

Ruth sat very still while the rest were speaking; and when Sadie Myers stopped short at the end of the first line of "Twinkle, twinkle, little star," and finally took her seat crying, Ruth was too much surprised to think in time to tell her what came next.

When the rest were through, the teacher called on Ruth. She was not one bit frightened—she had spoken so many times before the aunts and cousins. But she missed mamma to tell her what to speak. Then, remembering that "Little Bopeep" came first in the book, she commenced with it.

Everyone laughed and clapped her hands when she had finished; so she knew they were not tired, and thought it would not be polite to stop when she knew so many more.

"Mother Hubbard" was next given, and the scholars clapped and laughed still more. Ruth had wished that she had mamma to tell her when to stop; but so long as they all laughed so much it was a sure sign they were not tired. So she ventured on "Jack and Jill." Still no one suggested that they had had enough, and she kept on, and on, until she could think of no more new ones, and so commenced back at "Bopeep."

Just then the teacher looked at her watch, and found out that it was time to close school.

"But, mamma," said Ruth, when she got home, "they did not get one bit tired, for they laughed harder and harder every time I commenced a new piece."—*Selected.*

GOING AFTER FIRE.

"Tell us a story, grandmother," pleaded Jennie, "of when you were a little girl." "Yes, grandmother; or when you lived in the woods, and heard the bears howl at night."

"I never saw but one live bear," said grandmother, "and that was one morning when I ran over to our neighbor's to borrow some fire."

"Borrow fire!" cried the children, together.

"Yes," laughed grandmother. "Long ago we didn't have matches. There were none made then. If we let our fire go out, we had to borrow some. Mother usually covered up a heap of big knots deep in the

ashes over night. On raking them open in the morning, there would be a bed of coals to begin the day.

"But one night, the knots did not burn, and then there was no fire to get breakfast. I was the oldest, so mother pinned a woolen blanket over my head, and giving me the little iron fire-kettle, bade me be spry.

"Well, I got my kettle full of bright coals, with a blazing knot on top. I ran off through the cold, the wind keeping the coals ablaze.

"When I got about half way home I heard a crackling through the thick bushes. Almost before I had time to stop, a great black bear ambled out into the rough, narrow road. I was so scared that I dropped my kettle flat on the ground and stared at him. And he stared at me, sticking his long nose out toward me, sniffing and snuffling.

"But he didn't like the smell of the burning knot, and the next minute he leaped out of the path and went crashing off through the bushes.

"I didn't stop for the coals, but, scooping the knot into the kettle, I fled toward home in a great panic. A little time after that, father and Mr. Noble, our neighbor, caught the bear in a trap."—*Selected.*

DREARY-DAY CHEER.

"Emma Winston is my 'dreary-day cheer,'" smiled Mrs. Long to a lady friend as a bright-faced young girl passed through the hall, with a cheery, "Good-by."

"How is that?" asked the friend.

"Why, her eyes are too weak for her to attend school, and so I see a great deal of her. They live next door, you know. She delights in doing favors, I think. Just as sure as the weather is bad and it is an effort to keep off the depression bad weather usually brings, Emma will bob up like a blessed ray of sunshine. She'll amuse the baby, or get the children off in the kitchen, start a fire, and soon have a pot of candy boiling, and a happy crowd of youngsters around her. She's so delightful, too. She makes the children think it's fun to clean up; so the kitchen is always left in order. If my head aches, she seems too glad to come in and watch dinner or make up the rolls for me. Her mother says she is the same little bit of joy and comfort at home, and everybody on the place depends on her."—E. B. Crawford, in "Kind Words."

HOW THE PINE TREE DID SOME GOOD.

It was a long narrow valley where the Pine Tree stood. Perhaps if you should go and look, you would find it there yet, for pine trees live a long time, and this one was not then very old.

The valley was quite barren. Nothing grew there but a few scrubby bushes. It was as desolate a place as you can well imagine. Far up over it hung the great snowy caps of the Rocky Mountains, where the clouds played "hide and seek" all day, and chased each other across the snow.

Once in a while, a large gray rabbit could be seen hopping among the sage-bushes; but, look as far as you could, you would find no other inhabitants.

There were no pleasant farm-houses, or fields of waving grain; no cattle grazing on the nourishing bunch-grass that grew so thick on the mountain-side; no human voices to break the silence that brooded over all nature.

The valley lay alone in the shadows of the high cliff.

At the foot of the cliff grew a young Pine Tree which had bright green foliage, summer and winter. Now the young Pine Tree was lonesome, and often thought that it would rather be a rabbit, or a stream, or anything that could move, than to have to stand there in one place.

It would rustle its leaves and talk to the stream, but at last that became coated over with ice, and could not answer; then the Tree was lonelier than ever.

At last came a solitary mule, slowly dragging himself on until he reached the tree. Now the Pine, in shaking off some snow, had shaken off some cones as well, and they lay on the snow. These the mule picked up, and began to eat.

"Heigh ho!" said the tree, "I never knew that these things were fit to eat before."

"Didn't you?" replied the mule. 'Why, I have lived on these things ever since I was lost from the wagons. I am going back on the Oregon trail—thanks for my breakfast, and good-bye"—and so he disappeared.

"Well," exclaimed the Pine, as it shook down a number of cones, "that's something, at all events." It really felt happier, and with good reason, too.

After a while there appeared three people. They were a family of Indians. They, too, went to the Pine Tree. They were very poor, miserable, and hungry.

They began to clear away the snow in a circle, and to pull up sage-

bushes. These they built into a round hut, and lighted a fire within it.

At last night came on, cold and cheerless. The wind blew savagely, and the snow was heaped against the hut. The stream froze harder than ever, and the man had to break the ice again. The sage-bushes were all hid by snow-drifts, and the Indians could find none to burn.

Then the Pine Tree was glad to help them. They gathered up pine-cones and roasted the seed for food, and cut branches from the tree for fuel.

Day after day went by, some bleak, some warm—and the winter passed slowly along. The Pine Tree gave them their fire and food, and the melted snow was their drink. It had found its mission. It had helped to save three lives.

In the summer there came along a band of explorers, and one, the botanist of the party, stopped beside our Pine Tree. "This," said he, "is the Bread Pine." He looked at the deserted hut.

"How strange it is," said he; "this tree must have kept a whole family from cold and starvation last winter. There are few of us who have done so much good as that."

Then the Bread Pine said to itself, "I will never complain again, for I have found out how pleasant it is to do ever so little good in this world."—Selected.

"I know a little boy—
  His name begins with C—
Who, when he's busy playing,
  Is as strong as strong can be.

He can lug a heavy box,
  Roll a barrel big as he;
He's as nimble as a fox
  When a bonfire there's to be.

But when father wants the snowdrifts
  Cleared away before the door,
Or mother wants a package
  From the corner grocery store

That tired feeling comes apace—
  He is not well, you see;
It's astonishing how very weak
  This little boy can be!

—Selected.

GIRLS' DEPARTMENT

THE MAKING OF LEMON PIGS.

I know what you think about lemons. You think they are only good for making lemonade; but that just shows how mistaken you are, Lemonade is mighty good—my, doesn't it just make you smack your lips when you think how very good it tastes? But if you are playing farm, and just wondering where on earth you are to get the pigs that should live on your farm, you do what I tell you, and you will have some fine, fat, juicy pigs.

First get your lemons; pick out nice round ones with real piggy-looking snouts at one end. Then cut a slit in the snout for piggy's mouth.

The next thing to do is to find some small black-headed pins, and stick two of them in each pig for eyes. Now you are ready to make piggy's ears. Take the little knife again and make two little slits in the skin, just like a V, right over the eyes; run the knife carefully under the flaps of skin you have cut, so as to loosen them; then you can make them stand up like ears. If you have a piece of soft wire you can twist it like a pig's tail and stick it in the other end of the lemon; if not, you can use a wee bit of stick, then piggy will have a straight tail; or, if you live near a grape-vine, the dried tendrils from the vines make fine tails, and have the sure-enough curls in them.

Now for the legs! Matches are the very best things to use, for they are stiff-looking, burnt matches, so that the black part will look like piggy's feet. Now, you have a real-looking pig, with no trouble, and a lot of fun in the making. If mamma is very generous in donating lemons for pig-making, you can have a whole piggery in a little while; but some one else must supply the grunts.—The Circle.

THE SHAVING-PAD.

Instead of making the shaving-balls, that are so much work, and so unsightly after a few pieces are pulled out, try pads. Make them round, oblong, square, diamond or triangular, it does not matter which. Use good stiff pasteboard as a foundation, covering it on both sides with smooth, bright paper to match that you are to use for the pad. Punch a hole near the edge, in which to run a ribbon to hang it by. Tissue-paper is generally used for the pad, but I have made them of the soft kinds of wrapping-paper that come around small packages, it being almost as fine as tissue.

Cut the paper half an inch smaller than the foundation, slash the edges of a few of the outer ones, and curl them with a knife; put a smaller piece of a different color in the center (holes made with a

punch around the latter make it a little more showy), with an embossed picture to finish it off, and you are ready to attach the whole to the back. Use brass paperholders, such as are on some of the children's school-paper, for this. It will hold the paper firmly when each piece is being torn off.

These are a help when we are at a loss for some small article to supplement a larger gift; or if there is an unexpected guest to whom you would like to show your kindly feeling, it will take only a little time to prepare one of these, and will not cost much even when you think you have reached the limit of expenditure for this year. This suggests itself from seeing an incident of the kind last year. A young college student was spending his holiday vacation with his brother, who was in a fancy-notion store. When they were unpacking the vases, etc., the young man asked if he might pack up the soft wrapping-paper to take back with him for use when shaving. A shaving-pad was in order for his Christmas, even if all of the expected gifts had been made. As he was a student who must work his way, the gift was acceptable.—Selected.

USE THE THINKER.

The use of the "thinker" is what makes the good student, the good worker in any line. No matter how easy a lesson may seem how unimportant a bit of work, it is always worth one's while to give the whole thought to it. It is surprising how many mistakes creep in through the open gate that the wandering thoughts leave behind them. This is so well understood in a certain office that when a worker who is usually careful begins to make mistakes, the explanation is always ready: "She has something else on her mind; her thoughts are not on her work." It may be some secret worry that takes her mind; her thoughts are not on her work; it may be happy anticipation of some pleasure that is to come. In either case the result is the same. Letters are sent to the wrong address; columns of figures are footed incorrectly or incomplete. The girl who lets herself dream over her work of the delightful trip which she has planned for her vacation may easily make enough mistakes in one afternoon to cause tangles that will require days to straighten out.

The girl who lets her wits go woolgathering, as the saying is, when she should be getting her lessons, will spend twice as long as she need to at the task, and in the end will not have as clear an idea of what she has been over as she would have if she spent less time but given her whole mind to the work. There is nothing that pays so well, that gives such good results, pays so well, as concentrated attention to the work or study that the hour brings with it. Day-dreams and wandering thoughts should be saved for leisure hours; they have no place in the world for study or work, where those who wish to succeed must use their "thinkers" to the best possible advantage.—Exchange.

BOYS' DEPARTMENT

I WONDER WHY.

I wonder why, when Johnny plays,
He plays with such a vim
That all the long and happy days
Are all too short for him;
When busy with his bat and ball
He always tries to beat,
And never seems to mind at all
Discomfort, dust or heat.

I wonder why, when Johnny works,
He shows such lack of zest,
And why, in school, he lolls and shirks,
And sighs and longs for rest.
He'll run a mile to see a fire—
But on an errand sent,
A block or two will often tire
And make him ill-content.

If I were he, it seems to me
I'd do my best in both,
That all my boyhood days might be
A true and sturdy growth,
An honest man of brawn and brain
Is always bound to win;
But if life's prizes he would gain,
In youth he must begin.

—Selected.

SOME EXPERIMENTS.

To see an object that is too near to be distinctly perceived in a clear manner without the interposition of any glass, make a hole in a card with a needle, and without changing the place of the eye or the object, look through the hole at the object, and it will be seen distinctly, and considerably magnified.

Wrap up a very small ball of lead in a piece of paper, taking care that the lead be smooth, and that there are no wrinkles in the paper; also that it be everywhere in contact with the ball. If it be held in this state over the flame of a taper, the lead will be melted without the paper being burnt. The lead, indeed, when once fused, will not fail in a short time to pierce the paper and run through.

Water may be boiled in paper. Make a little box of legal cap, put some water in it, and hang it up by four threads over a spirit lamp. The water will soon commence to boil and the paper will not

burn, because all the heat is employed in changing the temperature of the water from cold to hot. Let the water now be removed and pieces of tin substituted, and the latter will soon be found melted within its paper receptacle.—Selected.

THE COST OF A BOY AND HIS DIVIDENDS.

Some one has been making calculations concerning the cost of a boy. This writer computes that by the time he has reached the age of fifteen, a good boy, enjoying the advantages of life. costs, including compound interest on the annual investment, not less than five thousand dollars. If the boy continues at school and goes to college, he will cost not less than five thousand dollars more by the time he has reached the age of twenty-one years.

In making this calculation, it is supposed that everything is included which properly goes into the expense account. There is the item of living—what it would cost if all had to be paid for in money at so much a week. Then there is the hire of a nurse through the years of babyhood, and of teachers from the time the child is old enough to be taught. All this, of course, the mother does, giving her days and nights to it, nor ever thinking of putting a valuation of dollars and cents on what she does with such unwearying love. Nevertheless, there is a money value in all this material service—at least, if there were no mother, and if it all had to be hired and paid for at regular rates, the cost, year after year, would be very great. There is also the cost of clothing, of doctors' bills, of education, of books, and of all that is done for the boy in the home during the years.

It is only the pecuniary cost that is included in this interesting computation. There is another cost which never can be put into figures. No price is put upon the mother's love and solicitude and care and tears and prayers, and the father's toil, struggle, self-denial, and self-sacrifice. There is no computing the value of such services, and yet these make up by far the greater part of the cost of the boy's bringing up.

The artist was making a portrait of a mother who had died and was trying to take out the lines which appeared in the face in the photograph from which he was copying his picture. "No," said the son, "don't take out the lines. Leave them, every one. It wouldn't be my mother if all the lines were gone." Then he spoke of the years of disinterested love, the long time of sickness when the mother had nursed the children through scarlet fever and diphtheria, and how she had given out the best of her life in most costly care. "Oh, no," he said, "leave the lines in the picture. They tell the story of the mother's love and service." No mere computation of what it costs in money to bring up a boy in a good home begins to tell the full price that has been paid.

Thus a boy, by the time he comes to young manhood, represents a large investment of money, love, and service. In matters of busi-

ness, men seek for reasonable returns from their investments. When there has been an outlay of ten or twenty thousand dollars in a boy, what kind of return should be expected? A great many fathers and mothers put all they have into their boys. They have no lands or houses, no stocks or bonds, no accumulation in the bank—they have toiled hard for many years, and all the results have been invested in their children. Surely they have a right to look for a return. What sort of return should this kind of investment pay?

First of all, there should be love. This is the only return that really brings satisfaction to the hearts of parents after they have toiled, suffered, and sacrificed, for their children. One of the bitterest disappointments of life is when a boy who has had done for him all that love could do, and has had lavished upon him all that love could bestow, through years of infancy and youth, fails to give to his father and mother the love that their hearts crave. No matter how brilliant he may be, how well he may succeed in the world, how his name may be honored among men, no prosperity and no fame will make up in satisfaction to his parents for the want of filial affection. To honor father and mother is the first duty of every one who has been reared in love. The first dividend that should be paid on the parental investments in the boy is love.

There should also be a repayment in character and work. When thousands of dollars have been spent on a boy in order to fit him for starting hopefully and with advantage in life, the least that can be expected of him is that he shall enter upon an honorable and worthy career. It certainly is a most unfit return when the boy neglects his studies, throws away his opportunities for learning, and turns to waste the money his parents have gathered at such a cost to educate him. It is a sore disappointment, also, when, instead of realizing their dreams and visions for his character, evil companions, indulging in sinful pleasures, making for himself a tarnished name and a spotted character.

It surely is the duty of every boy to make his life beautiful and good, realizing in it "whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honorable, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report." Children hold in their hands the happiness or unhappiness of their parents. A son who does well is not only an honor to his father and mother, but a joy and a pride as well. The memory of their love and of all that that love has done for him should inspire him to strive after all that is best in character, attainment, and achievement.—Selected.

PARTIES AND GAMES

PUSS IN THE STREET CAR.

This game may be played by any odd number of young people, and is full of excitement and good-natured exercise of their motor activities. Here is the game:

Place as many chairs in two rows, facing each other, as there are players, less one, who is "pussy" and is without a seat. Provide books, papers, or magazines for the occupants of the seats to read or pretend to, while pussy stands watching her opportunity to scramble for the first vacancy, as is done daily in real life. She calls off streets, avenues, and stations, in distinct tones, putting as much time between calls as she pleases, so as to catch the unwary and spring for their seats.

At the street calls all seats must be vacated, each passenger going out through the aisle, and re-entering the car from the opening at the other end of the aisle. Each player must find a seat on the opposite side from that he at first occupied. Whoever gets left is the next pussy.

At the avenue calls there is no rising nor leaving of seats, but the unwary or over-anxious player will often get caught, when any one else is at liberty to take his place, including the pussy, while the one who is so caught must pay a forfeit.

At the station calls all change seats to opposite sides, without leaving the aisle or going around on the outside of the chairs as must be done at the street calls. As before, the one who is found without a seat becomes the next pussy.

If pussy fails to get a seat at any time, that is, if she has to remain pussy, she must pay a forfeit for each time that she succeeds herself.

THE PLEASURE OF OTHERS.

In many social gatherings innocent games are useful in promoting good cheer and increasing the nimbleness of youthful wits. The following guessing game is a good one when entertaining girls, or when a party of girls are entertaining boys. Write the following list of conundrums on slips of paper and pass to each guest with a pencil, explaining that the answer in each instance is a girl's name:

1. What an army would do if it found a river too deep to ford? Bridget.

2. An admirable quality in a young woman? Grace.
3. The most prominent of Easter flowers? Lily.
4. The time for violets? May.
5. A gem? Pearl.
6. What papa does with the baby? Carrie.
7. How to write a postscript? Adaline.
8. The flower of June? Rose.
9. What a scissors-grinder and a street-car have in common? Bell.
10. A virtue? Patience.
11. An article? Ann.
12. First steps in music? Dora (do, re).
13. Two consecutive letters of the alphabet in transposed order? Effie (f, e.)
14. The night before? Eve.

The slips are to be collected and the one having the greatest number of correct answers may be rewarded with some inexpensive souvenir.

THE GAME OF NATIONS.

Here is a funny little game called "The Game of Nations." It will serve to get the thinking cap on and to furnish a half-hour's entertainment. On slips of paper to be given each guest write the questions and when returned to hostess with the correct answers they should be:

1. The Nation From Which We Start? Germination.
2. The Nation for Teachers Explanation.
3. The Nation for Pupils? Subordination.
4. The Nation for Actors? Impersonation.
5. The Nation for Theological Students? Ordination.
6. The Nation for a Political Candidate? Nomination.
7. The Nation for an Unpopular Official? Resignation.
8. The Nation for Pests? Extermination.
9. The Nation for Evil-doers? Condemnation.
10. The Nation desired by Monopolies? Combination.
11. The Nation Which Indicates a Class? Denomination.
12. The Nation on a Crusade? Carrie Nation.

PARENTS' DEPARTMENT

A STUDY IN "MOTHER-LOVE."

Four little boys at school were talking in a corner of the yard. A teacher, unnoticed, standing by an open window, overheard them using impure language. She reported the case to the principal in charge of the primary department, and the boys were summoned to the latter's office.

They appeared with wondering faces, not knowing that their words had been overheard, and perhaps forgetting already that they had used them. Miss Sanford realized the difficulty of her task. She might have made it easy for herself by giving a penalty which possibly would have checked the habit of saying such words on the school premises, but this plan did not satisfy her. She required of herself, as far as she could give it, the devotion of a mother to the children under her care, and she thought that a mother, in such a case, would try to make impurity absolutely obnoxious to them. She saw no sure defense against it except the hatred of it.

Therefore she stood before these boys, looking down into their nine-year-old faces, thinking how much baby innocence was there, and searching in her mind for something to say which should not drive it away, and yet should be a strong protest against a habit which was undermining it. The boys flushed and looked ashamed when they heard why they had been called, but gradually forgot their embarrassment as they left her friendly earnestness. They listened thoughtfully while she tried to show them the loathsomeness of mental filth.

Suddenly one of them spoke:—

"Miss Sanford, it's awful hard not to say those words, because the little street boys are always hollering them out to you, when you haven't said a word to them, and then we forget and say them too."

Miss Sanford checked her first impulse to sympathize, unreservedly, with this sentiment. It resembled too closely a habit of child life she was very familiar with,—that of defending one's self at the expense of another. It is a handy kind of reason for wrong-doing, because it passes over the responsibility to some one else and thus leaves the offender free to repeat his fault, whenever he wishes. It has in it the courage of the coward, who dares do any wrong for which he may pile the blame upon another's shoulders. Miss Sanford saw that she must not cherish this evil in these young spirits. So she answered that, of course, the frequent hearing of bad words made it hard to keep them out of mind, but she thought that they would want to do it enough to succeed if they could realize all that this language of the street boys meant.

At this point, Cecil, sitting next to Sheldon who had spoken, exclaimed, "I'm never going to say those words again, and it's mean to blame off our doing it on the street fellers, same as Snitchy wants to;" and "Snitchy's" ribs felt a dig from Cecil's stout fist.

"I don't either!" Sheldon returned the dig with an elbow; "Miss Sanford, I didn't mean that,—I meant,—I meant,"—he could not analyze it.

"I understand you, Sheldon. You meant that words we hear often keep running through our minds, as a tune does."

"Yes!" answered the boy, eagerly.

"Perhaps you could help yourself to send them away when you know you are thinking of them, by humming a tune you like."

"I'm going to try it!" Sheldon seemed in earnest, and Miss Sanford felt encouraged.

The two who had not spoken, now voluntarily said that they were sorry they had used such language, and they would never do it again. Miss Sanford did not receive this remark as a promise, but she assured them of her confidence that they would try their best to overcome the fault, and, if they did, they would be sure to succeed.

Mis Sanford smiled as she turned to her work. She felt cheered and encouraged. She did not think it possible that these boys would *never* use bad words again, as they thought now. She had avoided accepting ther promise because she knew that, in the midst of the sudden excitements of the boy world, phrases once learned would sometimes inadvertently slip out, even unconsciously. In such case, if he had promised, the unintentional culprit would be burdened with the sin of a broken vow and confronted with the temptation to conceal his defection by a lie. She did believe sincerely, though, that these boys would do all they could to overcome the habit gradually, and she had no doubt of their success in the end; for she thought of them as essentially good boys in intention, and not without their childish strength of character. She felt especially glad that she had been able to make an impression upon their minds without allowing them to shift their fault upon others.

Miss Sanford had met this case as she supposed any earnest mother would have done, but during the next twenty-four hours she learned that she was mistaken. The following day three out of the four mothers of the boys called upon her. They expressed deep regret for the occurrence. Their children had told them all about it, and they thanked her warmly for her kind interest and efforts. Each was much ashamed that her child should have committed such a fault; she had talked with him and had made him *promise faithfully never* to use such words again. Then followed a statement which was emphasized as if it were the most important of all,—that *her* little boy had been *absolutely* pure-minded until he had fallen under the baneful influence of the other three.

Miss Sanford, recalling how innocent the young faces had looked

to her, in spite of their bad words, could hardly help smiling when the first mother made this remark; and when the second repeated it, and the third one arrived with the same story, the humor of the situation was almost too much for her to meet seriously. Nevertheless, the matter was serious enough to her; for these mothers, according to their own statement, had readily appealed to feelings in their children which she had taken the greatest care to avoid arousing. How was that? Was mother-love not so anxious for the growth of true character in the child as teacher-love? Does the mother care less if she injures him by requiring a promise which it might be impossible for him to keep? Is she more ready to train him to be a coward,—that worst of cowards who hides from himself the evil nature of his own misdoings?

After the third mother had gone, Miss Sanford sat down at her table to do some writing. She happened to look out of the window, and her eye followed, for a moment, a robin running over the lawn, which was green with the freshness of spring. The tall elms in front were swaying in the light breeze, and the sunshine was delicious. She thought that all this beauty was God's love in visible forms, and then her mind went back to the young mothers, in whom she felt scarcely less interest than in their children. They were sweet and earnest women, even with what seemed their mistake in this instance, just as their boys seemed innocent, in spite of their words.

She wondered why the mother-love had not expressed itself in beautiful forms, even as the divine love fashions, spontaneously, the beauty of grass and tree and bird. She asked herself if mother-love could take any forms not beautiful, and she seemed to see that those mothers had let themselves come under the influence of other kinds of feeling. In exacting the promise, they had been moved by desire for immediate relief from their distress with their children's conduct, and had overlooked the real good of the child; and in pronouncing *her* child as inherently better than the others, each had let herself be swayed by her fear for the reputation of her home and her boy. Both feelings were at variance with that motherhood which is always wise and true in the protection of its little ones. It will not even *think* injustice to another on behalf of the child, for it knows that the atmosphere of wrong thoughts is harmful to him, even if they are never put into words.

Miss Sanford wished that she could suggest to these young mothers that the impulse to save one's self from present distress for the child, by doing him an injury, is not a form of mother-love. She wished that she could say to them that the reputation of the child is of little value compared with the character he is building up. She longed to ask them if mother-love, the true, must not always take upon itself beautiful forms,—forms of leading its children to face their own faults heroically and to interpret the actions of others generously.—Jane Dearborn Mills.

OFFICERS' DEPARTMENT

MORALITY AND RELIGION.

The young child has very little of the element of pity. He has lived in the world only a very short time, and he has little experience, and almost no power of generalization. How should he feel that it hurts the fly to pull out its wing? Sympathy, however, he has to some extent, though at first it is a mere instinct. Let the teacher be sad and all will be sad; let one child suffer and all faces will reflect his pain. A playground is often swept by waves of sympathy. This should be made much of by the teacher. She has a tiny shoot that she may nurture into a sturdy tree. By means of it she can teach altruism, unselfishness, the joy of working for others. The key to all such teaching is the Golden Rule. "How would you feel if it were you?" "Let me try that on you." "Put yourself in his place." Here is the cure for cruelty, for the hectoring of the weak by the strong; here also is the cure for the harsh judgment upon the weak and the erring one. The teacher should inculcate the spirit of old John Newton, who said when he saw the wretch on the way to execution, "There but for the grace of God goes John Newton." "Enlightened sympathy," observes Halleck, "is the basis of all ethics."

Psychologists have held many theories concerning the nature of the conscience. Some have ignored it altogether; others have analyzed it and found it composed of several primary elements; others have treated it as a distinct function of the intellect. For our purpose there is no need to consider the various theories. We can say with Dr. Roark, "It is enough that conscience is a part of the mental endowment of the normal human being, and it does not specially matter when or how he came by it." Conscience sists as the judge in the moral world. It weighs moral acts and both feels and forms judgments. It says, "That was wrong," "That was right," "Do this rather than that." "The intensified disapproval of conscience mingled with moral shame is remorse." Individuals have conscience in a varying degree. In small children it is feeble, just as all the other powers are feeble. It gains with experience and use; it decays with disuse; and, like everything else, if exercised rightly, it becomes a habit. It is a call ever toward what is true and high and right. It is not, as many have supposed, a mere lash to make one feel uncomfortable after a wrong act, it is a guide before the act; it points ever to what is the way of peace and joy. Dr. Taylor has given six rules for the training of the child's conscience and the moral nature:

1. Use negative or restrictive motives sparingly, relying, rather, upon positive motives of incentives.

2. Appeal to the motive that the child can understand.

3. Appeal constantly to the highest motive the child can appreciate.

4. Improve each vantage gained to educate the child to appreciate a higher motive.

5. Eliminate the personal or selfish element as rapidly as possible.

6. Be patient for results. Relax vigilance only when the impulse to the good dominates the child's entire being.

The command to love God with the whole heart and the whole mind is founded on good psychology. There is no need for us to analyze and define and classifiy. It is enough for us to find the pedagogic bearings of the religious sentiment. Briefly, to review, the religion of early childhood is largely moral in its nature. The teacher's duty is to inculcate habits of reverence, obedience, and love. Example counts here more than anywhere else. "If any one shoud ask me," says Bishop McCabe, "what most impressed me in my boyhood days, I should answer: The sight of my father coming out from the secret place of prayer every day at noon." The child should be taught to honor his father and mother. He should be led to feel the presence of God in the nature and then the possibility of the presence of God in the life. "By our own reverent devotions, by look, voice, and every attitude of real worship we instill reverence into the child." There should be no effort to force an "experience" upon the child until he is ready for it, but there should be careful nurture. The time will come for religious awakening. It is one of the laws of the human organism that the call to the higher life shall come with power to the soul at the appointed time.

Finally, the teacher should realize completely that moral and religious training is a matter of individual working with individual. The teacher should study her pupils one by one and adapt to each of them the needed lesson. To lecture and preach to a mass has its value, but to meet heart-to-heart each pupil at the proper time and adapt the message to his peculiar needs is religious pedagogy at its higher point of efficiency.—Selected.

RECITATIONS

FINGER-PLAYS.—THE CONTENTED LITTLE SQUIRREL.

Five little squirrels were chatting one fine day. (1)
Of the weather and the crops in a bright and friendly way.
"I think," said a plump little fellow, "we shall see (2)
More nuts this year on that great walnut tree."
"And I hope," said the next, "that the chestnuts will be fine; (3)
If they are, no children will be better fed that mine.".
"I'd rather have the acorns," said the next with a nod; (4)
"They have no prickly burr, and the shell is not so hard,
Said another, "A variety of nuts best suits my needs, (5)
With a few frozen apples, and a store of choice seeds."
But the last little fellow, with a happy chuckle, cried: (6)
"With whatever food is plenty, I shall be satisfied."

—Hattie Louise Jerome.

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(1). Hold up five fingers. (2) Thumb. (3). Pointer. (4). Tall man bowing. (5). Ring finger. (6). Little finger.

PIRATE'S CAVE.

Under the table, when dinner's through,
There is my favorite cave.
My sister she is a pirate crew,
An' I am a captain brave,
With treasure out of the cooky jar,
And plunder from other lands,
To the pirate lair that's hidden there
We creep on our knees and hands.

Before the people get up to go,
Then is the time to hide.
I whisper: "Ho, my lads, lie low,
There are foes on every side!"
And then I thump on the table top,
And papa says: "Hey! What's that?"
And another thump makes mother jump
And guess that it's just the cat.

But papa says, when I thump again,
"P'r'aps it's a pirate bold!"
And his legs an' feet come huntin' then,
A-tryin' to catch a-hold;
He keeps me hurryin' back an' forth
Till his hands comes huntin' too,
Then I sink the ship when I feels his grip,
And mother dear gets the crew.

—Selected.

LESSON DEPARTMENT

LESSONS FOR THE MONTH OF NOVEMBER.

FIRST GRADE.

(Children four and five years of age).

Lesson 33.

Memory Gem:

"May little children, everywhere,
Learn to know their Father's care;
And may I help to do His way
By serving Him, from day to day."

Story:—"Suppose we talk about ourselves for a few minutes, and find out what funny little boys and girls we are! Every night we do what? Yes, we go fast asleep. And what do we do every morning? When we wake up, what do we do? After we are washed and dressed, what do we think of? Do we think of our toys? Do we think of going out for a walk? Why do we think about our breakfast? Sometimes we are not only hungry, but we are very, very thirsty. We are glad for food to eat when we are hungry, and for water to drink when we are thirsty. If we did not have food to eat and water to drink, we could not live. Our food and drink help us to grow strong and tall; they help us to walk, to run, to play, and to do all the many things that we do each day. Who takes care of us and sees that we have food to eat and water to drink? Who do you think gives our fathers and mothers to us? Then God takes care of us, doesn't He?

Birds get hungry just as we get hungry. Some birds eat the seeds of grasses and plants; other birds eat worms and bugs. Who makes the plants and grasses grow? Who makes the insects and worms and all creeping things to grow? What else do the birds need besides food to eat? Have you ever seen birds getting a drink of water from little pools on the street after a rain? Who sends the rain? Who takes care of the birds at all times. Very soon the cold days will come, and the flowers and grasses with their seeds will all be gone. But before that time comes, most of the birds will have flown far away to the southland where it is warm and sunny and where they can find seeds. Aren't you glad that the birds can find food to eat somewhere else, when the grasses and seeds in our part of the country are all gone? Who makes all the grasses, flowers, and seed grow? Who takes care of the birds at all times?

Do you think God knows that we need food and drink, and fathers, and mothers, and homes? If God knows all the things you need, what do you think He will do? Why do you think He will give you all the things you need? Let us say this together. 'God takes care of you and me, because He loves us. God is love.'"

Suggestions:

This is Thanksgiving month and the lessons for the month should aim to instil into the minds of the children a feeling of reverence and grat-

itude to God for His kind protecting care. Stories on Thanksgiving day may be found in back numbers of The Children's Friend and may be used in connection with the lessons in this number.

Lesson 34:

Memory Gem:

"If every boy or girl some loving word would say,
The wrong things then would soon be right and all the world be gay."

Note.—The following incident should be used as an illustration from which to tell a similar one in your own experience.

"As I was coming to Primary today, I passed a home where a father and a mother and a dear little baby were sitting at the window. The baby was standing on her mother's lap, and just as I looked up she caught her mother's hair in her hands and pulled just as hard as she could. The baby was laughing, the mother was laughing, and the father was laughing, too; they were having such a happy time that it made me feel like laughing only to see them. Have you ever seen a little baby play that way? Does your little baby sister do that? and yours? What else does little sister do?

Tell me some of the things that mothers do for little babies. Why do they need to dress them? Carry them about? and take care of them all the time? Have you ever seen a mother put her arms about her baby and hold her very close and kiss her? Why do you think she did that? When you were little babies, your mothers used to take care of you and kiss you and teach you to love them? Now that you are such big boys and girls, it is your turn to show your love for them."

Suggestions:

Review the talk given in lesson 33 and connect with the one given in this lesson to illustrate the point that God loves His children, that we should do our best to please Him; that mothers love and care for their children and we must love them and help to make them happy.

Lesson 35:

Memory Gem:

"Father, thou who carest for smallest tiny flowers,
Thou teachest bees, and squirrels, to save for winter hours.
To Thee, we little children, our loving thanks would bring
For all Thy loving-kindness, of all Thy goodness sing."

Story:—"I have a picture to show you, and I want you to guess whom it is a picture of. (Show either your own picture as a little child, or a baby picture of any child in the class). Do you suppose that I was ever a little girl? Once I was just as little as the little girl in the picture, and I looked like her, too. Once I was littler still; I was just as little, Harry, as your baby sister. Do you think that your fathers and mothers were ever little children? Were you ever little babies? Are you going to stay little boys and girls?

Do you remember the baby Moses? (Review enough of the story of Moses to help the children to get your point). God took care of Moses, and helped him to grow to be a strong, wise man, for God had work for

Moses to do for him and for the people who worked for the cruel king. The king made the people who worked for him work very hard. He gave them no pay for their work and he treated them so badly that they cried out to God for help, and God heard their cry and helped them. God loved those people, and called them His children. A great many of them were big men and women, but God called them His children. I think this was because He loved them and took care of them. When Moses grew to be a strong, wise man, God showed him how to lead the children of Israel away from that country, where the king was so cruel and unkind to them, into another country, where they could make homes for themselves and for their children, and where they could be happy.

The children of Israel had a very long way to go, and it took them such a long time that they ate up all the food they had with them, and then they began to grow hungry. When they found that they had nothing to eat they cried aloud to God, and God heard them and helped them.

The Lord spoke to Moses and said, "I hear the children of Israel crying, and I will send them meat and bread. The Lord sent forth a strong wind that evening, and the wind brought quails and dropped them down so that the children of Israel could catch them, and eat them for meat. And in the morning the ground was covered with dew; and when the dew was gone, the children of Israel looked and saw the ground all covered with something that was small and round and looked like a little white seed. When the children of Israel saw this, they called it "Manna;" but Moses said, "This is the bread which the Lord hath given you to eat," Moses told them to gather the manna and to eat it, and they found it was good to eat and tasted sweet, like honey. God sent the manna to the children of Israel, morning after morning, for just as long as they needed it. And each morning, when the children of Israel went out to gather the manna, they found that God had sent enough for them to have all the food they needed. The children of Israel had to go a long, long journey to the promised land, but all the way the Lord, their Father, took care of them.

The Lord is our Father, too, and He loves us and takes care of us. Boys and girls are God's little children; men and women are God's big children.

Suggestions:

Tell simply the meaning of Thanksgiving Day and suggest that each child try to make some other child happy on that day.

Lesson 36:

Memory Gem:

"It takes one little girl or boy,
Two hands to work and play,
And just one loving little heart
To make Thanksgiving Day."

Story: "An Old-Fashioned Thanksgiving."

Francis and Minnie Parker had often spent the summer vacation with their Grandpa Best at his country home, but they had never seen how the place looked in winter time, until one year Grandpa Best sent an invitation for the whole family to come and spend the Thanksgiving season at the old country home.

When the invitation came, Minnie and Francis were as happy as could be. It so happened that there had been a heavy snow-storm just a few days before, and there was every prospect of some good sleighing.

"I'm so glad we are going to grandpa's," shouted Francis. "If this snow only lasts, I know he'll give us fine ride in the big sleigh."

"Yes, and we can make a snow-man, and have lots of fun in the snow," said Minnie.

As it took several hours to reach Grandpa Best's home, the Parkers started the day before Thanksgiving, reaching there just before dark on Thanksgiving eve.

Grandpa Best came to meet them at the railroad station, and, sure enough, there was the big family sleigh, and merry sleigh-bells were ringing.

"So glad to see you," said Grandpa Best. "Now, jump right in, for grandma is waiting at the house for you."

So they got in and were whisked away to the old homestead, where grandma stood waiting to receive them with open arms.

The next day was one of constant delight for Francis and Minnie. In the morning grandpa drove to the little country church and there they attended the Thanksgiving service. Then they came back to find that Grandma Best had cooked the finest dinner you could imagine—turkey and sauce, and mince pie, and all the other dainties that go to make up a Thanksgiving feast.

In the evening some friends came to the house, and such a merry time as they all had together, with all kinds of games, and grandpa enjoying the fun just as much as if he were only seventeen instead of seventy years old.

It was a right happy Thanksgiving that they all had together, and when the Parker family left the next day, Francis said to his mother: "I hope grandma will invite us out for next Thanksgiving."

And his mother said: "You and your sister were such good children that I am sure grandpa will be glad to have you come to visit him again.—Selected.

Suggestions:

Gather together the points of the three previous lessons as they all suggest Thanksgiving, review them and add the story given in this lesson.

SECOND GRADE.

(Children six and seven years of age).

Lesson 33.

Note.—In lesson 28 a story was given about the Gulls in Salt Lake. A mistake was made by saying that grasshoppers were destroying the crops. They were crickets. Crickets cannot fly but jump. Please retell the story and correct any mistaken impressions given to the children.

Topic: Temptation.
Review of lessons on "Forgiveness." (See September number).
Concert recitation of the Lord's Prayer.

Suggestive Talk:

Our prayer says "Lead us not into temptation." This means that we are asking the Lord to help us when there is danger that we will do something that is wrong. Every day we will want to do things that we ought not to do. Mother says, "Don't go out in the road to play," and that is just what we would like to do. The road is so bright and sunny, it would be such fun to run across it. We think about it until we almost forget that we must mind what mother says. If we were big we would know that to

want to do something that we ought not to do is being tempted, it is a very hard thing for little boys and girls to be tempted, and it is hard for big people, too. So we pray and ask our Father in heaven to help us. What is it we say, "Lead us not, etc."

I once learned a lesson from a dog we had. My father used to put a bit of meat or biscuit on the floor near the dog and say, "No," and the dog knew he must not touch it. But he never looked at the meat. He seemed to feel that if he did so, the temptation to disobey would be too great, so he looked steadily at my father's face. That is a lesson for us, do not look at temptation, let us turn awa/ from it and remember our prayer, "Lead us not into temptation."

I will tell you about a little girl who was tempted. She looked at the temptation and then did something that was wrong.

Story: "Long Stitches."

Helen was sewing by the window. She could hear the other girls playing tag in the yard next door, and she was very anxious to join them, for she knew by the noise and laughter that they were having a good time. But what a long seam! "I'll just hurry it," she whispered to herself. "What if there are a few long stitches? No one will ever know. It will look just the same on the outside." And so the pretty apron was finished in almost no time, and folded away in a drawer. I think Helen was not quite easy in her mind, as she ran out to join the other girls on the lawn. It was too much like cheating, but then she hoped her mother would not think to examine it, when all the others had been so neatly done.

The next afternoon, Helen's Aunt Sadie came on a long-expected, but long-delayed visit. She had not seen Helen for nearly two years, and as the little girl was her favorite niece, she was, of course, deeply interested in everything pertaining to her, and especially in all that she had learned in the past two years. Her grade cards and drawing and embroidery work, had been duly inspected and praised, and she had played a difficult hymn through without a mistake.

"But I am proudest of her plain sewing," said her mother, "because it is such a useful art. Helen, bring me the apron you finished yesterday, I want to show it to your Aunt Sadie."

Poor Helen! Reluctantly she went, slowly she returned and laid the apron in her mother's lap. The latter unfolded it, shook out the wrinkles, and turned it wrong side out for Aunt Sadie's inspection.

"This hem is as neat a piece of work as I've ever seen," nodded Aunt Sadie. Then her eyes fell upon the straggling stitches which Helen had put in the afternoon before, in her hurry to join the girls in their play. Aunt Sadie looked from them, with an inquiring glance, to Helen's face, which was scarlet. The little girl burst into tears, and, between sobs, explained how she came to finish her work in such a careless manner. "At least you can remedy it, dear," said Aunt Sadie, when she had soothed her niece and wiped away the tears. "Sometimes we do such things when we never can go back and undo them."—Selected.

Suggestion:

The story of Adam and Eve in the garden of Eden and personal experiences in the overcoming of temptations may be introduced in the lesson.

Lesson 34:

Topic: Temptation.
Recitation of the Lord's Prayer.
Review of lessons on Temptation.

Suggestive Talk:

Last week I told you a story about a dog who was tempted. What did the man do with the meat? What did the dog do? If he had looked at the meat what do you think he would have done? We think that was a fine dog; he had learned to be brave and if we want to be brave and strong we must learn to be like the dog so that when we are tempted we must try to get away and not look at things that are wrong.

"There was a little girl named Dorothy who had brothers and sisters, a very happy home, and a father and mother who not only gave their children everything they needed, but loved them so much that they were never more glad than when giving their children pleasure. The children had all kinds of toys and a room of their own where they could play and make as much noise as they wished. There were not very many things in the house which they had been told they must not touch, but there were some. From the time they were old enough to understand the meaning of the words they had been told that they must never play with matches. One day when little Dorothy was alone in the play room her mother heard her scream and ran to see what was the matter. A box of matches had been spilled on the floor and the flaming dress of the child told the plain story of disobedience, but of course, you know that the mother did not stop to say: "She has disobeyed me. It is her fault that she is in this trouble. I shall do nothing for her." No, indeed; she sprang to the side of the disobedient child with her own hands attacked the flames and finally put them out. Dorothy was burned,—not even her mother's prompt help could save the child from the pain and sting of the fire which her own disobedience had lighted, but her life was saved. The hands of the mother were severely burned, and she, too, suffered. Whenever in the after years Dorothy saw the scars on her mother's hands they spoke to her of the great love of the one who had loved her when she was disobedient."—Selected.

Lesson 35:

Topic: Temptation.
Recitation of the Lord's Prayer.
Review of lessons on Temptation.

Suggestive Talk:

Who can tell the story of the "Dog and the meat?" What kind of a dog was he? Who can tell me about the little girl and the matches? The matches were a temptation to the little girl. What does our prayer say about temptation? Let us all say it together. When the man put the meat on the floor near the dog, what did the dog do? If he had looked at the meat what do you think would have happened? When Dorothy saw the matches what ought she to have done? Now I will tell you about a little boy who was tempted, but who was brave and strong and went away from the temptation.

Story: "In a Summer Storm."

Mother was going to Hartford to meet grandmother, and would bring her home with her late in the day. Robert was going to stay with his dearest friend, Howard.

Mother and son went out together, and at the gate she kissed her little boy good-by.

"Be sure to be home by five," she said. "Remember that grandmother and I can't get in without a key. And if you should need to come to the house for anything, don't forget to see that the door is locked, and the key in your pocket, when you leave."

Robert promised to be very careful, and he marched up the street feeling quite important at being entrusted with the key to the night latch.

The boys had a happy time all day. They were so busy playing with Howard's new express wagon that they did not notice the gathering clouds, until thunder muttered in the west.

"Oh, we're going to have a shower!" cried Robert. "And mother left our windows open! It was so clear this morning, she said she didn't believe it could rain. I must go right home!"

"Don't go yet!" begged Howard. "It may not come here at all. Wait and see."

So Robert stayed to play awhile, but kept an eye on the clouds.

"The thunder grows louder," he said at last. "I guess I'd better go. You come too, please!"

"Oh, I don't want to!" returned Howard. "It's hot! You go home and shut your windows, and come back quick."

"Why, it's almost half-past four!" Robert exclaimed, looking at the clock. "I can't come back, because mother's coming about five, and I must be there then. Please come, Howard!"

"I think you would better try to come back and stay till the shower is over," Howard's mother said. "Your mother and grandmother wouldn't be likely to leave the station in a thunder storm, and you could run home in time to open the door for them. Is it necessary to go now, if the blinds are shut tight?"

"Mother always shuts the windows in a thundershower," Robert said.

A heavier peal of thunder made Howard declare that he wasn't going anyhow; so Robert started off alone, on a run.

Home was not far away, and Robert had the windows tight before the first big drops fell. "I'd have time to run back," he said to himself, standing by the parlor window. He didn't like thundershowers, and he dreaded being in the house alone through a severe one. "But mother might come," he thought; "I guess I must stay. God will take care of me just the same as if mother were here." A flash of lightning and a roll of thunder sent him from the window.

He put on his rubber overshoes and drew his chair into the middle of the room, just as mother always told him to do in a heavy shower.

A faint meowing from the back door brought him company. "Why, kitty," he said, "I forgot about you! Come right in my arms!" and the old black kitten cuddled close, and purred.

It grew dark; the rain fell in sheets, and the lightning flashed constantly. In the midst of it a hack stopped at the door, and mother and grandmother ran up the steps. Wasn't Robert glad he was there to let them in!"—Selected.

Lesson 36:

Topic: Temptation.
Recitation of the Lord's Prayer.
Review of lessons on Temptation.

Suggestive Talk:

Our Father in heaven is very kind to us and helps us in many wonderful ways. When we are tempted to do wrong something inside of us will speak to us and warn us. This voice is so low that nobody else ever hears

it. We big people know that it is God's Spirit that is trying to help us. Perhaps you can remember hearing people say in their prayers, "Give us Thy Spirit to guide and protect us."

When we are tempted we want that Spirit to say to us, "Don't do that, it is wrong."

To help boys and girls to know what we mean by the "voice inside" stories are told in which we say that the Spirit is a fairy or a dwarf. Of course there are no real fairies or dwarfs, but it helps us to understand. I will tell you one of these stories.

BILLY AND THE DWARF.

Billy was called a bothersome little boy. His brothers and sisters thought him a bother because he was always teasing them. The neighbors closed their doors when they saw him coming, for he was sure to get into mischief. The chickens all ran into a corner in the yard when he came, for he was likely to chase them, and the kittens ran and hid, too, for he was not good to them.

Billy sat one evening on the big stone at the bottom of the steps. He was lonely, and he was thinking "I guess nobody likes me," when suddenly, a funny little man, about as big as his thumb, hopped upon his knee.

"You want me to help you?" said the funny dwarf.

"Yes," said Billy, "If you will make people like me."

"I will," said he, "but you must promise to do everything I say. I will get into your coat pocket and you must listen and obey."

Billy thought it would be very nice to have the tiny creature always with him, so he promised. Then he lifted him gently to his pocket.

Just then his father called, "Billy run into the house for my newspaper."

Billy was just on the point of saying, "Can't somebody else get it?" when the dwarf called in his sharp little voice, "Run, Billy, run on tiptoe." Then Billy ran on tiptoe, found his father's paper, and brought it with a smile.

"Thank you Billy," said his father kindly.

Just then Billy heard the voices of his brothers and sisters, who had been to the woods for flowers and birch. They had gone without inviting Billy, for they thought he would be in the way. Billy ran to meet them.

"I think you're real mean," he was about to say, when the dwarf, whispered, "Billy, share your apples."

Now Billy had a bagful that his uncle had given him. He had meant to eat them all himself, but when he heard that tiny voice, he skipped away to the shed, got his bag of apples and gave a big rosy one to each of his brothers and sisters. They were surprised, and they gladly shared their birch and flowers with the little brother who had been so generous to them.

Early the next morning Billy remembered that the old hen had a coop full of fluffy yellows chickens.

As soon as he was dressed he ran out to see them. He found them all running to hide under their mother's wing. One chicken lost its way, and Billy began chasing it, but the dwarf, still resting in his pocket, whispered, "Give them some breakfast, Billy."

Billy heard the little voice. Then he ran quickly and shelled an ear of corn for the mother hen. He mixed up some Indian meal with water in a big yellow bowl for the chickens. They all gathered around while he fed them, and, as he did not try to catch them, Billy knew that they were afraid of him no longer.

On his way to school that morning Billy met Sambo, a little colored boy in a big straw hat. Billy's hand went up to snatch the big hat and throw

it over the fence, when the tiny dwarf called out, "Ask him to play ball with you."

"Say, Sambo, will you play with my new ball at recess?"

"Yes," said Sambo, "do you mean it?"

"To be sure," said Billy, with a smile.

The boys had a fine game of ball at recess, and in a few days Sambo had learned that Billy was always good to him now.

As Billy walked toward home that afternoon he remembered a pond where the fishes played. He whispered to his little brother, "Let's run away to the pond," though his mother had often said, "Never go to the pond unless I am with you." The tiny friend in his pocket said, "Go ask your mother."

Billy's mother was sitting on the porch and the boys, politely raising their caps, asked her, "Will you please go with us to the pond?" Mother was pleased to see the children so courteous, and she gladly left her sewing to go with them.

One night Billy sat again on the big stone at the bottom of the steps. He was saying to himself, "Most everybody likes me, I guess."

The dwarf whispered from his pocket, "Shall I stay with you, Billy?"

"Yes," said Billy, "I will not let you go."

Billy grew up tall, straight and handsome, and, best of all, he grew to like everyone—and everyone liked him.—Elizabeth Stoll, in Kindergarten Review.

THIRD GRADE.

(Children eight and nine years of age.)

Subject: The Ten Commandments.

Lesson 33.

Topic: Thou shalt not kill.

Recitation of the Sixth Commandment.

Suggestive Talk:

"To respect life means more than to refrain from committing murder. It means to be "kind to all harmless creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usages." It means to protect the trees and shrubs, and to pick wild flowers with such care that they will not be torn up by the roots or trampled into the earth and killed." (Read or recite the following poem and then use it as a basis for a talk on the wonderful creations of God).

WONDERFUL.

Isn't it wonderful, when you think,
How the creeping grasses grow,
High on the mountain's rocky brink,
In the valleys down below?
A common thing is a grass-blade small,
Crushed by the feet that pass—
But all the dwarfs and giants tall,
Can't make a blade of grass.

Isn't it wonderful, when you think,
How a little seed asleep,
Out of the earth new life will drink,
And carefully upward creep?—
A seed, we say, is a simple thing,
The germ of a flower or weed,—
But all Earth's workmen, laboring,
With all the help that wealth could bring,
Never could make a seed.

Isn't it wonderful, when you think,
How the wild bird sings his song,
Weaving melodies, link by link,
The whole sweet summer long?
Commonplace is a bird, alway,
Everywhere seen and heard,—
But all the engines of earth, I say,
Working on till Judgment Day,
Never could make a bird.

—Julian S. Cutler.

We ought never to hurt or take the life of anything.

The following incidents may be used to illustrate the cruelty of taking life unnecessarily.

"There was a tragedy the other day in W. S. Clay's dove house which, had the actors been human beings, would have meant a case for the grand jury and aroused universal pity and indignation.

A mother dove had been the target of the small boy with a 22 rifle. The bullet had passed through her breast, leaving her only strength enough to flutter homeward and reach the nest where a half-grown fledgling awaited her coming. Dying she had snuggled up against her little one, her life blood pulsing out over her own white breast and against her babe. And there, with eyes staring wide, she breathed her last and the fledgling starved, and froze, and they were found with their heads pressed together as in a last, loving embrace.

Mr. Clay brought them down town just as they rested in the nest, and the sight and the suffering it spoke were enough to melt the hardest heart. And the boy with the 22 rifle may cause a like tragedy again and many times."

"There are certain things which all boys and girls should remember:

1. Never to stick pins into butterflies and other insects, unless you would like to have somebody stick pins into you.
2. Never to carry poultry with their heads hanging down, unless you would like to be carried in the same way.
3. Never to throw stones at those harmless creatures, the frogs, unless you would like to have stones thrown at you in the same way.
4. That nearly all snakes are harmless and useful.
5. That earth worms are harmless and useful, and that when you use them in fishing they ought to be killed instantly, before you use them.
6. That it is very cruel to keep fish in glass globes slowly dying.
7. That it is kind to feed the birds in winter.
8. That bits should never be put in horses' mouths in cold weather without being first warmed.
9. That it is cruel to keep twitching the reins while driving.
10. That when your horse is put in a strange stable you should always be sure that he is properly fed and watered, and in cold weather that his blanket is properly put on.
11. That you should never ride after a poor-looking horse when you

can help it. Always look at the horse and refuse to ride after a poor-looking one, or a horse whose head is tied up by a tight checkrein.

12. That you should always talk kindly to every dumb creature.

13. That you should always treat every dumb creature as you would like to be treated yourself if you were in the creature's place."

Lesson 34:

Topic: Habits.

Recitation of the Seveneth Commandment.

Note to teacher:—It is impossible to teach the full meaning of the seventh commandment to the children in this grade, but a lesson may be given on "Good Habits." The teacher should read "A Study in Mother-Love," Parents' Department.

Suggestive Talk:

The Bible says, "Little foxes destroy the vines." Have you ever seen a grape vine? What does it look like? What are grapes good for? Now I will tell you why the Bible says, "Little foxes destroy the vines." In Palestine there were a great many vines growing, because the people needed a great many grapes for food and drink. There were, also, little foxes there who were very fond of the grapes, they made their nests near the vines, they burrowed down into the roots and they could hide under the leaves so that it was difficult to see them. These little animals would destroy more vines than all the big animals or the largest wild beasts of the forest. The people were kept busy trying to get rid of the little foxes who did so much harm to the grape vines. So the Bible says, "Little foxes destroy the vines."

Little boys and girls have to be helped like the vines to grow strong, healthy and good. Who helps the boys and girls? How? What does father and mother do to help us to be good? What does the teacher do?

When we are little we learn to do a lot of things, some good things and sometimes, wrong things. (Let the children tell of some of the little habits which children form, such as keeping the hands in the pockets, finger in the mouth, biting of finger nails, chewing of handkerchief or bonnet-strings, etc. Let them tell of the troubles they have in trying to overcome habits of this kind). All things like these we call habits, and when they are formed are very hard to stop. The habits we have been talking about are very unpleasant but they are not really wicked. There are some habits that we get into that are like the "Little foxes," that are so bad they get away down into our hearts and if we do not stop them, they will destroy us, like the foxes do the vines. Sometimes we take things that do not belong to us, perhaps it is only a very small thing, so little that we say, O, that doesn't matter, it is such a little thing." Sometimes we say something that is not quite true, then we say, "Oh, I didn't mean anything by it." We did not mean to tell a lie, but we did not tell the truth. Sometimes in school we copy and let the teacher think that we did the work.

We should never have a secret that we cannot tell to father and mother. If anybody says to you, "I'll tell you a secret if you won't tell anybody," ask at once, "Can't I tell my father or my mother?" and if they say, "No," then you will know that it is not right for you to listen to it. A friend of mine the other day, a noble fellow, when a person was going to tell him an unhappy secret, jumped up, saying, "My father would not like me to listen to that. Good-night, sir," and at once left the room.

All these things are wrong and are the little habits that may some day be so strong that it will be impossible to break them.

We must learn to watch ourselves and see that we make good habits, we must be sure to have clean habits, keep our bodies clean on the outside. How can we keep our bodies clean on the outside? What do we need to help us to keep clean? It is more important to keep clean on the inside, we must think about good things, be careful to tell the truth, never to take any-

thing that is not our own, never to deceive anybody, or say words that are not nice for boys and girls to use. These are some of the little habits that make us not clean on the inside.

Boys and girls will sometimes get together and tell stories that are not nice stories and when you think about them they make you unclean in your minds. What can we do to help us keep clean in our minds? One of the very best things for a boy or girl to do is to tell mother and father every little story that you hear, tell them everything you do, and they will help you. Tell all you do and hear and think and that will be just like washing your mind with soap and water. Then we must always ask our Father in Heaven to help us, because it is going to be a big fight for us to keep our bodies and our minds clean and pure.

(Tell the following incidents in language that your children will understand).

TOO MUCH ROPE.

"A boy and a dog met. Just how this came about is of no importance, for boys and dogs are often companions. This boy had a long piece of rope tied round his dog's neck to serve the purpose of a collar and chain. At first, the boy was leading the dog in a quiet manner. But the dog grew restless, and began to tug and pull all the rope he had, and then things changed. Instead of the boy leading the dog, the dog began to lead the boy, and the last I saw of that pair was the boy following that dog as he darted round the corner of a building. The dog had the boy on the run. I laughed at the boy's predicament.

There are other companionships than those formed by boys and dogs. We form companionships between our habits and ourselves. We think we are the leaders of the party—and we may be. But there are times when our habits refuse to be satisfied with the liberty we allow them, and they become restless. They do not work as strenuously as did the dog, but they pull for more rope just the same."

HOW TO GET RID OF A BAD HABIT.

"The story is told of an English schoolmaster, who offered a prize to the boy who would write the best composition on "How to Overcome a Habit." A boy of nine years won the prize, and this is what he wrote:

"Habit is hard to overcome. If you take off the first letter it does not change 'a bit.' If you take off another, you still have a 'bit' left. If you take off still another, the whole of 'it' remains. All of which goes to show that if you want to get rid of habit you must throw it off altogether."

Suggestion: Illustrate this story on a blackboard.

Lesson 35:

Topic: Honesty.

Recitation of the Eighth Commandment.

Review very thoroughly the last lesson. Ask a great many questions and try to impress on the minds of the children the value of perfect confidence between them and their parents. While the subject of the Seventh Commandment may not be discussed with the children much help may be given them that will help them and protect them from the injury that comes through talking with other children on this subject.

Continue speaking about the formation of habits and explain the meaning of honesty. Relate the following story.

THE CHANGE.

"Ted, would you and George like to walk over to the Henderson's farm and get me some vegetables?" asked mother one morning.

"Yes, of course we would, mother," willingly answered Ted. "What do you want?"

"You may get me three cucumbers and six tomatoes," mother replied as she gave Ted a basket and twenty cents with which to pay for the vegetables; "and if there is any change be careful not to lose it."

"All right, mother, we will run as fast as we can; won't we, George?"

When the three cucumbers and the six red tomatoes were in the basket, the man gave four pennies back to Ted, and the boys turned toward home.

The road home went by the drug store, and as they drew near, George said, "My, I wish I had a soda; don't you, Ted?"

"Don't I, though!" replied Ted. "But I haven't any money; have you?"

"No, I have only a penny; but why can't you take those four that the man gave you?"

"Oh, those belong to mother, and she told me to be careful not to lose them."

"Well, she didn't know for sure that there would be any change, and you needn't tell her," said George.

"Maybe mother wouldn't mind," Ted answered, but down in his heart he knew that it wasn't the square thing to do. He had not the courage to say so, however, so they bought a chocolate soda.

How hot it was going home, and what a long way it did seem from the drug store to Ted's home!

"Here are your vegetables, mother."

"Thank you, dear. Did you have to spend all the money?"

"Yes," Ted answered as he hurried on for fear she would ask him more questions.

When luncheon was ready there was no Ted, and after some calling a very weak little voice answered from his room, "I don't care for any luncheon, thank you!"

"No luncheon?" And mother ran up-stairs, where she found a very pale little boy lying in his bed.

"What is the matter with my boy?" mother asked kneeling beside him and stroking his forehead.

"O mother, mother," came the sobbing reply, "there was some change left, and I spent it for a chocolate soda for George and me, and I don't feel good at all inside!"

"That was not very kind of my little boy to use his mother's money, and then pretend he had spent it all for vegetables, was it?"

"No, it wasn't, and I do not think I shall ever do it again, mother, dear!"

And mother felt sure he had been punished quite enough, and would keep his word.—Margaret Warren.

Lesson 36:

Topic: Bearing False Witness.
Recitation of the Ninth Commandment.

Note to teacher: Explain the meaning of bearing false witness, tattling, or tale-bearing. Relate the following stories.

WHEN CYRIL DIDN'T TELL.

There was an awful silence in the school-room when Miss Baker had finished speaking, but no one answered. It was during the study hour after recess that Miss Baker had been called to 'phone, and upon her return she had said: "Children, but especially the boys, I should like your attention for a few minutes. Mrs. Marsden, who, you know, lives next door, has just told me that one of her windows was broken this noon, and she is sure that some one of you did it, either with a ball or with a stone. I should be

very sorry to think that one of my boys did it and yet I hope that whoever it was will be man enough to tell me, and to pay for it. But please remember what I have so often said, that if you have any information to give, first be very sure that it is true, that it is kind and that it is necessary. That is all I wish to say."

Then, after several uncomfortable wriggles and clearing of throats, but no actual answer, Miss Baker called the class in geography.

That afternoon Cyril Leslie walked home very soberly, for he was pretty certain that he knew who was the culprit, because at noon time he had been the last one in from the playground, and just as he had came around the corner of the building he saw Dick Benton cast a stone from the doorway at Mrs. Marsden's cat, and how he remembered hearing the rattle of broken glass at the same time, although then he had been in too great a hurry to notice where it came from. But now he was certain that Dick's stone was the cause of the accident.

The two boys had never been on very friendly terms, and Cyril thought this was a good chance to get even with Dick by telling the other fellows, if not Miss Baker, who had broken the window. But when Miss Baker's words would come into his mind: "Was it true? Was it kind? Was it necessary?" It certainly was neither kind nor necessary, even if it were true, and so by the time he reached home he had decided to let some one else do the telling.

To his great suprise, next morning, after school had opened, Miss Baker said smiling: "I am so glad to learn that Mrs. Marsden was mistaken when she thought that one of my boys had broken her window, because I felt grieved that none of you had confessed having done it. But on my way to school this morning, Mrs. Marsden stopped me to say that, soon after she had 'phoned, her gardener came in and told her that his ladder had slipped and broken it. Then she said she hoped that, if I had spoken to the boys, I would tell them that she had been too hasty in blaming them."

Cyril felt a guilty blush burning his face which he tried to hide behind his desk, but no one knew how glad he was that he had not told on Dick, and so saved them both a lot of trouble.—Margaret Warren.

TWO KINDS OF WITNESSES.

I think she was too mean for anything, and I am going to tell all the girls at school about her!"

"Did Meta see her do it?"

"No, but she said that just as she went back into the room Amy was standing by my desk, wiping up the ink with her handkerchief, and this morning I found my book just ruined, and she never said a word to me, either. I shall get all the girls to promise not to speak to her, so there!"

"Well, I certainly will not speak to her, but I must run home now. Good-by, Gladys, be sure to stop for me in the morning."

"Yes, I will. Good-by!"

"Gladys!" called grandmother when the door closed.

"Yes, grandmother, what is it?" Gladys answered as she went into the library.

"I overheard your conversation about one of your schoolmates, and it seems to me that it was not a very kind way in which to speak of a little girl when she was not present. What was it all about?"

"Well," answered Gladys, "when I took out my books this morning I found that my reader was covered with ink and spoiled. Yesterday afternoon Meta Armstrong saw Amy wiping up the ink on my desk. Amy did not say anything to her about it, but hurried out. Would you speak to anyone who had done such a mean thing, and was such a coward?"

"I think I should be pretty certain that it was Amy who had done it before I said anything to the others about it. Be careful, little girl, not to tell unkind things too hastily."

"I guess I am not too hasty this time," answered Gladys. "Why, I have waited all day and she never said one word about it."

Grandmother knew it was best not to argue, and next morning Gladys started for school fully determined to tell everyone about Amy, and she did tell all the girls whom she met on the way, until poor Amy would have been shunned by all, had not Ruth Oliver run out from the playground to meet them and exclaimed: "O Gladys, I could hardly wait until you came, to tell you how sorry I am that I overturned the ink on your desk and spoiled your book. I asked Amy to wipe it up for me, and I meant to tell you about it yesterday, but mother was ill and I could not come to school."

Gladys felt very much ashamed of herself, but she readily forgave Ruth, and was only too glad when the bell put an end to the conversation.

"I hope you have told all the girls that it was not Amy who did it, and how sorry you are to have said so," declared grandmother, when Gladys had confessed to her.

"Oh, no! What's the use?" replied Gladys. "A lot of them heard Ruth, and they will tell the others soon enough."

"Oh dear, but that is not the right spirit to have. You were only too eager to tell the unkind things; now you ought to be even more eager to tell the kind things. Think how much happier the world would be if people would only do that. What would have become of Christianity, I wonder, if the apostles had not been eager to tell of the wonderful things Christ did, instead of how unkindly the people treated them."

And Gladys replied that she thought that was so.—Margaret Warren.

FOURTH GRADE.

(Children ten and eleven years of age.)

Subject: The Word of Wisdom.

Note to Teachers: Read carefully each lesson and give the questions to members of the class in plenty of time for preparation.

Lesson 33.

Topic: Hot Drinks.

Divisions: 1. Recitation of paragraph nine of The Word of Wisdom.

2. Suggestive talk: We cherish notions of our own, according to our early impressions and education—or lack of education. And all along the line, as we travel the path of life, we ever and anon keep discovering that some little thing, or big thing, that we always thought to be right is wrong, and vice versa. Such a notion may be fastened upon our minds with great tenacity, by our habit of thinking that way perhaps for many years, and it is often like tearing up the very roots of our soul, so to speak, to uproot some of our ideas which we have always entertained and which our parents before us, perchance, have always entertained. But we know that people, all the time, past and present, have been and are being rid of mistaken impressions. And it is the man or woman that can discard a wrong idea with the most ease and grace, when he or she perceives it to be wrong, that possesses the highest degree of manhood or womanhood. Above all things we should see to it that our minds remain plastic, easily molded by the impressions of God's truth as it comes to us. It is the

person who has allowed his mind to grow hard and set that stands in great danger of losing his soul. Some there are just this way, who, no matter how great a truth comes along, they are not able to (or will not) make up their mind over again, and re-shape it according to the new light that has come to them.

That was the trouble with the Jews who fought their very Savior.

Because you are growing old does not mean that your mind should become set and ossified. Many people after passing the three-score-and-tenth milestone have entirely changed their minds from what they had believed a life time. It appears that Jesus very frequently had His disciples staring at one another in astonishment by the things He kept telling from time to time. But the fact that these men were simple, childlike, and teachable was the qualification that made them worthy to be His apostles.

Perhaps you will begin to wonder whether this article is to be on what it is headed or on mind susceptibility. But we believe that these few prefatory remarks will be far from lost in discussing the evils of tea and coffea drinking. Because so far is it from the thoughts of a host of people, not bad people, either, that there is any harm to speak of in using these beverages with meals, that they may feel surprised. The most of us, however, have been taught this, and hence will not be so unprepared.

It is a fact that many excellent folk who would be shocked if offered an alcoholic beverage, make it a habit of partaking copiously and daily of coffee or tea. Not a few of these claim to be "strictly temperate." We need not try to conceal the truth; tea and coffee drinking is intemperance. To a less degree, true, than using whisky, because the latter is the more powerful. However, all three are hurtful to the human body, which fact should cause us to exclude each alike from entering therein.

You inquire, "What's wrong with tea and coffee? They always seem to refresh and invigorate me." Precisely. They seem to refresh and invigorate you after taking, because they stimulate you. Mild potions of spirituous liquors have the same effect: they are stimulants. But the evil effect of a stimulant comes after. The first flush of invigoration is followed by depression, accompanied by a tendency to nervousness. When you take these things you are doing nothing more nor less than borrowing strength —which you must pay back with heavy interest. It is like prodding a jaded horse, the spur makes him muster all his strength and he goes a little faster under it, for a while, then comes to a total collapse. Some people do the very same thing. They spur up their morbid digestive organs and debilitated systems with cups of tea or coffee, experiencing a little animation directly after, then corresponding weakness and depression.

But at length the delicate machinery of the body breaks down with a crash. And this comes all of a sudden, some day when you are thinking, Well, I'll keep taking these hot drinks, they help me, and in that way I shall be able to get along.

Besides the very harmful effects of continually stimulating the vital organs by habitually using tea or coffee, these things are narcotic as well. They contain a poisonous principle similar in its nature to the nicotine of tobacco or of opium. In 1821 several chemists discovered this drug in coffee and called it caffein. In 1827 it was also found to occur in tea. There is from one to two per cent of this caffein in coffee, and from three to six per cent in tea. Later experiments have proved that caffein belongs to the family of vegetable poisons.

To let the reader know how poisonous is the drug, and just what effects upon the body it has, we here reproduce the words of men who know from actual experiments, as recorded in the United States Dispensatory, 17th edition, pages 278, 279:

In doses of three to five grains, it (caffein) produces a peculiar wake-

fulness—after a dose of twelve grains, it produces intense physical restlessness and mental anxiety. Upon the muscles it acts as a powerful poison—it is used in medicines as a brain and heart stimulant.

This is one reason why tea and coffee were spoken of as "hot drinks" by the Lord when revealing to Joseph Smith the Word of Wisdom.

As with alcohol and tobacco, the grave danger in meddling with these meal-time beverages at all is becoming habituated, becoming a slave to them. We quote again from a great scientist who knows what he is talking about from actual observation, Dr. W. Gilman Thompson:

"The continuance of the practice of drinking coffee to keep awake soon results in forming a coffee or tea habit, in which the individual becomes a slave to the beverage. Muscular tremors are developed, with nervousness, anxiety, dread of impending evil, palpitation, heartburn, dyspepsia and insomnia. It produces great irritability of the whole nervous system and one may even overexcite the mind."

Another authority affirms that there is an important relationship between coffee-using and the disease of epilepsy.

Tea and coffee also contain an astringent called tannic acid. This time we read from Dr. John A. Widtsoe's pen:

"Besides caffein, both tea and coffee contain an astringent known as tannic acid In coffee this substance is present only in small quantity, but in tea from four to twelve per cent occurs. Tannic acid is the substance found in oak bark, and has the property of making animal tissues hard—that is, makes leather of them. The habitual tea drinker subjects the delicate lining of the stomach and intestines to the action of this powerful drug.

So here is the case clearly before us. Can any of us claim to be temperate people, and at the same time be addicted to the habit of taking these mischievous drugs into the bodies that God gave us to use and take care of —not abuse and gradually destroy? It is quite true that one cup of either of these hot drinks may not do the slightest injury, but you had better let it alone, it may end in the confirmed habit. Which means a daily borrowing of strength at the expense of the vital porcesses of life, and a daily taking into the system a little of a poisonous drug, the effect of which, when continually imbibed, is to slowly tear down the human machine, especially to destroy the nerves and impair the digestive tract.

These are no idle fancies. but the result of actual experience. The writer knows of cases where persons actually had to stop coffee-using entirely to save their lives. One of these was a lady of close acquaintance, who not only regained her health after discontinuing the beverage, but in a few years became so that a sick day for her was indeed a rarity.

But why need we point out the evil physiological effects of tea and coffee drinking—the Lord has said they are not good. This would be sufficient to men and women of faith. But some lack ample faith, hence we present what science has found out about the bad habit. But it must be remembered that the Maker of our bodies and souls gave the Word of Wisdom to Joseph Smith in 1833, wherein he declares "hot drinks are not for the body or belly." This was scores of years before the baneful physical effects of tea and coffee came to be known outside of the circle of a few scientists, for perhaps the majority of people now living (75 years later) do not sense the danger to their health of the habit; thus showing the divine power under which the modern Prophet labored. Unschooled as he was in the learning of his day, even as limited as that was in regard to tea or coffee, etc., he taught abstinence from their use wholly because the Lord told him they were not good.

Josph Smith interpreted "hot drinks" to mean tea and coffee, especially —because these are the heated drinks usually taken with meals or otherwise. The Church has always so taught. The result is that Latter-day Saints are the healthiest body of people in the world, owing to their very largely abstaining from the use of tea and coffee, in connection with the other items mentioned in the Word of Wisdom, tobacco and strong drink.

The Word of Wisdom was at first given, not as a commandment, but as advice. Later on when, by education, the time was ripe, the next prophet, Brigham Young, successor to Joseph Smith, declared it to be henceforth a commandment of the Lord to all Latter-day Saints.—From the Liahona.

3. The following, by Dr. R. C. Latson, entitled "Destroyers of Boys—Some Every-Day Poisons," may be given by a member of the class:

When I say "poisons" you probably think of some substance like prussic acid, that kills as quick as a bullet in the brain. But as a matter of fact there are poisons and poisons. The poisons that do the most harm are not "deadly" poisons, for everybody knows they are death dealing, and so most people have brains enough to let them alone.

The poisons that do the most harm are the poisons that you can buy openly on almost any street in your town. What are they? Salt, pepper, mustard, vinegar, candy, cake, pie, ice cream, tea, coffee, beer, whisky, and wine—that's the list. And it's a mighty disgraceful list at that for a people who call themselves "civilized."

You wonder, perhaps, why I put them all in the same list. I will tell you why, because they are all poisons. Some are worse than others, but—a poison is a poison.

And what is a poison? A poison, in my opinion, is any substance which injures the body, whether that injury be very slight or whether it be enough to cause instant death. In fact, the less deadly poisons do more harm than the most deadly, because, as I say, they are not known to be poisons. Thus, for every man who dies of prussic acid (hydrocyanic acid) poisoning a hundred thousand men die from the effects of alcohol. For every man who suffers from the evil effects of alcohol, five hundred are made nervous, irritable, "headachy," and unable to do their best work as a result of coffee, Yes, I am firmly convinced that tea and coffee do as much harm as alcohol; not that they are worse poisons, but because most people don't know that they are poisons at all.

Now it is quite impossible in this little talk to tell you just how the various things I have mentioned injure you—make you weak and thin and pale, sap your energy and your brain power. But they do. Try it for yourself. Do this for a month: First cut out pepper, mustard, vinegar, Worcestershire and such stuff. Also "pass up" pies, puddings, and cake; they are no food for men, anyway. Then gradually cut down on salt and sugar; and finally you won't want them. At the same time cut down tea and coffee. Can't you get along without a stimulant? Live for a month on clean, simple food—and note results.

By the way, it just occurs to me to tell you that the Greeks, who were probably the finest people that ever lived—warriors, athletes, scientists, and artists—lived on one very simple meal a day. Then the Romans, who owned more of the world than any other nation has ever gotten hold of—they also, in their best days, lived on one simple meal a day. After a thousand years or so, the Romans got too prosperous, and commenced giving banquets lasting three or four days. Then the simple-living Goths and Vandals came down from the North and thrashed them easily.—Selected.

Lesson 34:

Topic: Herbs and Fruits.

Divisions: 1. Review of lesson on 'Hot Drinks."

2. Recitation of paragraphs ten and eleven of The Word of Wisdom.

3. Definition of meaning of "Herb." An herb is a plant which dies to the ground each year.

4. Have members of the class bring lists of plants which answer the above description.

5. Herbs which are used for food and medicine are usually called potherbs or greens. Have members of the class bring lists of herbs which are used for food.

6. The following herbs are universally in use. Name them and let the class describe them and some of the ways in which they are used: Cabbage, mustard, cresses. dandelion. dock, lettuce, parsley, and spinage.

7. Make one or two lists of fruits which are generally used and have members of the class describe them and their value to man.

8. Have the poem on page 427 read or recited.

9. Discuss with the class the wonderful providence of God.

10. Recite the tenth and eleventh paragraphs of The Word of Wisdom. Discuss with the class the meaning of "Prudence" and "Thanksgiving."

Lesson 35:

Topic: Use of Meat.

Divisions: 1. Review of lesson on herbs and fruits.

2. Recitation of paragraphs twelve and thirteen of The Word of Wisdom.

3. The teacher should explain to the class that meat or animal food is necessary for the nourishment of the body; that the Lord has supplied us with this kind of food abundantly; that we must be thankful for this blessing and obey the commandment of the Lord in eating it only when it is necessary and with a thankful heart.

4. The following story, "The Young Hebrew Hero," may be related by a member of the class:

Many years ago there lived in a far eastern country a bov by the name of Daniel, whose mother wanted to make a pure and strong man of him. His parents belonged to a peculiar people called Hebrews. Their religion taught them to live on plain foods and to avoid pork and other foods that cause people to be sick.

Daniel's parents always set him a good example, which he was always glad to follow. In those days there was no machinery to help in preparing food and clothing. Boys and girls did much work by hand that is now done by machines. This hard work made strong and beautiful bodies for them.

While Daniel was yet a young man the people of Babylon came over to his home and took him and many other Hebrews prisoners. The king of Babylon told his servant to select the young Hebrews with the most perfect bodies and the brightest minds. These were to be fed on the choice meat used in the king's house ,and they were to drink the costly wines that the king drank. Daniel and three of his young Hebrew friends asked the servant to give them plain food instead of the king's wine and meat. The servant was afraid if he would give them the plain food the king would not be pleased with them.

Daniel and his friends asked the servant to try them for ten days on the plain food, and if they did not look as well as the others after that time, they would eat the meat and drink the wine that the king ordered for them. They were given plain foods for ten days, and were then fatter in flesh and fairer than those who ate the kings meat and drank the king's wine. Their minds were purer because they lived on clean, nourishing, pure food, and they drank a pure drink that would not poison the body or make the mind dull. We are told that Daniel and the three Hebrew children learned their lessons very quickly, and became very wise. At one time the king of Babylon had a dream that he could not understand. He sent for the wisest men of his kingdom that they might tell him all about it, but they could not. The king said he would have all the wise men of Babylon put to death because they could not tell him all about the dream. Daniel had lived a better life than these men had, and the meaning of the dream was made known to him. He told the king what the dream meant and the king was so pleased that he made Daniel one of the greatest men in his kingdom. Daniel's three friends were placed to rule with Daniel, because they were wise men. If you desire to know more about these Hebrew boys ask your parents to read you the first chapter of Daniel in the Bible.

If boys and girls will live pure lives they will make others happy and will receive great blessings as Daniel and his friends did.

Lesson 36:

Topic: Grains.

Divisions: 1. Recitation of paragraphs 14, 15, 16, 17, of The Word of Wisdom.

2. Have one of the class bring a list of grains which are used as food by man.

3. Discuss with the class the different ways grains are prepared as food for man.

4. Have one of the class bring a list of grains used as food for animals.

5. Discuss with the class the usefulness of such animals as the horse, cow, sheep and pig.

6. Have one of the class bring a list of the fowls that are useful to man and the grains that are used for their food.

7. This being November it will be profitable to give the remainder of the time to a discussion of the reasons why we have a special day of thanksgiving at this time of the year.

8. Find a good Thanksgiving story and relate to the class.

FIFTH GRADE.

(Children twelve and thirteen years of age.)

Subject: The Articles of Faith.

Lesson 33.

Topic: The Bible.

Divisions: 1. Concert recitation of Article Eight.

2. The teacher should read carefully lecture thirteen of Talmage's "Articles of Faith, and explain briefly to the class what the Old and New Testaments are and why we believe them to be the word of God.

(The following should be given by members of the class:)

3. This is pre-eminently an age of science. The cry ever is for things knowable, reasonable, and provable. And if we turn to the Word, we find that "these things were written that ye may know" (see also Isa. 1: 18; Luke 1: 3; Rom. 12: 2). As the world advances in science, in history, in literature, we find the study of the Bible advancing with greater strides. The early sales of three hundred thousand copies of David Harum and a hundred and ninety-five thousand copies of Richard Carvel were thought phenomenal, but more than five million copies of the Bible were sold by the British and the American Bible Societies in the same time. These two societies sold over two hundred and twenty-five million copies during the nineteenth century. And while other books have their day and decline, the sale of Bibles increases year after year. The sale in one New York store averages a hundred and forty copies a day the year round. These are good figures for a book that Ingersoll said would be dead and buried in twenty years.

4. Theodore Roosevelt said: "The immense moral influence of the Bible, though, of course, the most important, is not the only power it has for good. In addition, there is the increasing influence it exerts on the side of good taste, of good literature, of proper sense of proportion, of simple and straightforward writing and thinking."

5. General Grant said: "To the influence of the Bible we are indebted for all the progress we have ever made, and to it we must look as our sure guide in the future."

6. John Quincy Adams said: "For years I have read my Bible through once a year. I read it an hour every morning, as the very best way to begin the day. In whatever light we regard it—of morality, revelation, or history—it is a valuable mine of knowledge and virtue."

7. Benjamin Franklin said: 'A Bible and a newspaper in every home, and a good school in every district, all studied and appreciated as they merit, are the principal supports of virtue, morality, and civil liberty."

8. Queen Victoria said to an Indian prince, as she handed him a Bible: "Tell the prince that this Book is really the secret of all England's power and prosperity."

9. Daniel Webster said: "From the time I learned to lisp verses of Scripture at my father's knee they have been my daily study. If there be anything in my style or thought to be commended, the credit is due to my parents' giving me an early love for the Bible."

10. Sir William Jones said: "The Bible contains more true sense, more beauty, more pure morality, more important history, finer strains of poetry and eloquence than can be collected from any other set of books in any age or language." (For some of these read 1 Kings 8; John 15; Acts 26; Rev. 21, 22.)—Selected.

11. It is well to recall Walter Scott's dying words: "Get the Book." "What book?" was asked. "There is but one—the Bible," he answered. To what other book are we in any wise indebted, to what other book do we look for help as we do to the Bible? A Sunday school teacher finding it difficult to pronounce all those hard names in Neh. 8: 7, asked: "Why were they ever put in there, I wonder?" And the answer was: "To honor the work of the Sunday school teacher. Those Bible teachers of long ago are immortalized by having their names inscribed in Holy Writ."

Lesson 34.

Topic: The Book of Mormon.

Divisions: 1. Concert recitation of Article Eight.

2. A brief review of the finding of the plates of the Book of Mormon by the Prophet Joseph Smith. (Articles of Faith, Lecture 14, paragraphs 1, 2, 3 and 4).

3. What is the Book of Mormon? (The Articles of Faith, Lecture 14, paragraph 5.

4. Describe the plates of the Book of Mormon. (The Aritcles of Faith, Lecture 14, paragraphs 14 and 15.)

5. What are the names of the three witnesses and what is their testimony about the Book of Mormon? (The Articles of Faith, Lecture 14, paragraphs 28 and 29.

6. What are the names of the eight witnesses and what is their testimony about the Book of Mormon? (The Art'cles of Faith, Lecture 14, paragraphs 30 and 31.)

7. Explain why we believe the Book of Mormon to be the word of God. (The Articles of Faith, Lecture 15, paragraph 2.)

8. What did Apostle Orson Pratt write about the Bible and the Book of Mormon. (The Aritcles of Faith, Lecture 15, paragraph 5.)

9. The teacher should read carefully Lecture 15 and all the notes and tell the class some of the interesting accounts of the ancient peoples of America whose records are found in the Book of Mormon.

Lesson 35:

Topic: Revelation.

Divisions: 1. Concert recitation of Article Nine.

2. The teacher should explain as simply as possible the nature of a revelation. Read The Articles of Faith, Lecture 16, paragraphs 1, 2, 3 and 4.

3. Have members of the class review briefly the following revelations and discuss each one with the class to establish the belief that they were from God and for the benefit of His people:

Adam in the Garden of Eden,
Noah and the ark,
The Ten Commandments,
The Coming of the Savior.
The Revelations to the Prophet Joseph Smith.
The Word of Wisdom.

4. State why we should believe in more revelations. (Articles of Faith, Lecture 16, paragraphs 23, 24 and 25.

Lesson 36:

Topic: Gathering of Israel.

Divisions: 1. Concert recitation of Article Ten.

2. Explain the meaning of Israel." (The Articles of Faith, Lecture 27, paragraphs 1 and 2.)

3. Give the prophecies of Moses and Nephi which foretold the scattering of Israel. (The Articles of Faith, Lecture 17, paragraphs 7 and 12.)

4. State how the people of Israel were scattered. The Articles of Faith, Lecture 17, paragraphs 17, 18 and 19.)

5. Give the Bible prophecies of the gathering of Israel. (The Articles of Faith, Lecture 18, paragraphs 3 to 10.)

6. Give the Book of Mormon prophecies of the gathering of Israel. (The Articles of Faith, Lecture 18, paragraphs 11 to 16.

7. What did Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery testify about the gathering of Israel? (The Articles of Faith, Lecture 18, paragraph 21.)

8. Have the following hymn recited:

"Joy to the world! the Lord will come,
And earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare Him room,
And Saints and angels sing.
Rejoice! rejoice! when Jesus reigns,
And Saints their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.
No more will sin and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He'll come and make the blessings flow,
Far as the cruse was found."

RAISING THE DEAD.—*From Painting by Hofmann.*

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND

Vol. VIII. NOVEMBER, 1909. No. 11.

"THANKSGIVING"—A GLIMPSE BACKWARD.

There are certain days in the history of a nation that are known as memorial days, and they may be the means of perpetuating great truths and lifting up the life of the nation to a higher plane and opening the door to a larger sphere and nobler vision if properly observed. Such a day is Thanksgiving Day.

In December, 1620, a band of pilgrims, one hundred and twenty strong, landed on the snow-covered rock of Plymouth, Massachusetts. Driven from their own country for conscience sake, almost starved and frozen during this their first winter in America, surrounded by the treacherous red men, they yet felt called upon to set aside a day for special thanksgiving—a day when their trials and hardships were so completely overshadowed by their mercies that in sincerity of heart they could truly be thankful. Thankful that they had found a land where religious liberty should not be denied them; thankful that not more than half of them had died of cold and hunger; thankful that the soil, the forest, and the stream yielded them a livelihood. Not much to be thankful for you will say; yet, noble Puritan, to thee is traced this great memorial day, which is no longer confined in its observation to a handful of people, but to a vast nation and a mighty people, who for at least one day in the year have their attention called to God, the giver of every good and perfect gift.

The first Thanksgiving proclamation was issued by Governor Bradford. A few days before the eventful day, gunners were sent to scour the woods for wild turkeys, ducks, and various kinds of fowl. Homes, and especially kitchens, were set in apple-pie order. Massasoit and ninety of his braves, having been invited to visit the colony, awoke the inhabitants on the appointed Thursday with such yells as only the red skins can give!

Presently all the men, women, and children assembled in the large square in front of Governor Bradford's house, where the exercises were begun with a prayer both fervent and long. All the rest of that day and for two succeeding days, feasting, romping, and story-telling were the amusements. Even the gallant Miles Standish with his little American army of twenty men gave drills and went through maneuvers to the astonishment of the children and the red men. And

the women, God bless them! cooked, set tables, washed dishes, and were happy in loving ministrations, as true women ever will be.

"What did they have to eat?" I hear you ask. Well, in the first place, that Thanksgiving bird, the turkey, was there puffed up to more than natural size by a rich chestnut dressing. He was closely pressed in favor by huge steaks of rare venison, oysters, barley flour dumplings, clam chowder, lobster, salad, plum pudding, cakes of all shapes and sizes, while grapes and nuts and gooseberry wine brought up a no mean rear.

And over all this brooded the Indian summer, as if in loving benediction, while songs of praise rose from many a grateful heart.

At first Massachusetts alone observed a Thanksgiving; then the custon was taken up by the neighboring states; but it was not until 1862 that President Lincoln issued the first proclamation that made it a holiday.

Did it ever strike you as peculiar that both the Puritan Thanksgiving and the national Thanksgiving should have come forth at times of special hardships? The first when trials came thick and fast; and the second when the nation was in the agony of civil war and bloodshed? But as a proclamation from Lincoln was not binding upon the Southern states at that time, that portion of the country did not observe the day until after Grant was president.

At no time in the history of this people will the proclamation from our chief executive and the governors of the various states be so joyfully hailed as now. Our abundant harvests, the whirl of machinery on every hand, the reform on the side of morality, purity, and justice are some of the many causes which should make us sing, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." We, too, will feast upon the fat of the land and will proceed to the dismemberment of t(T)urkey without the intervention of any foreign power. Six million turkeys, young, old and otherwise, will be called upon to give up their lives to afford this great nation an opportunity to return thanks in a proper manner. Twelve million quarts of cranberries will be consumed, and oysters, celery, mince and pumpkin pies in like proportions.

"We'll invite our friends by the dozens,
All the uncles, aunts, and cousins,
Great and small.
For we'll have the turkey roasted,
And the old-time goodies boasted;
Oh, Thanksgiving is always welcome
Every fall."

Josephine Weatherby.

GIRLS' DEPARTMENT

SOME PRETTY GIFT SUGGESTIONS.

One of the many well-planned devices for carrying handkerchiefs in a grip or a trunk is made of two pieces of cardboard, each one measuring three inches and a half square, covered with white silk. A decoration of forget-me-nots is done with water colors. A ring is made of a strip of white elastic, eight inches in length and half an inch wide, run in a casing of blue ribbon. After placing half a dozen neatly folded handkerchiefs between these covers and slipping the ring over them, one has a very compact and handy article, easy to carry and convenient to use. One like this would make a charming and inexpensive gift, acceptable to any admirer of dainty possessions, and the making should not require more than an evening or two of pleasant work.

Dolls are often made to serve as the foundation for needle-case or pin-holder—the white skirts and flannel petticoats and a baby doll being filled with needles and pins of all sizes. By means of a ribbon sash tied about the doll's waist this pretty ornament may be hung up in any convenient place.

Another idea is an attractively designed memorandum book. The method of making the leaves of the book is simply the usual way of using sheets of white notepaper, piercing three holes through, all at the left-hand side ready for a cord. The cover for this booklet is a rather heavy grade of green cardboard, pierced at the left-hand side like the inside sheets. The decorations are somewhat unusual, being made of white crepe paper. It is an easy matter to trace the out-line of some large letters seen in an advertisement, cut out the pattern and apply it to crepe paper. Very thin mucilage is used in applying the letters and any favorite flower, first to a letter cut out of stiff white paper and then to the cardboard, and only a gentle pressure is needed to make it stick, the paper being soft. Be careful not to press out the crinkles. A few touches here and there and a fine line of gold paint all around the edges make a surprisingly good effect with its color scheme in green, gold and white. The covers and pages are tied together with a pretty silk cord.—Ladies' Home Journal.

TWO KINDS OF CHANGEABLENESS.

"I used to think a great deal of Marie. But since I have found out how changeable she is, I never feel that I can depend upon her to be twice alike in her moods. Sometimes I go to see her, and she is perfectly delightful, and I go home thinking that she is all I thought her on early acquaintance. But perhaps the next time I see her, she will be dull and indifferent, and out of sorts, and disappoint me dreadfully."

"I know—I have had just such experiences with her. Now there is Ellen—she is changeable, too—but it only makes her more delightful. We have been friends for a long time, you know. When we first knew each other, I soon found that Ellen was quick-tempered, and sharp-tongued. We had more than one quarrel in those days, I am afraid. But there came a time when she set herself seriously to conquer her two besetting faults. And I assure you that, in spite of the apparent serenity of her temper, the fight is still going on. There are times when she flares up, and before she has time to think a sharp word slips out. Then she remembers and repents—and there comes the changeable part. She just bites back the sharp words, and chases the frown away with a smile, and you would not believe it was hard work, unless you knew Ellen as well as I do. Yes, she is apt to be changeable—but it seems to me that she grows sweeter and finer every time I see her. So I am satisfied with that kind of changeableness."

"I should think so. I imagine it would be a good kind for all of us to cultivate—the changing from ill temper to sweetness and goodness."—East and West.

SOME MORE DON'TS.

Don't, if you are a young girl, allow your acquaintances to say anything in your presence that cannot be said in the presence of your parents.

Don't allow ridicule of sacred things to go unrebuked. Don't laugh at such ridicule and don't repeat it.

Don't be led in doing things harmful to others because those things are not harmful to you. "If meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no meat."

Don't dress in a very striking way, either on or off the street. Don't wear showy jewelry and cheap lace flounces and gaudy artificial flowers in profusion. Simplicity of dress is particularly becoming to girlhood and is an indication of refinement of character.

Don't dress for church or Sunday school as you would dress for a party. Many a poor girl has been kept from Sunday school because her cloths, the best she could afford, were in such marked contrast to those worn by the rest of the class. The Sunday school room is a poor and glaringly inappropriate place for the display of one's wardrobe.

Don't be affected in your manner or conversation. Affectation is never agreeable and it deceives no one. Be natural. It is one of the chief charms of girlhood.

Don't be led to think that a pert, flippant manner adds to your charms. It repels rather than attracts those whose friendship would be of value to you.

Don't allow a coarse word or a word of slang to escape your lips. It is simply painful to hear a young girl using such words and phrases. It is a positive injury to her character in the eyes of many, and it certainly indicates a lack of spirituality in young Christians.

Don't be afraid of being too strict in your views regarding the life of a Christian. There is far greater danger of your being too lax in your views. Have the courage of your most profound convictions and you will grow in grace as well as in the high respect of those whose eyes are upon you.

Don't fail to "show your colors" by speaking a word for the truth and for the right whenever the opportunity offers. You are failing in your duty to yourself and to your God if you keep silence when you should speak the right word at the right time.—Round Table.

THE TWO SIDES OF THE PANE.

As we look at the frost-covered windows these days, we wonder that a thin pane of glass can so effectually keep out the winter's cold. On one side of the pane winds blow and storms rage and the long icicles droop earthward. On the other, flowers are blooming and the canary sings as if it were summer. And sometimes a thing no mightier than a girl's tender sympathy is enough to shelter the hearts she loves from earth's storms and keep them in an atmosphere of summer.

FIRST THINGS FIRST.

Don't try so hard to make the most of every minute that you get to feel that you cannot take time to play with the children, or to enjoy quiet little talks with father after he gets home from work, or to sit down for a chat with mother. Of all the things worth doing in the world, there are few more important than making the home life all it should be. The girl who is too busy to make home sunshine, or to enjoy that which others manufacture, is putting the smaller good before the greater.

BETTER THAN PATIENCE.

"How kind and patient it is of you to spend so much time amusing Robbie!" said a lady to a girl who for three-quarters of an hour had been on her knees in the corner, building block houses for her small brother. But the girl looked up with a twinkle in her eye and answered. "Oh, it isn't patience. When I get to building castles, I like it just as well as Robbie does."

Now the girl who catches the spirit of this sister is not only sure to make the home folks happy, but she will be happy herself. The children know it when you join in their play with the spirit of a martyr, and stifle a sigh every time you put one block upon another. Mother knows it, if, when you offer your help in what she is doing you are wishing that there were any way out of it. Learn to be both helpful and happy in your helpfulness. There is no reason why you should not *get* as well as *give* enjoyment by making paper dolls for your little sister or building block houses for your small brother. Start in with the expectation of having a good time and you will not be disappointed.

BOYS' DEPARTMENT

A GENTLEMANLY BOY.

A gentle boy, a manly boy,
Is the boy I love to see;
An honest boy, an upright boy,
Is the boy of boys for me.

The gentle boy guards well his lips,
Lest words that fall may grieve;
The manly boy will never stoop
To meanness, nor deceive.

An honest boy clings to the right
Through seasons foul and fair;
An upright boy will faithful be
When trusted anywhere.

The gentle boy, the manly boy,
Upright and honest too,
Will always find a host of friends
Among the good and true.

He reaps reward in doing good,
Finds joy in giving joy,
And earns the right to bear the name:
"A gentlemanly boy."

—Selected.

WITH AXE AND SAW.

"Now is the time to keep your eyes open for chances to earn money by splitting or sawing wood. There are many prominent men who will tell you that this is the way they earned their college education."

HELPING THE JANITOR.

"Did you ever ask the janitor of your school, church or flat building whether he could not use your services on Saturdays?

"Especially during the winter months when there is a good deal of snow to shovel from the sidewalks, the janitor may be glad to find a willing helper. Secure work in advance if possible."

CRACKING NUTS.

"Many are the times when a housekeeper would use various kinds of nuts in her cakes and salads had she the time to crack them and pick out the kernels.

This is just a suggestion.
Boys are generally good nut-crackers.
See if the suggestion is a good one."

ADD TO A FULL GLASS OF WATER.

Very likely some are already acquainted with the experiment of dropping a coin into a glass of water, already full, without causing it to overflow. Let the glass be filled to, say, within a tenth of an inch of its utmost capacity. Its surface will then present a concave appearance. Then take a dozen ten-cent pieces, and ask the spectators how many can be dropped into the glass without causing an overflow. The majority will be willing to risk only two, or perhaps three. As a matter of fact, the whole dozen may be dropped in if the operation is carefully done. As they are thrown in, the surface of the water swells until the concavity is replaced by convexity, and the liquid rises quite high in the middle, but not a drop is spilled.—Selected.

THE BOY MICHELANGELO.

Whatever we do in the world tells tales of us. No matter how hard we try to hide behind our occupation, when we send work out into the world we are in a large measure on the witness stand; for what we create, whether with our brain or our hands, stands for us.

That is a right solemn thought, little folks, and before it gets away, there is another one we can tack to it for safe keeping—that is, the men who have given the world its masterpieces in art have led lives as pure and true as the pictures they have painted and the statues their hands have carved.

When Michelangelo was very small indeed, he used to stay with his nurse close to a great marble quarry, and while there he simply could not keep his hands off the lovely white stone and the big mallets that the masons worked with. Whenever the men laid their tools down the small boy seized them, and he pounded away by the hour, much to the delight of the masons, all of whom loved him, and to the horror of his good nurse. Stone cutting is pretty bad on fresh petticoats and little trousers, you know.

All his boyhood, there was one great dream in the mind of Michelangelo. He must be an artist, a painter, and a sculptor, but the latter above all else.

When he was about fourteen his father wished him to choose some sort of business, and great was the old gentleman's horror when his son announced that he wished to become a sculptor.

Then the old gentleman stormed and pleaded, and finally paddled the small, grave-eyed boy, who said little, but clung all the tighter to the beautiful dream which had haunted him all his life.

The father relented at last. And it was best, for if a child is born

to dig holes, the wise parent will set him at it, give him the best tools that are to be found, and then see to it that he digs the best post holes that ever were dug.

Michelangelo was placed in the studio of an artist, and from then until he died his beautiful art became his very life itself.

He lived like a monk, often eating nothing all day save bread and water. He dressed in his long sculptor's cassock, with a little round cap, and slept in his work-shop, rising at all hours of the night to put a touch here, and a touch there, upon some of the great statues that today hold you spellbound.

For money Michelangelo cared nothing. The enormous sums he received were given to his father and his brother, who took and spent all that he had, and then upbraided him that he had not the power to work for twenty-five hours in a day and night that contained only twenty-four!

He worked constantly until just before his death, in his ninetieth year. He had lived a life of singular purity, simple, and filled with hard work, going his way alone, silent; his mind ever filled with the glorious creations his hand wrought out with such exquisite skill in stone. And it was this high life, lonely and sad though it was, that made him as keen of eye at ninety, as sure of foot, and with an intellect as powerful as when he was a man of thirty.—Selected.

THE BOYS THAT RUN THE FURROW.

You can write it down as gospel,
With the flags of peace unfurled,
The boys that run the furrow
Are the boys that rule the world!

It is written on the hilltops,
In the fields where blossoms blend:
Prosperity is ending
Where the furrow has an end!

The Glory of the battle
Of clashing swords blood-red,
Is nothing to the warfare
Of the battle-hosts of Bread!

The waving banners of the fields
O'er the broad land unfurled—
The boys that run the furrow
Are the boys that rule the world!

—Frank L. Stanton.

PARTIES AND GAMES

STRINGING THINGS.

Break macaroni into half-inch or inch lengths. Cut bright pieces of ribbons, silk, flannel, or paper into small circles an inch in diameter, or into inch squares. Rub the point off a coarse needle with the sandpaper on the side of a match-box, and thread it with dark thread. Use the thread double and wax it well. Put all these things—macaroni, cuttings, needle and thread—into a box of the kind that the housekeeper always saves for some such emergency. Now the child has the material with which to make a chain.

As a variation let the children string beads and macaroni sticks, one, two or three beads between each two sticks. Wooden or large glass beads may be used.

Dye common button-molds or tiny silk spools with the dyes sold at drug stores. String these with macaroni. Again, use flat buttons with macaroni. String pretty buttons with a shank, using twine of bright color. Another suggestion for material for stringing is macaroni and deep-red cranberries.

The colored wooden beads may be strung with natural wooden ones, or with a pasteboard disk or square. Let the child have the pieces of pasteboard that are often thrown away as useless. Using a strong disk as a pattern he can trace several out on the pasteboard and afterward cut them out with bluntend scissors. The hole in the center may be made with a stout needle. Encourage the child to prepare his own material. There is nothing of greater importance for the child to learn than to be industrious. For another occupation wash and thoroughly dry melon, squash, and pumpkin seeds. Rub off the thin membrane and make a hole in the middle or near an end, as fancy dictates. Some may be perforated in both places. String these seeds with medium-sized colored glass beads—round or cylindrical.

With fine pink string make a chain by tying in at inch lengths shoe pegs of wood, either natural-colored or made bright with dyes. This will interest a boy if you suggest that he is a telephone wireman. Instead of using soaked peas with wires or sticks to make skeleton furniture the child may mold tiny balls of clay and substitute them for peas. When carefully dried the frame articles will hold together a long time. When it is not possible to procure wires or sticks, of course toothpicks are usable especially when various lengths are on hand. Little balls of raised bread dough are sometimes used in place of clay or peas. In this case the finished article does not hold together

long, even if wires are used as the connecting medium, and the whole is baked when completed.—Ladies' Home Journal.

FOR THE CHILDREN'S PARTY.

Refreshments are one of the chief joys at a child's party, and if these can be served in a novel and amusing manner, they are sure to be doubly appreciated by the tiny guests.

Some people are quite clever at contriving such things as these, and with the suggestions here given almost any bright woman ought to be able to put them together, and with a few fruits, vegetables and nuts can manage a number of unique things for favors.

An elephant is made easily of a big and little apple stuck together with long pins or wooden toothpicks. The legs are pieces of banana and the tusks are orange peel.

An Indian, with his canoe, may be made to look quite fierce. His body is made of a fig, arms of halves of dates, head of a Brazil nut. He paddles along gayly in a banana canoe.

And Paddy, driving his pigs to market really is funny. Bananas are used for the bodies of both, while Paddy has a gay cape of carrot skin, a scarf of orange peel, with the white side out, and a paper hat. He has apple feet and an almond nose. Piggie has paper ears and wooden legs.

Bunny has a pear for his head, an orange for his body, big ears of paper, whiskers of cotton, and a queer little bunchy tail made of cotton wool.

You can construct a clown with a small beet for a head and a couple of carrots for legs and lady apples for buttons and topnots.

For a little favor to put at each child's plate the funniest imaginable mud turtles can be made out of French prunes. They can be put together in a minute, and are really quite lifelike when their constituent parts are considered. Stick a whole clove into one end of the prune, running it in, if possible, until nothing but the end protrudes. This serves for the head; for the legs use cloves, first nipping off the heads and thrusting the straight end into the flesh of the prune, and the tail is made in the same way, only shorter.

You can make a whole menagerie out of half a pint of peanuts by picking out all the queer-shaped ones and giving them legs of wooden toothpicks, with perhaps a trunk, or tusks, or horns of the same useful article broken into little pieces. They must have eyes and mouth put in carefully with pen and ink.—Selected.

PARENTS' DEPARTMENT

BIDING THE RIGHT TIME.

Down in the sunny, sheltered corner of the flower garden the flower lover had some treasures to show her friend. A row of inverted, sunken glass jars showed underneath them an abundance of tender green rose leaves, although it was still far too early for the rest of the garden to be opening its leaf-buds.

"O, how lovely! But why do you not take the glass off or raise it a little? See how they are crowding against the glass, as if they wanted to get out!" exclaimed the visitor. The flower lover smiled serenely, but shook her head.

"If I should uncover them before the danger of frost is over I would waste all my labor of last fall, and lose my rose-slips too. Yes, I suppose they do want to get out. Under the jars the sun is warm, and the cold winds cannot get to them. But I know best, and make them bide the right time, even if they do crowd against the glass and beg to come out. They furnish the text of a little talk I gave my girl—Rose—one day. Certain older young folks have taken a great notion to my little daughter, and want her to share in some of their more grownup pleasures. They are perfectly right and proper pleasures for them, but Rose is too young; I do not want my little girl to make the mistake that some do, and forego the fun of girlhood to rush into the pleasures of young ladyhood. So we talked it over, and in a little while she agreed that it was best to go on playing a bit yet and bide the right time, when she is older, to emerge into the social circle. She will outgrow the girlish world of home and school soon enough; some day she will thank me even more than she could now for asking her to be patient and wait awhile," and the flower lover, who was the wise mother of a sensible little daughter, patted the earth about the jar with loving touch.—Youth's World.

"THE FATHER'S HOUSE."

Heaven is home. That one word tells more of its nature than volumes could do. We might exhaust rhetoric picturing the "many mansions" of the Father's house, and carry no heart with us. It is quite possible to be lonely in a palace, to feel heart-sick and solitary in a garden of delights. But no such associations belong to the word "home." And in that city, whose builder is God, home will have a deeper and more beautiful meaning than ever.—Selected.

OFFICERS' DEPARTMENT

SHE HAS DONE HER PORTION.

A SENTIMENT.

From the General Board of Primary Associations.

In the sudden demise of Sister Vilate Peart, who died October 11th, 1909, one of the best and brightest, one of the ablest of our number, has been unconditionally and unexpectedly released from her labors as a member of the General Board of Primary Associations.

At this seeming calamity we are shocked and grief stricken; yet there is consolation.

Dr. Edward Young, the English Divine, has given in his "Night Thoughts," a potent fact in these words:

"Some men live more in thirty years than others do in sixty."

This great truth was remarkably exemplified in the life work of our dear Sister Vilate. An instance of this is shown in the fact that during the brief period of three years, the time which has elapsed since she became a member of our Board, she has visited thirty-four stakes of Zion, some of them a number of times, in the interest of the Frmary cause; besides doing highly efficient and much appreciated work as Librarian for the Board, and has filled with honor duties and responsibilities in other directions.

It will be thirty years next June since the General Board of Primary Associations was first organized. There are some members of the Board who have been associated with its interests almost from the beginning, and they are led to

question within themselves, whether in all these years, they have accomplished as much for the growth and progress of the Association and the good of the children throughout the Church, as has Sister Vilate in her three years service in this labor of love. She has certainly done more traveling to attend conventions in the stakes of Zion than any other one member of the Board during her connections with it; and on every occasion her mission has been successfuliy and satisfactorily accomplished.

Her bright talents intellectually, her exceptional gifts as a wise counselor, her prudence in thought and speech, her willingness always to give her best efforts to the subject in hand has made her one of the most valued and helpful among our Primary workers, and added to these noble characteristics, her charming personality, her graceful womanly ways, her truth loving nature, kindness of heart and lovable disposition has endeared her to all the members of the Board with strong bonds of sympathy and united her heart with ours by ties of friendship and sisterly affection, which cannot be disengaged even by the sad separation of death.

We realize that in our sister's release from the position she has occupied with us, she is called to enter a higher class, a more extended field of spiritual development, and we shall ever fondly cherish the blessed assurance that we shall meet her there and continue with her in the glorious works of the hereafter.

"OUR WORK."

Come, my sisters, let us rally,
To the work within our stake;
And with one united effort,
The best Primaries we'll make.
We'll gather in the children,
And never rest content
Until every boy and girl
To our Primary is sent.

Then when this work is over
And we have the children there,
We'll try our best to keep them,
Give them love and tender care.
Our lessons, too, we'll study
With desires to impart
The truths we learn from day to day
To each eager, trusting heart.

But remember, my dear sisters,
This is not so easy done;
And many times we'll weary be
Before our victory's won.
Do not give up, or falter,
Just think what we're to do:
Lead and guide these little children
To be faithful, firm and true.

Be earnest, humble, prayerful.
Don't forget there's One on high
Who is watching all our efforts.
He will help us, if we try
To do our every duty,
With love and patience too.
Our reward will surely follow
Before we're half way through.

And then, perhaps, in after years
When we are old and gray,

Some tall young man or woman
Will come to us and say,
"How glad I am to see you,
Don't you remember me?"
I'm "So and So," the boy or girl
Who went to Primary.
—Josephine G. Woolley.

Important Notice.—The lessons for 1910 will begin in the December number of The Children's Friend. It is very important that every officer be supplied with a copy, for it will contain lessons for January, with instructions and suggestions for the coming year's work.

It is, therefore, urged that all new subscriptions, as well as all renewals include the December number for this year.

Christmas Thoughts.—The lessons for December are in this number. Wherever possible each teacher should bring into her lessons the Christmas spirit, the desire to serve and be helpful. To keep the thought always in mind that the best way to enjoy Christmas is to make others happy. The stories given in the First Grade may be made use of in all the other grades.

SPECIAL INSTRUCTIONS TO PRIMARY OFFICERS.

The General Board take pleasure in announcing that the work of the Primary associations throughout the Church is in a fine condition generally. There is an increase in enrollment of boys and girls, a better average attendance and a steady growth of interest in the lessons. There are more workers than ever who are willing to labor for the improvement of the Primary work.

Very much of the success which is attending this organization is due to the unselfish, faithful, and energetic work of the Local Officers, especially those who are united with each other and working in harmony with the instructions given by Stake and General Boards.

Much credit may be given The Children's Friend for the systematic conditions which now exist because it has brought to each officer the necessary instructions for conducting a Primary with lessons carefully prepared for each grade.

The supervision of the officers of the Stake Boards; the annual visits and conventions of the General Board with the excellent help now extended by the Priesthood, all contribute to the present healthy growth of the Primary associations.

Now, it is desired that this gratifying condition shall continue and the work of the organization be ever upward and onward. There are many boys and girls needing the help and assistance of the Primary associations who are not yet members, and it is proposed that no effort be spared until every boy and girl of Latter-day Saint parentage between the ages of four and fourteen shall have been brought under its influence.

To accomplish this, means regular systematic work on the part of the ward association. Each local president should divide or district her ward and appoint one or more officers for each division whose duty it will be to visit, at least once each year, every Latter-day Saint home where there are children and get a correct list of the boys and girls of Primary age. It is suggested that the officer in charge of each division keep a note book in which is entered the name of each family with the names and ages of the children. It will be necessary to have a new list each year as children come into and pass out of the age limit.

It is suggested, that after the ward has been thoroughly visited, the services of the older members of the association be enlisted to assist as missionaries to bring in new members or encourage better attendance on the part of irregular members. The work should be regular and system-

atic. the aim of every association being a membership of one hundred per cent and an average attendance of at least seventy-five per cent of the children.

In the next annual report each association will be expected to give these statistics in detail. Necessary blanks will be furnished for convenience in making out the report.

The General Board is very anxious that the annual report for 1909 shall be the best that has ever been given, that it shall be as nearly as possible absolutely correct. To obtain such a report means that each worker must perform her share faithfully and that such work be properly recorded.

Much good may result from this systematic visiting outside of the obtaining of statistical information. It furnishes an excellent opportunity to talk over the benefits of Primary work. The parents' sympathy may be enlisted so that any effort which is being made for the benefit of the children may be intelligently assisted by them in the home. The parents may help a teacher to a better understanding of the children that will assist materially in the work that is being given in the Primary. Much more satisfactory work is accomplished where parents and teachers understand each other and work together in behalf of the children.

It is desired, also, that every home, where there are children, shall be supplied with The Children's Friend. There are two very good reasons why this magazine should be placed within the reach of all the children. First, because it is full of interesting matter which they will enjoy. Secondly, it keeps the work of the Primary associations constantly before the parents. They can see for themselves the benefits which this organization offers and will be encouraged and enthused to send their children every week.

In making these visits the following business should be thoroughly attended to:—

The getting of correct statistics of names and ages of children.

The enlisting of the interest and sympathy of the parents.

The introduction of The Children's Friend into the home of every Latter-day Saint family.

The General Board is proud of the Primary workers throughout the Church and in looking over the past feels confident of the future, because Primary workers everywhere have proven that they only need to be correctly informed as to their duties and then they will march forward to efforts that will surely be crowned with success.

PRIMARY OFFICERS' MEETING.

A very pleasant and profitable session was enjoyed by Primary officers on Tuesday, October 5th, 1909, in the Barratt Hall, Salt Lake City, Utah.

This meeting was held for the special benefit of the Primary workers who were in Salt Lake City attending the General Conference of the Church.

Sister Flora Belnap of the Ogden Stake Primary Board gave a valuable talk on "How to Assist Local Workers." The talk was illustrated by the giving of details on the preparation of lessons.

Sister Mary A. Ballantyne of the Cache Stake Primary Board gave a very interesting account of the successful work which had been accomplished in the Cache stake among the boys. She reported that as a result of the labors of the workers there the membership and average attendance of the boys showed a marked increase.

Apostle George F. Richards talked to the officers. He complimented and encouraged them and offered some suggestions for the improvement of the work, particularly recommending that the Primaries be continued throughout the year. He said he thought the children needed the Primary more in the summer than they did in the winter.

LESSON DEPARTMENT

LESSONS FOR THE MONTH OF DECEMBER.

FIRST GRADE.

(Children four and five years of age.)

Lesson 37.

Memory Gem:

"To be a missionary for Jesus,
I must be good and true,
For only when I'm good myself,
Can I help others, too."

Talk: Who can tell me what happy day is coming soon? What do we do on Christmas? Why do we give gifts to father and mother? To make them happy and to show them that we love them. Who came from heaven to teach us to help and to show our love for one another? Christmas is Jesus' birthday, and we keep His birthday by giving gifts, to show our love and to show that we remember what Jesus taught us to do. Do you ever give gifts to any one besides father and mother? (Let the children tell about giving gifts to brothers, sisters, cousins, etc.) Did your Christmas gifts make them happy? Do the Christmas gifts you receive make you happy? I think every one who receives a Christmas gift is made happy; but I am sorry to tell you that there are many little children in the world whose parents are too poor to give them gifts, and who will not receive Christmas presents on Christmas morning, unless some one else remembers them. They need to be helped and to be made happy. (Outline a plan for giving gifts to some poor family, and ask the children to help you to carry it out. A week or so before Christmas, a cheap cotton stocking (adult's size) is given to each child, with a request that the stocking be filled for some poor child. A note is usually sent home with each stocking, asking for the co-operation of the parents and explaining that the stocking may be filled with toys, fruit, vegetables, canned goods, or articles of clothing, and stating when it is to be returned."

Story, "A Perfectly Lovely Time!"

It was a beautiful Christmas morning. The snow lay heavy on the ground and sparkled in the sunshine, and sleigh bells were jingling all the time. Selwyn was busy and happy. He was going to have what he called "a perfectly lovely time!" He had been getting ready for it for a whole month, and his mother had helped him a great deal. So had many others. Nineteen of his best friends were in it, and they all had mothers, or aunties, who had helped. The plan began by his asking a question:

"Mother, why does everybody give everybody a present on Christmas Day?"

"Because it is Jesus' birthday, dear. He was our gift from God, and we keep His birthday by giving gifts to all our friends."

Over this Selwyn thought and talked, until he and mother together made the lovely plan. Part of it was a sleigh ride to be shared by the nineteen friends. Sol Adams was to take the big wood sleigh, fill it with straw

and blankets and buffalo robes, and tuck in all the children for a two-mile ride to Grandfather Bonner's. He wasn't really grandfather to any of them, but they all called him so on account of Grandmother Bonner whom they loved. Not one of the twenty children who were going to make a Christmas call upon them, but had been cared for and petted and comforted when sick by Grandmother Bonner. Her work had been to nurse sick people, and she loved children. But now she was old and not strong enough to do such work any more.

Grandfather Bonner used to be a soldier, and the government sent him a little money every three months. This, with what they could earn by doing a little work now and then, was all they had.

The plan really was lovely. Jimmy's mother had invited Grandfather and Grandmother Bonner to a Christmas breakfast at nine o'clock, and was to send a sleigh for them to come. Then, as soon as they were gone, Selwyn's mother was going to send Anne, the cook, out to the Bonners' little home, to put it in nice order, set the table for dinner, make a good fire in the little stove, and have everything ready for the twenty children; and every child of them had a basket filled with Christmas gifts for that dinner table.

What fun they had! Anne let them help unpack their baskets, and, oh, how lovely that table looked! Turkey, pies, cakes, biscuits, cranberry sauce, apple sauce, potatoes to cook, squashes, onions and apples. All these had to be set in baskets around the table. And there were so many pies that they had to have a side table.

"There's enough to last till next Christmas!" said Jimmy.

When everything was ready, they all tumbled into the sleigh again and hurried away; for part of the fun was to surprise Grandfather and Grandmother Bonner, and let them find all the things, with nobody to explain them.

"Mother," said Selwyn that same evening, "it was a perfectly lovely time!"—Pansy.

Suggestions: Talk about the labors of a missionary. They work hard to make other people happy. How may we make others happy, especially at the happy Christmas time?

Lesson 38.

Memory Gem:

"A little child may have a happy hand
Full of kind deeds
For many needs."

Talk: Who would be glad to give to the children about whom I told you last week, and who need to be made happy on Christmas? (Refer to whatever plan you outlined at the last lesson.)

When you go home talk to mother about what you would like to give. Perhaps you can give something of your very own-money from your bank, a new book or a toy. Whatever mother is willing you should bring, bring it in the stocking on (state time).

Story: "One Christmas."

Just about three weeks before Christmas, Charlotte began to cough, and a week later little Franklin started in, too. Dr. Millett told mother that they both had the whooping cough without any doubt. They both had it very lightly, and stayed out on the sunny south porch for several hours every pleasant day.

"We'll have to pack our presents in a box," mother said one morning a week before Christmas, "and send them to grandfather's folks this year."

"Why, aren't we going to grandfather's for Christmas?" asked Charlotte. "We've been every year since I was born, haven't we, mother?"

"Yes, every year," mother answered; "but we can't go this year, because Aunt Fanny's children never have had the whooping cough, and she would feel dreadfully if they should take it right in the middle of winter, so we must stay at home this time."

Charlotte sat down in her little chair and began to cry for Christmas at grandfather's big house meant a tree, and sleigh rides and lots of fun with the four little cousins there. And to have to give this all up because of the dreadful whooping cough was almost more than she could bear. Seeing Charlotte's tears, little Franklin began to cry, too.

"Now, children, mother said, "I want you to stop crying and listen to me. We all feel badly because we cannot go to grandfather's, but other folks have worse things than that. Edith's and Marian's mother is sick in the hospital, you know, and their father is out west on business, so they have only Hannah to take care of them, and they have just had the whooping cough, too. Now I think it would be very nice to invite them to come over here Christmas Day and have dinner with us, and have a tree for them in the afternoon."

Charlotte's tears ended in a fit of coughing, and then she said: "Could we really have a tree at home?"

"Why, I don't see why not, just the same as grandfather does; and you could have a very nice time with Edith and Marian, besides giving them a happy day."

"And would the tree have candles on it?" asked Charlotte, doubtfully.

"Yes, indeed! We'll have it so much like grandfather's that you couldn't tell them apart," mother answered, laughing.

Christmas day dawned very bright and pleasant, and just about noon faithful Hannah came over with the two little girls, their hands full of bundles, and their faces shining with pleasure.

Soon after dinner, before the little guests were tired, father opened the door of the library, and there, in the corner, stood the wonderful tree, trimmed with pop corn, silver paper and shining ornaments, all lighted with candles just like grandfather's. The children played round it for a while, and then father took the presents off—something for everybody—and the children sat down on the floor to look them over again and again, till little Marian grew so sleepy that Hannah said they must go home. The little faces looked so happy as they said good-night that mother exclaimed as the door closed after them, "I'm almost glad we couldn't go to grandfather's today, for if we had, those poor children would have been so lonely."

And Charlotte and Franklin both agreed that it had been a very nice Christmas.—May G. Moore.

Suggestions: Review the story from last lesson. Emphasize the thought that we are happy when we make others happy. Be sure to make clear the thought in the story of the loneliness of the children who must stay home because of the whooping cough, and by sharing and making the best of conditions the two families had a very happy Christmas.

Lesson 39.

Memory Gem:

"Little gifts are precious
If a loving heart
Helps the busy fingers
As they do their part.

Talk: In a country very far away from here, in a country across the sea, there is a town called Nazareth. There once lived in Nazareth a young

woman whose name was Mary, whom God, the Father in heaven, loved and trusted. There came one day to Mary in Nazareth a beautiful angel, whom God had sent from heaven. The angel came to bring her a message—to tell her that she had been chosen by God to be the mother of his Son, Jesus Christ. The angel said unto her: "Fear not, Mary: for thou hast pleased thy God. And thou shalt have a son and shalt call His name Jesus. He shall be great, and shall be called the Son of God."

Mary was filled with joy because of what the angel had told her, and she began to make ready for the coming of the Baby. As she waited, she went on a journey to Bethlehem with Joseph, her husband. Though the way had been long, and though Mary was tired when they came to the little town of Bethlehem, Joseph could find no room in the inn where she could be alone and rest. The inn was the house where strangers stopped, and when Joseph found there was no room there for Mary, he took her to a little place out on the hillside back of the inn, where cattle were sometimes kept, and there, one night, while the people of the earth were sleeping, while the stars in the sky were watching, and the angels in heaven were waiting, the Baby, Jesus Christ, was born.

The Baby was so good, so kind, so loving, that the heavenly angels broke forth into a glad, sweet song, when He was born. "And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night." That night, as they watched the stars twinkling and sparkling in the sky, as they watched the sheep asleep on the ground and the baby lambs close beside their mothers, "lo, the angel of the Lord" stood by them and a beautiful and wonderful light "shone round about them." At first the shepherds were afraid; but the angel said: "Fear not, do not be afraid: for I bring you a message of great joy, which shall make you and all the people of the earth glad. There is born in the City of Bethlehem a Baby, which is Christ the Lord." And suddenly there were with the angel many, many other heavenly angels, praising God, and singing this glad, sweet song:

The wonderful shining light began to fade away, and the earth and sky to grow still, as the angels' song ended. "And it came to pass, as the angels were gone away from them into heaven, the shepherds said to one another, Let us go to Bethlehem, and find the Baby of whom the angel has told us." They went to Bethlehem, and, in the little room out on the hillside, they found Joseph, and Mary, and the Baby, just as the angel had said. They found the Baby, Jesus Christ, and the Baby who was God's Son, and whom God had sent to teach all the people of the world how to help and how to love one another.

(If possible have some pictures of the birth of Christ to show to the children.)

God sent the Baby Jesus because He loved us and because He wished His Son to teach us. The angels were glad because the Baby Jesus was born, and they sang for joy on that first Christmas morning. Every year when Christmas comes we sing our songs of joy to show how glad we are that Jesus was born, and we give gifts to make people happy and to show that we remember that Jesus taught us to be loving. Let us sing our Christmas songs, and then thank our Father for sending Jesus to us on the first Christmas morning."—Selected.

Story, "At the Farm."

"But I'm going to have one, some kind of one," said Doris. Her little face was very sober, her brown eyes were full of tears, but her tone was brave and determined. "I'm going to have the best kind of one I can."

"'Tisn't any use," declared Jack. "They're most all grown folks out here, and they never make any fuss over Christmas, that's what Aunt Nancy

said; and anyway, she's sick with rheumatism. There's nobody to help, and no money, and nobody cares. I wish it wasn't that way, but we can't help it.

Jack had given up, but Doris would not. It was a part of the old home life that lay very close to her tender little heart—the dear old home life before mother went away to heaven, and father's business called for so much traveling that he sent the children to the farmhouse to live with Uncle Silas and Aunt Nancy. The uncle and aunt were good and kind, but they never seemed to care for holidays or what Aunt Nancy called "foolish fussin'."

"But Christmas is Jesus' birthday; folks ought to keep it," Doris told herself, as she went about her lonely preparations. It was easy enough to get a tiny evergreen out in the wood and plant it in a box of sand, easy enough to put it in the unused parlor—for there was no one to object or even notice—but something to put on it was another matter.

"Course I didn't 'spect to have new presents, but I guess old ones would do, if I had 'em." Doris said the last words rather doubtfully, for when she looked over the few treasures she had brought with her there was very little that she could use. Nobody would want her battered dolls, or her little tea set though they were dear to her. Then she drew out a box, and her face brightened, for it held her carefully kept valentines—gay cards and hearts, and cupids and flowers.

"They're so pretty I guess anybody'd like one," she thought. "I'll have a valentine Christmas tree."

The cards were painstakingly marked with the names of the family, and then Doris went to Aunt Nancy's room.

"Could I make some pop corn for my Christmas?" she asked, standing, a quaint, quiet little figure just within the door.

"Sakes alive, child!" answered Aunt Nancy, moving her stiff ankle with a groan. "Have all the pop corn you want, and apples, too, for Christmas or any other day."

So the small tree was trimmed and decorated, and Doris surveyed it with great satisfaction. Jack, who slipped in to look at it after the small sister had gone to bed, felt a twinge of self-reproach.

"I might have helped her some, poor, brave little soul!" he whispered. "If the folks laugh at it tomorrow I'll—I'll—"

But nobody laughed, and it was actually Uncle Silas who proposed that the tree should be taken up to Aunt Nancy's room before anything was taken from it.

"I never had such a thing in my life," said Aunt Nancy when her Christmas valentine was handed to her. But she pronounced it pretty and laid it away carefully, and everybody took a share of the apples and pop corn as if those familiar articles had acquired a new flavor by being on the tree.

"'Twas a pretty good Christmas," said Doris contentedly when the day was done.

But Jack never knew what the others thought about it until one day, the next autumn, when he was helping Cousin Ben dig potatoes.

"This patch is mine," said Ben, "and they're fine ones, too; they'll bring the highest price in the market.' '

"What are you going to do with the money?" asked Jack with boyish freedom.

"Oh, a lot of things. One of them will be to give little Doris a real Christmas this year. No more make-believe ones for her. Any little girl who worked as hard as she did last year to have a good Christmas, and gave gifts to all the family, deserves a better Christmas this year, and I am going to give it to her."—Kate W. Hamilton.

Suggestion: Use memory gem in giving some suggestions to the children about doing things for other people, helping to make them happy at Christmas time.

Lesson 40.

Memory Gem:

"Little hearts will happy be
If little eyes will always see
That little hands do work for Thee,
Our God and King."

(For this lesson try to have a picture of the birth of Christ, and one of the three wise men, and show them to the children.)

Talk: "How many boys and girls had a happy time last week? What did you do? (Let the children tell about going visiting, playing with their Christmas gifts, etc.) How many of you are glad for the happy times you had? Who is glad God sent Jesus to teach the people of the world to be loving? It is because God sent His Son to teach us that we have a happy Christmas each year. We must thank our Father for the gift of His Son and for all of our happy times.

We are glad that Jesus was born on Christmas day, are we not? Who can think of some one else who was glad when Jesus was born? (Help the children to tell you that Mary, the shepherds, and the angels, were glad.) Why do you think Mary was glad? (Get them to tell you, if possible.) I think she was glad to have the dear Baby Jesus to love and to take care of, and I think, too, she was glad to have the Baby to love her. Why do you think the shepherds were glad? I think the shepherds and the angels were glad because God's Son had been born on the earth to teach people how to be good, kind, and loving.

I know of some other people who were glad, too. Who would like to see a picture of them? (Show picture of wise men.) The men in the picture are called wise men. What do you think they are doing? They are going on a long journey, and, as they have no cars to travel in, they are riding on the backs of camels, which are very strong and which will carry them to the end of their journey. Why do you suppose these men are going so far away from their homes? It is because they have seen a beautiful new star in the sky, and because they believe that somewhere underneath that star they will find God's Son, Jesus Christ.

These wise men had heard of God's promise to the people of the world to send some one to love them, to help them, and to teach them, and they had also heard that, when God kept His promise, a new star should appear in the land where God's people lived. All their lives these men had been waiting for that promise to be kept. Night after night they had watched the stars in the sky to see if a new one had come among the old ones. At last a new star did come, and they were glad. It came to pass at the time when Jesus was born that a new and beautiful star shone out in the skies. When the wise men, in their far-away home, saw that bright and shining star they knew that God had kept His promise, and they started at once to find the Baby Jesus. As they traveled they watched the star, and it seemed to them as though it moved, and went on, and on, and on before them. They followed it just as you see them in the picture, and it led them to Bethlehem and to the place where Jesus was born.

"And when they were come into the house, they saw the young child with Mary, His mother." Oh, how glad and happy they were to see the Baby whom they had come such a long way to find! They knew He was God's promised child, who had come to help all the people of the world, and, as soon as they saw Him, they thanked and praised God for the loving Baby. Then they opened gifts of gold and precious things which they had brought with them, and gave them all to the Baby Jesus. This is the story of the wise men who traveled from afar to find the Baby who had been born on the very first Christmas day."—Selected.

Suggestions: This lesson should be very full of the children's doings during Christmas. Encourage them to talk freely, especially of the little ways they have tried to help others. If there is time for a story, review some of the Christmas ones already given.

SECOND GRADE.

(Children six and seven years of age.)

Subject: The Lord's Prayer.

Lesson 37.

Topic: How God Cares for His Children.
Recitation of the Lord's Prayer.
Suggestive Talk:

"Remember God is watching you;
For whether wrong or right,
No child in all this busy world
Is ever out of sight.
Yes, he who blessed the little ones
Is marking all you do,
Then let each word, and thought, and deed
Be honest, brave and true."

"Long, long ago, long before you and I were little children, God loved us. God so loved us and all other little children who have been born and shall be born, that he said, 'I love the children of the earth better than I love myself. I love them so much that I would help and teach them. I love them so much that I would have them think good thoughts, speak words which are true, kind and loving, and do deeds which are so noble, so patient, so helpful that my children shall carry joy wherever they go, and please me. I love them so much that I will send my Son to help and teach them.'

Because God loved us, He sent Jesus, His Son, to live upon the earth, to speak pure, true words, to be patient, kind, unselfish and loving. Jesus came as we know, and He spoke pure, true words, that you and I might know how to speak them. He was patient, kind, unselfish and loving that he might teach us to be so. He told us about God's love that you and I might know God loves us and love Him.

It was not easy for Jesus to do all that He did, for some people among whom He lived would not listen to what He said, others would not so much as try to be kind, unselfish or loving, still others would not believe that He was God's Son and that God had sent Him, while still others said, 'Come, let us make way with this Man who is telling us to follow and be like Him. Let us put Him to death."

Think how hard it must have been for Jesus to leave His Father and come to live upon the earth. Think how hard it must have been to speak God's words when some people did not want to hear them. Think how hard it must have been to keep on loving, helping and teaching people when He knew that some of the very people whom He wanted to help were making ready to put Him to death. They did put Him to death as we know, for we are remembering that Jesus died and lived again.

Can you think why Jesus came to love, help and teach the people of the earth? It was not only because God wanted Him to come and sent Him, it

was also because He, Himself, wanted to come. Can you think why He wanted to come? It was because He loved us and everyone who lived and who should live upon the earth. It was because He wanted to help us and to help everybody. It was because He wanted to teach us to do as God would have us. Jesus loved us long, long ago. He loved us when we were very little children and knew nothing whatever about Him, and He loves us now. Jesus first loved us but now we can love Him and we do. We love Jesus because He loves us, we love Him because of all that He did for us, we show how much we love Him by the thoughts we think, the words we speak, the deeds we do. If our thoughts are the thoughts we are glad to have father, mother, teacher and Jesus know about, if the words we speak are kind, true and loving, if we try to be patient, loving, unselfish and helpful for Jesus' sake, He knows we love Him with great love. If we keep on trying each day to be and do more and more as Jesus taught that God would have us, He knows that our love for Him is growing greater and greater, and that is the way Jesus would have it grow." Let us all say the prayer that Jesus taught when he lived upon the earth. (Repeat the Lord's Prayer.) Near the end of the prayer we said, "and deliver us from evil." We ask God to keep us safe from danger—evil is danger—because we know that He loves us and is willing to help us when we pray to Him for help. Sometimes we speak of the Lord as our Protector, as our shield from harm and danger. I will tell you a story that helps us to understand. (If the teacher can find some pictures of shields it will help to make the lesson more interesting.)

Story, "Nannie's Shield."

Nannie was very much interested in her brother's shield. It was made of gold, and shone beautifully. Her brother wore it on his coat. Nannie asked many questions about it.

"What makes you call it a shield, Walter?"

"Because that is its name."

"Yes, but why did they name it that?"

"Well, little woman, one reason why this badge is called a shield is because it is shaped like the shield that used to be carried."

"See if you can find anything in this book that looks like my shield," he said. Nannie looked and studied. Then she said:

"Oh, here is one just exactly like it; only this is big, and yours is a little tiny thing."

"That is the kind men used when they fought in battles," said her brother. "They held it before them, so that the arrow that was coming straight toward them would strike the shield instead of them, and do no harm."

'How strange! You couldn't use your shield in that way, could you?"

Her brother laughed. "This is a badge," he said. "Now don't ask what a badge is, because I must go this minute."

"Mother," said Nannie, as her mother came into the little schoolroom, "what do you think! Here is Walter's shield in our Bible verse!" Mrs. Stone bent over the Bible and smiled.

You mean the word is there," she said.

"Yes, of course," said Nannie. "The very word! "The Lord God is a sun and shield,' it says. Isn't that strange? Walter told me about shields this very morning, and showed me a page full of their pictures. Mother, how could God be a shield?"

"The shield was to hide them from danger," said her mother.

"I know it. They carried it with them. But I don't see how God could be a shield."

"He can," said her mother. "He is a wonderful shield."

"Did He ever shield you, mother?" asked Nannie.

"A great many times. I don't know how I could get through any day if He did not shield me all the time."

"How strange!" said Nannie.

"I will tell you about a time when He was a shield for you, Nannie."

"For me! Was He ever?

"Yes, indeed! One day, when you were a very little girl, a big girl coaxed you to run away with her out of the garden down to the river, to paddle in the water. You started away with her and went as far as the gate. Then you stopped short and said: 'Nannie won't! God wouldn't like to have her!' And you ran back to your play. You did not know that I was watching, but I was at the upper window and heard it all; and I was so glad that my little girl let God be her shield from doing wrong. Some people will not let Him shield them; they run right into the wrong way, even when He is waiting to shield them."

"Was that God?" said Nannie softly.—Pansy.

Lesson 38.

Topic: How God Cares for His Children.

Recitation of The Lord's Prayer.

Suggestive Talk: "As you came in this afternoon, with your clean faces and hands and your nice clean clothes, I wondered if you could tell how mother and father helped to make you ready for Primary. Who can think how mother helped? (Lead the children to tell how mother dressed them, made or bought their clothes or washed and ironed them.) Who can tell how father helped? (By questions lead them to realize that their clothes were bought with the money their father earned.) What else besides clothing do we buy with money? (Lead them to realize that their homes, furniture, food, rides on cars, etc., all are bought with money. If some child says his mother works, explain that some fathers cannot work, or cannot earn money enough for the family, so the mothers help.) The children who are glad for all the good things money buys for us may raise their hands. The children who think we ought to be very glad and thankful for the fathers who work so hard to earn money with which to buy the good things may raise their hands. Those who think we ought dearly to love our fathers who work so hard to earn money with which to buy the good things

What is the best thing for a boy or a girl to have? Have our fathers and mothers always been grown up? Some day you will be parents. Do you think you could be good fathers and mothers? How? When do you think you ought to begin? All good fathers and mothers are willing to help their boys and girls, but they need help themselves, too. Whom do they go to for help? We all need to depend on the Lord and that is the reason we say "Deliver us from evil." Our parents help us more than we know, because they are older and know better. And it is so with our Father in heaven; we are taken care of many times even when we do not know that the Lord is protecting us.

"A baby was taking his first steps, and how proud he was! He laughed and crowed as he toddled across the carpet to his grandpa, and grandpa clapped his hands and crowed, too. Baby's mamma was just behind him, and though she did not touch him, her arms were spread around him so that she could catch him, if he should fall.

"He thinks that he is doing it all alone," said grandpa.

"So he is," said Baby's mother, "but my arms are here, and if he should stumble, he will not fall."

Do you ever think, children, that our heavenly Father cares for us in just that way? He lets us make our own way, for we must learn how to live, and how to choose right instead of wrong; but He never leaves us. He gives His angels charge concerning us, and always underneath and around about us are His everlasting arms. How safe and happy every child has a right to feel, since it is true that the great God takes care of us all the time!"—Selected.

Lesson 39.

Topic: Being Grateful for God's Care.

Recitation of The Lord's Prayer.

Suggestive Talk: Who gave us the beautiful prayer that is called "The Lord's Prayer?" What are some of the things we ask for in that prayer? (Review briefly each division.) At the last we say, "For Thine is the power and the glory for ever and ever, Amen." This means that the Lord has great power and that He is King and Ruler for ever and ever and that we are very glad and thankful that He is our King and our Ruler.

Once, when Jesus was on the earth, He was with some fishermen who had caught some fish, and they were going to eat them.

On the shore was a fire of coals and bread and the fish already laid on it for the fishermen's breakfast. Then Jesus invited them to dine. Jesus gave thanks before He took of tne bread. We should all do so too. Jesus then waited on them Himself. How kind, thoughtful, and loving He was! He was going to teach them a lesson, but He knew they would need something to eat first. This was all so wonderful to them that they accepted Jesus's invitation and came to eat with Him. Jesus is with us when we eat our food, for it is really He that gives it to us. We should not grumble and say, "We don't like this," and "we don't like that," but take what is set before us, and give thanks to Jesus for it. The disciples, I am sure, did not find fault with the bread and fish that day. —Selected.

"David and Paul have told us when to be thankful and both say, "Be thankful all the time," and Paul adds, 'For all things." That seems hard, does it not? But I wonder if we really ever tried? Things often seem hard to us because we do not try to do them, and all of us have found that when we go at anything with a will it is much easier to do than we had thought.

I have often thought I should like to be like thankful John. He had earned that adjective by always finding something to be thankful for. One very rainy day, cold and disagreeable, some men lounging about a country tavern, saw thankful John trudging down the muddy road. The rain was dripping from his hat and running down his neck, his clothes were soaked with rain and his boots were heavy with mud. One of the men who knew the old man laughed and said, "Well, old John can't find anything to be thankful for today, sure." As the tired traveler came up the steps he looked at the men and smiled, and as he began to scrape the mud off his boots exclaimed: 'Thank the Lord for scrapers!" I think old John preached an eloquent sermon that day."

How many will try to remember what we have talked about today when we say our prayers? That is just the same as saying "Amen." Amen means "That is what I want."

Lesson 40.

Topic: Christmas.

Note to teacher: Talk about the Christmas with the children. and impress the thought that we are happiest when we try to make others happy. Tell the following story. Be sure to make it fit your boys and girls.

Story: "A Christmas Without Presents."

It came about in this way. Harold had his seventh birthday and Henrietta was five early in December, and having on these days got everything they asked for and a good deal besides, they both said that they did not want any Christmas presents.

"But what shall we do to celebrate Jesus' birthday?" asked mamma.

"We don't want any presents and we don't want any secrets, and we don't want to hang up our stockings."

"No tree?" questioned mamma.

"Well," admitted Harold, "perhaps so, if I could cut it down."

"And if I could help put the things on it," added Henrietta.

So mamma said: "Suppose we ask Miss Weston to come."

Both children jumped for joy, for Miss Weston was their Primary teacher, and a visit from her was enough to make a merry Christmas.

"With her to help us," mamma continued, "we will have all the children in your class to a party Christmas afternoon; a tree to look pretty; no presents, but a good time."

How they worked out this plan I am going to tell you.

Two days before Christmas two little boys, Harold and his best friend, both warmly wrapped up, took hatchets, and seated in two small chairs in the lumber wagon rattled off over the frozen road, in company with grandpa's Albert, to find, cut, and bring home the Christmas-tree.

Late in the afternoon they came home, riding in a bower of evergreen, with a large spruce and a beautiful, bushy pine for mamma to choose between, and a small spruce which Harold had cut down with his own hands for "a Christmas-tree for his pets," he said.

"We aren't cold a bit, mamma, and we've had the best time! and oh, we had to hunt, and I cut it down myself!"

"Now," said mamma, after the lamps had been lighted, "a box has come from Aunt Pen with things in it to put on the Christmas-tree; do you wish to help me open it, or had you rather have the things a surprise?"

"We wish to help you open it and see the things now," both children agreed, and mamma and they went down cellar and carefully looked over the box from Pierce's. To begin with, there were three half-dozens bonbons, one set in the shape of paper dolls, gayly dressed and with the cap and cracker tucked underneath their skirts; another of white velvet, and tinsel hearts run through with a silver arrow; and a third in the cracker shape, but larger, and of green and silver paper. To these Aunt Pen had added a box of glittering ornaments, a pair of slippers, an angel, and some stars in silver and gilt.

In the bottom of the box were smaller and heavier packages wrapped up and tied with ribbon or silver cord. There was a lovely pink box with pictures of clover, filled withsugared dates, a box, with violets, had salted nuts; a third. covered with cornucopias of roses and forget-me-note, was full of candied figs.

Henrietta spoke for that on the spot, Harold liked the one with the violets, and mamma said she should use the clover box for her's when the sweetmeats should be out of it. Plainer boxes held cream peppermints, and strawberries made of colored paste. Last of all was a box of candles for the tree; red, blue, pink, and yellow.

"It's as good as going to the store," said Henrietta.

"Won't this be a happy Christmas," Harold said.

The next day the children dressed the tree which Harold brought for their pets. These were two dogs, their own little spaniel Rover and Aunt Emmy's collie Tray; one cat, dear old Oliver, and Nibble, the big brown rabbit. The little tree was hung with rounds of carrot, quarters of apples, bits of meet cut into squares and each run through with a string, a little bunch of catnip, and as many other good things as the children could find. When the tree was finished it was carried into the attic to keep cool over night.

Early Christmas morning Harold was up and dressed, and hurried out to bring Nibble in from the barn. Rover and Oliver raced in in front of him; and Tray, who always came down to visit the children before break-

fast, arrived from grandpa's early. He bounded upstairs laughing and wagging his Christmas greetings.

The tree was brought in, and with the help of the children the animals enjoyed it at once. With much laughing and barking the bits were cut off and passed around, and each pet fed until he could eat no more. Nibble took his share in a safe retreat under the table. Oliver rolled on his catnip and took care that the dogs should not get it. When all was over Harold carried off the tree to his playhouse in the garden.

At the late breakfast papa gave to Harold a smiling pink plaster pig with a baby pig in its arms, and a chocolate Santa Clause for Henrietta, and a tiny bronze Puss-in-Boots for mamma. The early mail brought packages from friends who had not heard of the no-present plan.

Most delightful of all Miss Weston had arrived, and was ready for a merry Christmas. The children hung upon her as of old, listened to her stories and asked thousands of questions, and almost forget the plans of the forenoon. But mamma said: "Come, who's going to help me trim that tree? We've got something to do. Let Miss Weston unpack her box while we get ready for the party."

This was to have been Henrietta's work, but Harold wished to help, and the three set out up the street with their arms full, and the little express wagon loaded to its brim. The fragrant tree stood waiting in the pretty hall where the children had had their Primary class. On the top they placed the angel Aunt Pen sent. Strings of popcorn hung from limb to limb. Several dozen ornaments, red glass globes and silver spheres and twinkling tinsel things, the children hung on the ends of the stiff spruce twigs.

Mamma fastened the cornucopias with the nuts and sweet-meats farther in on the stronger branches. The candle-cups were snapped on everywhere and a bright-colored little candle fitted into each. There were crackers for each child, and silver frost-work sprinkled over the whole. "So pretty!" Harold and Henrietta thought. "This is a happy Christmas," they twittered—a pair of good-sized birds—among its branches.

There were seventeen children at the party. Their mammas and two or three grandpas came with them. In the center where the tree stood Miss Weston invited the little folks to make a circle, and together they told the story of Christmas—Jesus' birthday of long ago. Aunt Emmy played on the piano and they sang some Christmas songs, and then Miss Weston told them a story. Everyone liked "Piccola," and all were interested in hearing what she found in her Christmas shoe, while to the mammas and grandpas it was all a pretty sight, one of the prettiest in the world.

The tree was lighted, and for a few moments everybody admired it at first at a distance, and then the children came near at hand to touch and handle. The crackers were distributed and snapped, and the children put on the gay caps. The cornucopias were given out, one apiece all round. Then came games, "Squirrel" and good, old fashioned "Drop the Handkerchief" being most enjoyed. The candles burned low and a great deal of fun was had in blowing them out, each child having three puffs apiece.

Last of all they marched, up and down, round and round, by pairs, by fours, and one by one, Miss Weston leading and directing and Aunt Emmy playing her liveliest two-steps. In their bright caps, some pretty, some funny, and with their brighter eyes and faces, it was all very gay. It ended by the children, one by one, as they passed Miss Weston for the last time, bidding her good night and Merry Christmas.

"It has been a lovely Christmas," Harold and Henrietta declared at bedtime.

"I liked getting the tree best," said Harold.

"I liked the party," said Henrietta, "because everybody was happy.—Selected.

THIRD GRADE.

(Children eight and nine years of age.)

Lesson 37.

Subject: The Ten Commandments.
Topic: Truthfulness.
Recitation of the Ninth Commandment.

Suggestive Talk: Bearing false witness is telling something that is not true. "Truth is what God says about anything, not what man says. A man may speak the truth, but it is truth because God has said it was. God is the author of all truth, man is not the author of any. He who tells the truth is right because God approves what he says.

The Psalmist said, "Thy law is the truth." That is why truth is strong and endures. It is the strength of God and "standeth forever." Telling the truth is the opposite of telling a lie. "Lying lips are an abomination to the Lord; but they that deal truly are his delight." "A righteous man (one who tells the truth) hateth lying."

Several boys were playing "I spy" and having a fine time. When Henry was carefully looking for Charles, Hugh, who had reached the goal, pointed with his finger to the north, and Henry understood him to mean that Charles was hiding in that direction. But Hugh meant to deceive Henry, for Charles went the opposite way. Hugh told a lie with his finger, so that Charles reached the goal when Henry was looking for him where he did not hide.

You can tell a lie with your finger or foot, and even with your eye, as well as with your tongue. That is, you can *act* a lie as really as you can speak one. Noble is the boy or girl who will neither speak nor act a falsehood, but ever tell and act the truth!"

(Relate the following story to emphasize the wrong of "acting a lie.")

Story: "Transfer Pictures."

"Yes, George is real handy with his pencil," said Mrs. Mills, "and everybody said, his drawings on the blackboard at the Christmas exercises were fine. We're going to let him take lessons as soon as we can for I believe it is worth while."

George, bending over his arithmetic at the table in the next room, tried to look studious and unconcerned as he listened for more flattering remarks, but none being forthcoming, he soon put on his hat and went out.

He drew, as hundreds of other boys draw, showy little things with many curves and flourishes that his mother and his admiring mates thought wonderful. He had a cheap box of water-color paints, but his attempts at using them had not been a success.

One day, shortly before Easter, when rummaging in his drawer he came across several sheets of small transfer pictures. A cup of water stood on the table, and dipping his handkerchief into it, he proceeded to decorate the table with some of the pictures. Suddenly, he had a brilliant idea. They would be just the thing for decorating Easter eggs!

Accordingly, when Mrs. Mills was getting supper he asked: "Will you boil two eggs hard for me, mother? I want to decorate them for Easter." And two, smooth white eggs were promptly put on to boil.

After supper he took his things out of the kitchen table and went to work. He selected small, brightly colored pictures which he carefully transferred to the eggs, and the result was surprising, even to himself. "They look exactly as if they were painted on," he said.

When both were finished, he carried them into the sitting room to show to his mother.

"Well, I declare! Did you do those?" she exclaimed. "Look, father, what George did. He's a real genius isn't he."

"That surely is pretty good," said Mr. Mills. carefully holding an egg in his big hand and examining it with interest.

"Your mother and father think you painted those, and you ought to tell them that you didn't," said conscience. "They didn't say so," said George, but he felt uncomfortable and soon went to bed.

In the morning when George was getting ready for school, Elsie Mason, one of his playmates, came in on an errand. The eggs were on the clock shelf, but she spied them at once. "Oh, what pretty Easter eggs," she exclaimed. "Who decorated them?"

"George did last night," said Mrs. Mills with motherly pride.

"How did you ever do it, George?" cried Elsie turning on him an admiring look that set him to blushing furiously just when he was trying his best to look modest and unconcerned.

"Oh, that's easy," he said evasively.

"If you do some for me, I'd do almost anything for you," she said. "I can't make pretty ones at all, so I was going to buy cards, but if you would make me some like these, I'd buy all mine from you, and lots of the other girls would, too."

In desperation he promised to "think about it," and while Elsie and his mother were talking, he very ungallantly made his escape through the back door and hurried off to school alone. "I wish I'd told them at first," he said to himself. "Somebodv'll find it out pretty soon, and then how ashamed I will be."

Of course Elsie brought the word to school, and by noon all the girls were talking Easter eggs. To escape them he darted round the first corner, and made his way home through alleys and side streets. His appetite deserted him, and he could scarcely do more than taste his mother's nice dinner, and at supper time it was the same. In answer to his mother's questions he kept insisting that he was "all right," but she knew better, for what hearty boy will allow two tempting meals to go untasted when he is "all right?"

He went upstairs to bed early, but his mother as she sat alone sewing, could hear him restlessly tossing, and she knew that he was not asleep. At last, laying aside her work, she filled a glass with milk and quietly slipped upstairs.

"Are you asleep, George?" she asked softly. George lay very still, intending to make her think that he was asleep, but the sympathetic voice was too much for him, and in spite of himself he gave a great sob. She was beside the bed in an instant patting as much of the brown head as was visible above the covers.

It was really a great relief to tell her all about it, for, of course, that is what he did in a few minutes. Her first impulse was, as she afterwards said, to give him the worst scolding he ever had had," but he was so miserably unhappy that she relented.

"The only way out of it will be to tell Elsie and the rest about it in the morning," she said.

It was one of the hardest things George ever had to do in his life, but he did as his mother suggested, and made a clean breast of the whole thing. He even took over a sheet of the pictures which he distributed among the girls, showing them how to use them so that they could decorate their own Easter eggs.

The lesson was a severe one, but a good one, for through it George realized that an acted lie was, indeed, as bad as a spoken one, and from that day he made up his mind to be true and upright in all that he did.—Louise M. Oglevee.

Lesson 38:

Topic: Truthfulness.
Recitation of the Ninth Commandment.
Review of last lesson.

Suggestive Talk: A little newsboy, to sell his paper, told a lie. The matter came up in Sunday school. "Would you tell a lie for a cent?" asked the teacher of one of her boys. "No, ma'am," he answered, very decidedly. "For ten cents?" "No, ma'am." "For twenty-five cents?" "No, ma'am." "For a thousand cents?" Dick was staggered; a thousand cents looked big. Wouldn't it buy a lot of things! While he was thinking, another boy behind him called out, "No, ma'am." "Why not?" asked the teacher. "Because, when things they've got with them are gone too, the lie is there all the same," answered the boy. It is so; a lie sticks. Everything else may be gone, but that is left; and you will have to carry it with you whether you will or not."

(Relate the following story and emphasize the value of children always telling the truth, particularly to their parents.)

Story: "The Topaz Pin."

"Oh, dear! oh, dear! how I wish I hadn't worn it!"

"Worn what, dear?"

Margaret started at the sound of her teacher's voice, and turned a miserable, tear-stained little face to meet the kindly one bending above her.

She had thrown herself down at the foot of a maple tree in the school yard, and it was here Miss Burnham found her after she had locked the school-room door and was on her way home.

"Miss Burnham always knows the right thing to do; I believe I'll tell her about it," mused the little girl.

"I've lost my mother's pin," she faltered, "the one grandfather gave her, and—and—grandfather's d—d—dead!"

"How did you happen to have the pin?" asked Miss Burnham, sitting down on the grass beside Margaret.

That was the part of the story Margaret disliked to tell. But if she wanted advice she must confess the whole.

"I took it from mother's cushion, just to wear this afternoon, and was going to put it right back when I got home," confessed Margaret.

"Then your mother didn't know you wore it?"

"No, ma'am." The reproof in her teacher's tone caused the tears to start afresh.

"In that case your duty seems very plain."

Miss Burnham's tone was gentle, and Margaret gained courage.

"You mean I ought to go right home and tell her about it? O Miss Burnham, how c—c—can I?" she sobbed afresh.

"Is it so very hard to do right?"

The mild reproof in her teacher's voice made Margaret ashamed.

"I'll do it if you think it is right, Miss Burnham," said the little girl, smiling bravely through her tears.

"I certainly do think so; and I also am sure you will feel much happier when the confession has been made," her teacher assured her as she bade Margaret good-night at the gate of her home.

When Margaret once made up her mind to do a thing she seldom wavered. She walked bravely into the house and to the room where her mother sat sewing.

"I've lost grandfather's topaz pin, mother. I wore it to school this afternoon and I lost it," she began. Then seeing the tears glisten in her

mother's eyes, although no ward of reproof as yet had passed her lips, the little girl buried her face in her hands and sobbed aloud.

Suddenly her hands were withdrawn and she left her mother's kiss upon her brow. "It was very wrong for you to take the pin without asking me; but I would rather have lost it than not to have had you confess your fault so truthfully," her mother said to her.

"Oh, thank you, mother!" cried Margaret, springing impulsively to her feet. As she did so something dropped to the floor. As she stooped to see what it could be, a small topaz pin set in pearls met her eye.

"Where could it have been, mother?" she cried, in a tone of delighted surprise.

"It must have slipped down the neck of your dress. The only wonder is that it did not drop before you reached home," her mother said, taking the pin from Margaret's trembling fingers.

"Of course mother was glad to find it," Margaret assured Miss Burnham, the next day, "but I really think she was more glad that I told her the truth about it."

"I knew that she would be," was Miss Burnham's quiet answer.—Helen M. Richardson.

Lesson 39:

Subject: Bearing False Witness.

Review of last lesson.

Suggestive Talk: I wonder whether any of you ever saw a dandelion? Tell me what a dandelion does when the yellow blossom falls off? Can you blow the little white ball away? Do you think you could gather together all the white seeds that are in a dandelion after they have been blown away? Sometimes boys and girls will say unkind things about their playmates; sometimes tell things that are not true. We do not mean to be unkind and often we say things without thinking, perhaps someone told us and we never stopped long enough to find out if it was true before we told someone else. Telling stories about our playmates or anyone is like blowing the dandelion; we cannot tell how far the story may travel and we might never be able to go after it and stop it altogether. We never know how much harm we may do when we tell stories if we are not sure that they are true stories. I will tell you about two girls; this story is called: "Golden Gossips."

Story: "Golden Gossips."

Patty was spending the afternoon with Beatrice, and a splendid time they were having. They played and gathered flowers and chattered away merrily until they were glad to sit down and rest. Then Beatrice brought out a dainty, white cloth, spread it on the smooth lawn near the sitting-room window, and on it put her prettiest play dishes with cake and apples and bananas for their luncheon. Then, while they rested and ate the good things, the chatter went on again.

"O Beatrice, I heard such a dreadful thing about Alice the other day," said Patty. "May said that Alice told her a story—a real, downright story. Isn't that dreadful? I always thought"—

"Maybe it was a mistake, or perhaps May did not understand it just right. Alice is a good girl. I never heard her say anything that was not true. She is so honest, too. You remember the time she ran all the way back to Mrs. Barnes's shop to give her back the penny too much change?" said Beatrice.

"Yes, I know," answered Patty, slowly. She was not quite pleased at the way Beatrice had spoiled her story. "I was in the shop when she came in and gave back the penny. I don't often go to Mrs. Barnes's shop.

I think she is such a queer old woman, and looks so funny in those big spectacles she wears."

"Oh, I like her," declared Beatrice earnestly. "She told me once that she has to wear those big, thick glasses because she is so nearsighted. But she is lovely, I think; so kind and generous to poor children. I saw her give poor little Jimmy Harris quite a handful of candy, one day."

"Why, Beatrice, you don't agree with a thing I say," complained Patty, with a little half make-believe, half real frown at her hostess.

"But you must say nice things about people, and then see how quickly I will agree with everything you say," laughed Beatrice, holding out the cake as a peace offering. Patty laughed, too; it was hard to stay cross with Beatrice for any length of time, she was so good-natured.

Some one sitting at the window, not far away, smiled behind the pretty, muslin curtains. Then she leaned forward, parted the curtains and smiled down at the two upturned faces.

"Beatrice has the right idea of talking about people," said she. "There are two kinds of gossips. One kind tell the ugly things about those they know; and the other kind—the golden gossips, some one has called them—tell all the nice things they can about people. If everybody would try to be a golden gossip, when speaking of others, what a pleasant world this would be. If only the nice things were told, everybody would soon be trying to have only nice things to tell about. Then we all would be better every day, wouldn't we? Who knows, but perhaps in a little while there would not be anything but nice things to tell, and everybody would have to be a golden gissip." She laughed softly at the two bright faces, saw the two heads nod assent, and dropping the curtain left them to go on with the luncheon, and to think over, and put into practice the, lesson.—Cora S. Day.

What kind of gossip is "Golden Gossip." Who knows the "Golden Rule?" Let us all say it together. Why are "Golden Gossip" and "Golden Rule" alike?

Lesson 40:

Topic: Covetousness.

Recitation of the Tenth Commandment.

Suggestive Talk: Last week in our class we talked about "Golden Gossip." What kind of gossip is that? What is the other kind of gossip? What is the Golden Rule? If we would do to others as we would have them do to us we would not want anything that belonged to our neighbor. We must be kind and generous, and instead of wishing to take something that belongs to someone else we should be willing to give and to share anything that is our own.

"There is a story told of two springs of water which welled up near one another out of the ground on a mountain side. "Oh, what a beautiful world!" said one. "Just look at the blue of the sky and the green of the waving trees! I am so glad to get out of the darkness into the light and to have these beautiful things for myself. I shall stay here always, and the sky and the trees will be reflected in me, and I shall be so happy." "Surely you cannot mean to do that," said the other spring. "Do you not hear the ferns and the trees all the way down the mountain calling for your help? They are thirsty. For weeks there have been no clouds in the sky and the rain has not fallen, and they will die if we do not go to them. Way down in the valley there are mills lying idle because the water which turned their busy wheels is dried up, and they, too are calling. Come with me. Let us hasten down the mountain and do our best to help where help is needed. Let us give all that we have so that many may be blessed.' 'Indeed I will not,' said the first spring. 'Do you think I am going to give all that I have to others and have nothing for myself? I shall keep

right here every drop of water that I have now and all that comes from the earth, and there will be no more than I need to make a good pond in which all the beauty that I see around me will be mirrored.' So the two springs parted, the one to go gladly and helpfully down the mountain cheering the thirsty plants, quenching the thirst of men, women, and children, and doing its part toward starting the mill wheels that had so long been idle. The more the spring gave the more it seemed to receive, until at last it became a mighty river and great ships sailed on its water; finally it emptied itself into the ocean, and then, drawn by the loving power of the sun, it was carried in the chariot of the clouds across the thirsty land, and fell in cool showers on the mountain to feed again its own self, the generous spring that never had ceased to give. But what of the other one? For awhile its waters spread crystal clear in a pond that reflected all the glories of the mountain scene, but as day after day went by and nothing was given out by the spring, the water became less and less. A green scum formed over the surface which seemed like a scowling face. It could no longer give back the smiles of heaven. At last the spring knew it soon would have no life at all for the pond was but a festering place of weeds and slime. When the selfish spring listened to the merry song of its neighbor as it danced down the mountain on its errands of love, it said: 'It would have been better for me if I had been willing to do for others instead of keeping everything for myself. I wish I had done so!" But it was too late then."

There is a story told about Abram and Lot that will help us to understand why we should not covet anything that belongs to another:

"Abram, when called by the heavenly Father to go to Canaan, had taken his nephew, Lot, with him. As Abram grew rich in cattle, Lot also was gaining more and more wealth. Abram was glad to have the riches that God had given him, but he had not set his heart upon them so that he cared more for success than for anything else. What Abram cared most for was to please God and to be worthy of the promises that God had made to him; but as Lot's possessions grew, his love for money and the things money can buy grew faster, until he cared more for riches than for anything else. He found all his happiness in getting things for himself. He probably would have been very unhappy if he had been obliged to give away any of the things that he owned. Abram was very different. It was a pleasure to him to give to others for he had something of the spirit of his heavenly Father. When he and Lot came back from Egypt, trouble arose between their herdsmen. What difference did it make to Abram and Lot that those other people were living in the land? You see from the way Abram speaks it is evident that Lot had tried to quarrel with Abram himself about this matter. Lot knew very well that all the land had been promised to his uncle, and that he had no right to any part of it except as Abram might give it to him, and yet he had such a covetous spirit that he was ready to demand what belonged to another. Covetousness is always on the direct road to stealing. There never was a thief yet that did not break the commandment that says, "Thou shalt not covet," before he broke the one that says, "Thou shalt not steal." It is no wonder that Jesus said, "Take heed, and beware of covetousness." Let us see what covetousness led Lot to do. He could not steal from Abram because Abram was willing to give him anything that he wished, but Lot did a most selfish thing. When Abram gave him the first choice, he took the very best of all the land for himself, the part that would give him the best chance to become richer than he then was. But this is not all the story. The covetous person is always eager to get things which perish with the using, and he cares nothing for the best of God's gifts, those which are for eternity. So Lot, in thinking of his flocks and herds, seemed to forget his children. Not only he himself went, but he took his children into a place so wicked that its very name is a horror to this day."

FOURTH GRADE.

(Children ten and eleven years of age).

Subject:. The Word of Wisdom.

Lesson 37:

Topic: Care of the Body.

Divisions:

1. Concert recitation of paragraph eighteen of The Word of Wisdom.

2. The following may be given by the teacher in her own words. It is suggested that questions be asked wherever possible.

Reward of Temperate Living:—This is a standing promise of the Lord to persons who keep the Word of Wisdom. Keeping the Word of Wisdom specifically means abstinence from alcholic liquors, tobacco, tea and coffee, and eating seasonable and wholesome foods and these only in moderation. The letter and spirit of the Word of Wisdom as revealed through the Prophet Joseph Smith in 1833, amounts to nothing more nor less than the gospel of temperance, including moderation in all things.

Let us look into this promise and see what it is worth. It appears to us to be a wonderful statement when dissected and analyzed in connection with the law of temporal salvation. The promise includes a temporal blessing and a spiritual blessing. Suppose we talk about the temporal blessing first; for the other comes largely as a result of that.

What is the temporal blessing promised to the individual that practices the Word of Wisdom, that is, to the temperate man? It is just the plain, prosaic blessing of good health. And to know the full value of that, you should ask the sick man.

But which of us would not name health of body as the richest temporal gift that mortal can receive or enjoy? We recall that the dollar-loving Mr. Rockefeller was willing to give a million dollars to the man who could cure him of his stomach trouble. And failing to find this man, he cured it himself by simple and light eating, by being temperate—by keeping the Word of Wisdom, if you please.

The promise says that those who observe Jehovah's temperance law "shall run and not be weary, and shall walk and not faint." That, of course, is merely an indication of good health. However, the last of this promise of the Lord is a somewhat remarkable statement. "And I, the Lord, give unto them a promise, that the destroying angel shall pass by them as the children of Israel, and not slay them." Here is something to think about. What does it mean? Does it mean that the Almighty is liable to scourge the land with the slaughter of the first-born of every house as happened in ancient Egypt? Most likely not. Is that the only kind of scourge that ever visits a country?

There are very whit as destructive agencies making the rounds today as the destroying angel of old. Not wishing to label this latter-day destroying angel any particular plague, we but suggest an item or two that it might stand for. It seems to us that one of the most terrible of modern destructive agencies is disease. Look at the inroads this monster is making into the ranks of humankind. If there is no angel with flaming sword, claiming one victim here and another there, there is a manifold greater scourge to fear and avoid in the various maladies that stalk broad in the land, and in all lands, laying a grim finger upon this person and that. Just now there is being waged a more or less concerted effort to stem the tide of tuberculosis that cuts off so many thousands of lives every year. Again, typhoid fever, pneumonia, etc., claim their victims by the tens of thousands.

But what has this to do with temperate living? Very much indeed. Only too few people know how much. Mode of living has as much to do with avoiding disease as sunshine has to do with the growing of plants. It is claimed that consumption is in many cases hereditary, inherited from parents by children. It is true also that affections like smallpox, cholera, etc., come by epidemics and one person may contract them from another. However, it is well known that even contagious and inherited diseases have much less chance of fastening themselves upon a person who has preserved his physical powers to the fullest by clean, simple, temperate living.

And what shall we say of the long list of disorders that people almost wholly bring upon themselves by intemperance and careless living? Take the two we have mentioned, typhoid fever and pneumonia. Physicians well know that these dread diseases often fasten themselves upon debauched or "run-down" systems. 'Tis true that the system may be "run-down" from over-work. But usually strong drink, continued use of tobacco, tea or coffee, or over-eating, has so reduced the physical vitality that the victim is but a plaything for the disease. You might want to remind us that typhoid germs are usually taken into the stomach in the water we drink or the food we eat. Granted. But those deadly germs will not take root in the healthy system. They find soil only in the abused, debilitated system. Many people unconsciously swallow such bacteria, who never take the disease, simply because disease feeds upon weakness and corruption, as maggots thrive in putrid flesh. Topers, tobacco-users, tea and coffee-drinkers, gormandizers and those intemperate in other ways are most likely slowly wearing their bodies down to a state where maladies can settle down upon them and destroy them.

Think now of dyspepsia and appendicitis, from which so many people suffer. Few people would ever be afflicted by either, if they ate sparingly and avoided alcoholic beverages, tobacco, tea and coffee. The latter disorder, as well as rheumatism, is known to be aggravated by a heavy meat diet, which the Word of Wisdom warns against. And so we could go on to illustrate by specifically considering disease after disease and its connection with intemperance.

We trust these few scattering thoughts may suggest to you one of the guises in which this latter-day destroying angel is abroad in the land. We have tried to indicate how observance of the Word of Wisdom, the temperance law of God, can shield you from His destroying power, how He may "pass by you as the children of Israel and not slay you" if you will keep this law of temporal salvation.—The Liahona.

3. The following should be related by a member of the class:

Story: "A Bad Little Housekeeper."

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?" sang Aunt Kitty, meeting Marian on the gravel walk, with a big platter full of something, and a look of being in a hurry.

"O, please don't stop me, Aunt Kitty!" said Marian; "please don't; I promised Amy Lee to come back as quick as quick. We are playing keeping a boarding house. Amy is cook and I am housekeeper."

"Well, Miss Housekeeper," called Aunt Kitty as she passed, "I'm very sorry for your boarders."

"Why, Aunt Kitty?" Marian came to a full stop, and looked back in surprise.

"Oh, never mind!" said the auntie, walking on; "you are in a hurry now, but some day I'll tell you."

Many times that long autumn Saturday Maid Marian took a rest from keeping boarders, and fell to wondering what Aunt Kitty meant. And on another day she asked her.

"I meant that you are not a good keeper of your own wonderful house."

"Why, auntie, mother keeps our house," said Marian.

"Oh, I don't mean the big house with wide porches and bay windows. I mean your own house that God has made you keeper of—the one He built for your soul to live in."

"Do you mean my body?" asked Marian.

"Yes. That is a wonderful house, and yet you do not mind abusing it, my housekeeper. When you got your feet wet and had croup last week, that was neglecting your house and doing it harm. When you are greedy about candy and cake, you are spoiling your house. Sometimes you don't want to take your bath, and that is being a very bad housekeeper; and when you don't go to bed early you are trying to pull your house to pieces."

"I didn't know I was a sure-enough housekeeper," said Marian soberly. —Dewdrops.

4. To be related:

A missionary from Japon told this story: A boy was trying to put on one of the mitten-shaped stockings worn in that land, and found it a tight squeeze. His older brother stood by and teased him, as the bigger boys have an odd fashion of doing. "You can't get that on," he jeered.

"I will, too," said the younger, working away, "I can and I will.' But it was a hard task, for the foot was chubby.

"Here," said big brother, "let me cut off a piece of that foot. It is too big, and it won't matter, cutting a piece off." He drew out his knife.

"No, you won't, you dare not, you cannot," cried the younger one.

"Why not, I'd like to know?"

"Because," drawing himself up proudly, "that's the emperor's foot."

"There was loyalty," said the missionary. "The boys are brought up to love their emperor, though they may never see him. They are taught to take good care of their bodies, and to grow up strong, so that they may be soldiers and serve their emperor when men. It is something touching and wonderful to see the results of such teaching in the unswerving devotion of even the boys."—Selected.

5. Who is our King and how may we prove our loyalty in the care of our bodies?

Lesson 38.

Topic: Care of the Mind.

Divisions:

1. Concert recitation of paragraph nineteen of The Word of Wisdom.

2. The following should be given by the teacher. Wherever possible ask questions and discuss the points in the article with the class.

How about the spiritual blessing contained in this divine promise? It is that the men and women that keep this commandment "shall find wisdom and great treasures of knowledge, even hidden treasures." What has drinking, eating and using tobacco to do with gaining knowledge and wisdom? Very much. Did you ever see an educated drunkard—unless he received his training before he became a drunkard? Do you see many tobacco-saturated persons, heavy tea or coffee-drinkers or gormandizers who even have a desire to ascend the heights of learning? It is simply because such persons do not feel the gush and ardor of good health. Their health is impaired by their taking into their bodies things which are not good for them. And when one's body is disordered, the individual is thrown out of harmony with nature and God, and the result is he does not care for drinking in the great truths that the Allwise constantly reveals to man in divers ways. The intemperate person's body is debauched, his organs sluggish and hence his mind is not in a condition to search after truth, his soul is not in a condition to absorb the

truths of eternity. We know how stupid we feel and how slow our brain works by merely overeating, to say nothing of the grosser infractions of the temperance law.

But consider the temperate man, the man of moderation in all things. His body is full of vigor, his mind alert and his soul in tune with the soul of nature, with the soul of the universe, with the soul of truth, with the soul of heaven. Like the wireless receiver that is nicely adjusted he can receive impressions from near and far. God's storehouse of knowledge is unlocked to him and its treasures may flow into his soul as a stream of living water. And of what use is knowledge? It is through knowledge that wisdom comes; it is through knowledge ripened into wisdom that salvation comes. We could not be saved in our Father's kingdom without it. And it follows that the more of it we obtain, the faster we will be saved, the sooner we will win salvation, the higher we will climb to exaltation and glory here and hereafter.

Surely, rich enough are the blessings the Lord promised through the Prophet Joseph Smith, to them that will keep the Word of Wisdom in the spirit and letter thereof. Surely, when we look deep enough in to these promises we will see that they follow observance of the Word of Wisdom as a natural consequence.

Surely the God of all truth was with this youthful Prophet when he announced such a mighty law with such remarkable promises attending.—The Liahona.

3. Explain this statement: "A sound body maketh a sound mind."

4. To be related: A painter, desiring to paint a picture of Innocence, found a beautiful boy playing at the side of a stream, who became his model. He painted him kneeling, with his hands clasped in prayer. The picture was prized as a very beautiful one. Years passed away, and the artist became an old man. He had often thought of painting a counterpart, the picture of Guilt, as a companion to the other; and at last he executed it. He went to a neighboring prison, and there selected the most degraded and repulsive man he could find. His body and eye were wasted; vice was visible in his very face. But what was the artist's surprise when, on questioning the man as to his history, he found that it was he who, as a lovely boy, had kneeled for him as the model of Innocence! Evil habits had gradually changed him, not only in heart and mind, but in face and form.—Selected.

Lesson 39.

Topic: Encouragement and Example.

Divisions:

1. Recitation of paragraph twenty of the Word of Wisdom.

2. Have a member memorize and recite the following: "It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth." (Romans 14: 21.)

3. The following should be related by a member of the class: "One day a group of children stood at a crowded street corner. One, who was the leader of the rest, because he was the oldest, and his mother had put them in his care, was a boy big enough to dodge in and out among the wagons and cars, and get across the street safely at almost any time he wished to start. But all the children who were with him were so small they would stumble easily, and were easily frightened and confused, and the older boy knew that they could not run across the street as he had been in the habit of doing. He wanted to hurry, anyone could see that who looked at him, but he stayed quietly at the curb, each hand holding the hand of a child, and there he waited until there was a clear way with no wagons or cars near, and then he led the children safely across. Why was it that he waited? Because he was afraid he might be hurt? No, he kept from doing the thing he would have been glad to do for himself, because he knew it would be

dangerous for those who were with him, and who would try to do as he did. There are many times when boys and girls should do things like that for the sake of some one else. Do you remember the story of the boy who once kept from eating things that he liked for the sake of his cousin who was a sickly child, and could not eat candy or pie or other things of that kind? That was a manly and a fine thing for that boy to do, and he helped a weaker boy to grow strong by his example.

4. Relate the following: Boys sometimes say, "I cannot help what anyone else does. That is their own business, not mine. If they get into trouble by doing what I do, that is their own lookout; I am not responsible." But the trouble is, God's Word says that we are responsible. We show our love for God the Father, by the way we treat His other children. If you should see a boy putting stones in the path down which his baby sister was coming toward him, and should see him go on, not caring whether she fell over the stones or not, you would know two things about that boy. One, he does not care much about his mother and father; and the other, he does not love his sister. The more we truly love God, the more we will love, and try to help, our fellow men.

"Not for self, for one another,
God would have us live each day."

5. These questions should be asked by the teacher: From whom does all strenth for right-doing come? If everyone really and truly loved his neighbor as himself, would the world be d'fferent from what it is now? Suppose every man and woman, boy and girl in the world was seeking his neighbor's good every day, and all the time; suppose everyone in our city, were busy every day thinking and planning for the good of others, how would our city be different? (Encourage free conversation on this point, especially concerning the things that would be lacking that are now a part of our daily city life. Undoubtedly the children would realize that police officers would be unnecessary, and that the saloons would be closed, and the saloon-keepers engaged in other work, but it will make the lesson more vivid and practical, if they actually picture to themselves a city in which every person is thinking not of his own, but of his neighbor's good). Do you know that every time we say the great prayer which our Lord taught to His disciples, we are asking that this world of ours may be like that? We say "Hallowed be thy name, thy will be done, thy kingdom come on earth as it is in heaven." If everyone in the world could truly say "Our Father who art in heaven," and if God's name was hallowed, and His will done, and He was owned as King over all the people in the world, this world would be like heaven itself. For, in the heavenly home, there is nothing but love, and everyone there is seeking not his own, but each his neighbor's good. If we do nothing except what can be done for the glory of God, we cannot go very far wrong, can we?

6. Story to be related: "Stumbling Blocks."

Fred Fenton had come over to play with Erwin, but Erwin was not well enough to play, so Fred played with Baby Laura. Erwin lay on the couch and watched them. Fred put a row of blocks right in Baby Laura's path, and watched to see her tumble over them.

"Don't put the blocks in her way, Fred," said Erwin.

"But she ought to learn to walk over such little blocks as that," said Fred. "Lift your foot up, Laura; do so." And Fred lifted first one foot, then the other, and stepped over the blocks. Baby Laura watched, and tried to copy him; but she did not know how to lift her feet, and down she went again, over the blocks. This time she almost cried, but Fred laughed so loud that she thought she would laugh, too.

"I wish you wouldn't do that," said Erwin. "I'm afraid Baby Laura will get hurt."

"She won't get hurt," said Fred. "She will learn how to step over them," and he piled the blocks a little higher. But this time Baby Laura bumped her nose quite hard and cried loud and long. This brought Erwin's Uncle Edward, who was Baby Laura's father, into the room in haste.

"What is the matter?" he asked picking up the baby. "Erwin, what made her cry? Why, she has hurt her nose! How did she get hurt?" He had to ask a number of questions before he got the whole story, for Erwin did not like to find fault with his friend. But Uncle Edward did not hesitate to find fault.

"Young man," he said sternly, "you take your cap and go home, and tell your mother that you haven't sense enough to play with a baby. She might have been badly hurt."

It was on the very next morning that Erwin's father said sadly to his wife, "Poor Charlie Stevens has been drinking again."

"Oh, dear!" said Erwin's mother. "Charlie promised that he wouldn't drink again."

"He stumbles over Edward every time," said Erwin's father sadly. Erwin laid down his fork and looked at his father in surprise.

"Do you mean Uncle Edward, father?" he asked.

"Yes, my boy," said his father.

"But, father, how could Charlie Stevens stumble over him?"

"My boy," said his father, "what was your new verse I heard you say to mother?"

"It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth," said Erwin.

"Well, that is the kind of stumbling I mean. Your Uncle Edward drinks a glass of wine once in awhile, and thinks it does no harm; and Charlie Stevens tries to do as he does; and can't. Do you understand?

"Yes, father, and it makes me think of Baby Laura and Fred Fenton; that's just exactly what he did. Fred could step over the blocks, but Baby Laura couldn't, and Uncle Edward said Fred was bad to do it."

"What was that?" asked his father, and Erwin told about the blocks.

Then his father and mother looked grave.

"You had better tell that part of the story to Uncle Edward," said his father.—Pansy.

Lesson 40.

Topic: Protecting Care.

Divisions:

1. Concert recitation of the twenty-first paragraph of The Word of Wisdom.

2. Suggestive talk to be given by the teacher. The last paragraph of The Word of Wisdom gives us a wonderful promise. It says to you and me that if we will keep His commandments and live a pure, clean life, we shall be preserved under His protection and by His power. God will help, but it is important for us to know how He will help. There is a right way and a wrong way of looking at God's dealings; the right way will help us to be strong, the other way often makes us unhappy and dissatisfied.

If we understood all about God's workings we would know His reasons and motives, but He does not wish us to know. He wishes us to take His word and believe what He says, to have faith in Him whether we understand or not. We are often helped the best when the help comes through a discipline that hurts us terribly. It helps the grass on the lawn to mow it down, it helps the grapevine to use the pruning knife and the rose tree that has been trimmed the most thoroughly produces the most beautiful roses.

Abraham came down from the mountain where he was told to sacrifice

Isaac a stronger man than when he went up. What a train of troubles overtook Joseph from the time when he was put into the pit until he was put into the prison! By and by he looked his rascally brothers right in their faces, and said to them, "Ye thought evil against me; but God meant it unto good." As headwinds make a steamer's fires burn more briskly under the boilers, so adversity often drives a person ahead on the higher road. Everything that makes you and me purer, humbler, braver, stronger or holier is a mighty help; and if we keep the eye of faith open we shall see a loving God behind the pruning-knife, and behind the furnace of affliction.

To keep the Word of Wisdom means a hard and long fight, for we shall be constantly tempted, but we must put our trust in God, start our good fight and always remember that the "Victory is not to the strong, but to him that endureth to the end."

3. One of the class should relate the following:

"If a little sparrow is cared for by God and is not forgotten, will He care less for one of His children? Not less, but immeasurably more. Then there is the Master's familiar word about the numbering of our hairs, which is very suggestive. God does not count people's hairs—that is not what the word means. It means that He takes note of the smallest things in our lives, the smallest events, the smallest cares, the least dangers. Our God is great, but He knows our names and loves us individually, the least as tenderly as the greatest. His guardianship extends also to all our life, to the most insignificant circumstances and experiences."

4. Relate the following:

"Elisha had a new servant. They had come to Dothan together. There they suddenly found themselves in great danger. The king of Syria had been trying to capture the army of Israel by ensnaring them in ambush, but El'sha had saved the Israelites by sending word to their king where the ambush was. The king of Syria was very angry with Elisha, and determined to capture him. So when he found that the prophet had gone to Dothan, he sent his hosts against Elisha there. They came up in the night and surrounded the city.

Elisha's servant was terrified. He thought they would be taken and killed right away. "Alas, my master! how shall we do?" he cried.

But Elisha said, "Fear not: for they that be with us are more than they that be with them."

"Oh, no!" said the servant. "There are only a handful of men in Dothan. There is a great host of the enemy.

"God will take care of us," said Elisha.

"God is far away in the heavens, and the enemy is before our gates," said the servant, quite broken down with fear.

Then Elisha prayed that God would open the servant's eyes. "Look again," he said to the young man .And the young man looked, and the whole hill upon which the city was built was full of angels and chariots of fire. The enemy could not reach them at all. They were safer than if they had been in the very middle of the king of Israel's army."

5. Relate the following:

"There is a story about a terrified butterfly, chased by a sparrow, that flew through the open ventilator into a little girl's room. The little girl closed the ventilator, and the butterfly was safe. But he did not know it. Back and forth he fluttered in terror over the window glass; and back and forth after him, on the other side of the glass, flew the sparrow, sure that he would grab him the next moment. But the butterfly was safe behind the protecting pane as if it had been miles away from its enemy.

We are something like the butterfly, for we cannot see God's care which is round us; but it is round us as surely as the window glass was between the butterfly and the sparrow that was trying to devour it. We are more fortunate than the butterfly, fluttering so wildly. The poor little insect could

not be made to understand that it was safe. But we can understand; and we may be just as peaceful and serene alone in the dark night, or the storm, or even in the midst of danger ,as when we are beside our mothers in the sunlight. God will take care of us always."

FIFTH GRADE.

(Children twelve and thirteen years of age.)

Subject: The Articles of Faith.

Lesson 37.

Topic: Second Coming of Christ.
Divisions:
1. Recitation of Article Ten.
2. What is known of the second coming of Christ? (The Articles of Faith, Lecture 20, paragraph 15.)
3. Tell about the Millennium. (Articles of Faith, Lecture 20, paragraphs 27 to 31.)
4. How do we know that the earth now is under a curse? (Articles of Faith, Lecture 21, paragraph 1.)
5. How will the earth be released from the curse? (Articles of Faith, Lecture 21, paragraphs 2 to 6.)
6. Select an appropriate song from the L. D. S. Song Book on the subject of the lesson and read or recite it to the class.

Lesson 38.

Topic: Freedom in Worship.
Divisions:
1. Concert recitation of Article Eleven.
2. Explain man's right to freedom in worship. (The Articles of Faith, Lecture 22, paragraph 1.)
3. What is the value of worship? (The Articles of Faith, Lecture 22, paragraph 4.)
4. What freedom should we allow to others? (The Articles of Faith, Lecture 22, paragraph 15.)
5. What did Joseph Smith teach about freedom in worship? (The Articles of Faith, Lecture 22, paragraph 14.)

Lesson 39.

Topic: Obedience to Law.
Divisions:
1. Concert recitation of Article Twelve.
2. How should Latter-day Saints obey the law of the land? (The Articles of Faith, Lecture 23, paragraphs 1 and 2.)
3. What does the Old Testament teach us about obedience to law? (The Articles of Faith, Lecture 23, paragraphs 3 to 7.)
4. What did Christ teach about obedience to law? (The Articles of Faith, Lecture 23, paragraphs 8 to 11.)
5. What does the Book of Mormon teach on this principle? (The Articles of Faith, Lecture 23, paragraph 19.)
6. What has the Lord said to the Latter-day Saints about obedience to law? (The Articles of Faith, Lecture 23, paragraphs 20-22.)

Lesson 40.

Topic: Practical Religion.
Divisions:
1. Concert recitation of Article Thirteen.
2. What is the religion of the Latter-day Saints? (The Articles of Faith, Lecture 24, paragraph 1.)
3. Explain benevolence. (The Articles of Faith, Lecture 24, paragraphs 3 and 4.
4. What are the free-will offerings of the Saints? (The Articles of Faith, Lecture 24, paragraph 7.)
5. Tell about the fast offerings. (The Articles of Faith, Lecture 24, paragraph 7.)
6. Explain tithing. (The Articles of Faith, Lecture 24, paragraphs 8 to 10.)
7. What care should be given to the body. (The Articles of Faith, Lecture 24, paragraph 24.)

FOR EVERYTHING GIVE THANKS.

For all that God in mercy sends,
For health and children, home and friends,
For comfort in the time of need,
For every kindly word and deed,
For happy thoughts and holy talk,
For guidance in our daily walk,
For everything give thanks.

For the sweet sleep that comes at night,
For the returning morning's light,
For the bright sun that shines on high,
For the stars glittering in the sky,
For these and everything we see,
O Lord, our hearts we lift to Thee,
For everything give thanks.

—Selected.

ARRIVAL OF THE SHEPHERDS.—*From Painting by Lerolle.*

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND

Vol. VIII. DECEMBER, 1909. No. 12.

THE CHRISTMAS NUGGET.

"Hello, Jack!" rang out on the bracing December air of the Arizona foothills, "Are you ready?"

"All ready, Will," was the reply, as a rugged lad of fourteen ran out of a shack and joined the boy who had called to him from the trail. "I'm sorry I kept you waiting."

"O that's all right; no rush."

"Mother isn't well today, and I had to wash the dishes this morning," explained Jack, as they started on their way.

Jack Ellis and Will Dimond were about the same age, and the greatest good fellowship existed between them. Both were perfect specimens of vigorous boyhood; both were industrious in their habits, and very fond of outdoor pursuits of all kinds. They had been friends and schoolmates in Kansas, and the two families journeyed together in covered wagons to Gold Springs Canon, Arizona, where they built shacks near each other.

Immediately after settling in the edge of the foothills the men began prospecting for copper, silver, and gold. The boys, following the example of their elders, entered into a friendly contest to see which would be first in the discovery of "the precious." With their hammers and picks they would often work for hours among the rocks, and sometimes go as far up the canon as the place where their fathers were working some "claims."

On this particular morning the boys had planned an excursion to a remote part of the canon where there was a river bed, now dry, which was still a stream during the rainy season.

"Wouldn't it be a joke," remarked Will, "if we should find something before our fathers do?"

"I'd laugh if we did," said Jack. "Stars! Isn't the sand deep in this old stream bed?"

"I should say it was, and black, too!" Then suddenly, as though he had just called it to mind—"Say, Jack, I've heard some of the old miners say that black sand was a good sign."

"Here goes to test it," said Will, throwing off his coat.

"I wish we could strike something," returned Jack, "before the twenty-fifth. It would be a fine Christmas present for us, and we'd see

that it was for the rest. Goodness knows we all need it bad enough!"

Soon both the boys were digging away in the deposit, with all the energy they possessed. After nearly an hour's untiring labor, Will stooped and picked up an odd-looking rough lump, about three-quarters of an inch long. With the blade of his knife he scraped away the dirt on its surface and proceeded to inspect it closely. As he did so, his hands began to shake, his eyes to dilate; then, wild with excitement he ran to where Jack was digging, exclaiming: "See, Jack!" holding up the stone; "see! I've found it, sure!"

"Found what?" inquired his friend.

"A real nugget!" cried the boy. "Look and see for yourself!"

Jack threw down his pick and examined the small glittering lump as it lay in his comrade's hand.

"That's a nugget, all right," he agreed, after a minute of close scrutiny. "You're in luck, Will."

"I surely am," exclaimed the boy, dancing with delight.

"Well," replied the other, turning away somewhat abruptly, "I haven't found anything to get gay over yet," and there was a strain very much resembling envy in Jack's voice.

"Keep digging and you may find one like it," urged Will.

Jack accepted the advice and acted upon it, but his face wore a frown instead of its usual cheerful expression.

"A fellow might dig away in this old sand till his teeth fell out and then not find anything. I'm going home."

"Don't be in a hurry, Jack."

"I'm tired of working here for nothing;" and without another word he walked off down the canon.

Will stopped and looked after his friend till a clump of mesquite bushes hid him from view.

The next morning, after cutting up an unusually large pile of wood for his mother, he went off up the trail with his pick flung across his shoulder wearing as professional an air as though he had indeed cornered the nugget business, and with his mind full of the Christmas presents he meant to give everybody.

He returned at dinner time, walking very slowly, with a very troubled expression on his face.

"What's the matter, Will?" inquired Jack, who met him as he was starting to fetch a bucket of water from the spring, quite a little way up the canon.

Will's tone was most lugubrious as he replied, "I've lost my nugget."

"How?" inquired Jack, showing however, very little interest.

Will was quick to note the absence of sympathy in his friend's voice; he even thought he detected a gleam of satisfaction flit across his face.

"I don't know how I lost it," said Will, thrusting his hand into his coat pocket.

As time passed Jack Ellis remained cool and distant, seldom speaking to Will unless he addressed him first. He did not offer to aid in the continued search. Instead, he took his pick and hammer and went away prospecting by himself. One day as he strode past the upheaved sand where Will was still digging, he remarked scornfully: "You find the nugget business profitable, I presume?"

Will instantly grew angry, and with a flash of his eyes he retorted: "You mind your own business, will you, Jack Ellis!"

"That's what I am doing, and what I intend to do, old madhouse," answered Jack.

A little more than a week had elapsed and Will grew more and more disconsolate as Christmas drew near and brought to mind the things he had hoped to do, but which were now impossible, when, as he was passing up the canon, he espied Jack talking with Mr. Linton, a mining expert, who had lately come to Gold Springs.

"Where did you find the nugget " he overheard the expert ask, as he passed them.

"Near the spring," he heard Jack reply.

"It is a fine nugget," and Will saw the man examine something critically. "I should like to buy it for a watch charm; I'll pay you seventy dollars for it."

Jack accepted the offer and took the money and hurried home to give it to his mother.

"He's found my nugget," said Will, indignantly, as Jack hastened away. "No wonder he was anxious to sell it right off. I remember now that I went to the spring that day and knelt down and took a drink. The stone must have slipped out of my pocket then. It's clear as day now, but I didn't think Jack would be dishonest, if he was envious."

The next morning when Jack appeared in a pair of fancy cowboy boots purchased from the miner's supply store over the foothills, Will called out in a derisive tone:

"You feel pretty big, don't you, Jack Ellis, strutting round in fine togs you've bought out of the money you got for my nugget?"

Jack delivered himself of a long whistle of surprise.

"Your nugget! Great Willikins! Do you take me for a thief? Why, the one I found wasn't of the same shape as yours at all; besides, I found this one over by the spring."

"Just where I lost mine, while I was drinking."

"Then why didn't you say so before?"

"Because it never came to me till yesterday."

"O you get out! It's a pity, Will Dimond, you couldn't claim the whole canon!"

"And it's a pity you can't be honest, Jack Ellis!"

"Look here now, I'm no thief. That nugget wasn't yours, and you know it as well as I do, and if you keep on saying it was, you've got me to fight, that's what!"

Will looked at the firm chin and flashing eyes of the boy before him,

and knew he meant just what he said. Will Dimond was no coward, but he hated a fight; besides, he remembered how Jack had once saved his life at the risk of his own in a big prairie fire, and he couldn't fight *him* anyway. He turned away guiltily, ashamed that he had said anything, no matter what Jack might have done to wrong him. But Mrs. Ellis had overheard the boys and made Jack tell her all about it. The outcome of the affair was this: Mr. Ellis went to the expert, paid him back the seventy dollars, much as he needed it, and brought home the cause of the contention.

"Here, Will," he said, "if this is yours, we want you to have it," and he pushed the nugget into the boy's hand. "Now let's have no more fussing."

Will took the little golden lump reluctantly, for now that it was restored, he began to have doubts of its being the one he had found and lost again. If it was his, the joy, and glory he had previously felt in its ownership had departed. So he hunted up Jack and offered to give it back; but Jack turned coldly away, scorning to accept it. The boys did not have any more open quarrels, but the pleasant, old-time comradeship was gone, and the breach between them widened daily.

Christmas Eve had come at last with anything but Christmas cheer, and Jack sat out on the woodpile, very much troubled. Everything had gone wrong. The fancy boots, a complete fraud, were run over and badly scuffed by the rocks, and he felt himself in much the same condition. There was a great lack of comforts in the shack, and his mother needed them sadly. He loved his mother tenderly, and it hurt him more than he could say to see her pale, thin face and languid air, and know that they were due in great measure, to lack of proper food.

Will Dimond, looking from the window of his father's shack saw Jack and sighed. He knew the conditions existing in the Ellis household, and with all his sympathetic heart he wished he might relieve them. But Mr. Dimond's means had gone into the claims too, and affairs in their own home were little better than at their neighbor's.

Suddenly he remembered the nugget. He had hardly looked at it or thought of it since the day Mr. Ellis had given it back.

"I'll make it a Christmas nugget," he said, trying to force a laugh that should be in keeping with the occasion. "I'll go down to the store and get a lot of good things for it, and Jack shall go along and help me buy them and both families shall have a share."

"Mother," he said aloud, turning to Mrs. Dimond, who was trying to concoct a Christmas pudding out of almost impossible materials, "I wish you'd please mend my other coat so I can wear it down to the store tonight; it's getting almost too cold for this one."

"Certainly I will," she said, going into the bedroom and bringing out the garment. "My! but it does need mending! One sleeve almost ripped out and two buttons gone, and I don't know what else!"

"I'm a terror on dry goods, ain't I, mother?" said he, handing her

a spool of thread from the workbasket, and they both laughed. "I haven't had that coat on since—since the day I lost my nugget," and he swallowed a lump of another kind that rose in his throat.

"Why, Will, what have you got this stone in between the lining and outside for?" she asked, trying to remove something which was lodged tightly against the back seam.

"I didn't put anything there, mother."

"Well, there is something here. O, I see, she announced presently, there's a rip in the pocket and whatever it is has slipped through. Here it is!" and she held up to the boy's astonished gaze an odd-shaped yellow lump.

"The lost nugget!" he cried, excitedly, placing it in his hand by the side of the other one which he had been holding, since his resolve to spend it at the store.

The next minute he dashed out of the door, leaving it open behind him, and ran over to his former comrade who was still sitting on the woodpile.

"Jack," he said impulsively, "I've been as mean as skeeters to you," and as he displayed the two nuggets which had so nearly wrecked their friendship, he told how and where the missing one had been found.

"I'm not going to be selfish and important any more, Jack, even if I find a whole carload of nuggets. Here, this one is yours. I don't suppose you can ever forgive me," he added sadly.

"Well, then, I just can, old fellow! I've been nearly sick abed for some of our good old times. Thank you—and say—I'll call it my Christmas nugget;" and he accepted from his comrade's hand the little lump that had caused so much trouble.

Then Will unfolded his plan of going to trade his nugget for food and clothing for their parents.

"Yes, and this one, too," chimed in Jack.

"Won't that be a good Christmas joke on our mothers?" laughed Will. "We'll play Santa Claus and surprise the folks!"

Half an hour later Will and Jack, talking and laughing, mounted old Pilot, the horse, and rode down the canon, the same good comrades they had been before the trouble came.—Selected.

BERTIE'S "DON'T CARE."

Bertie is a little boy who has a bad way of saying, "I don't care." One day Aunt Nell said to him, "Bertie, will you do an errand for me?"

"Oh, yes!" cried Bertie. "What is it?"

"Take your naughty 'don't care' away up in the garret, and hide it."

Bertie laughed, and then looked sober. Then he said, "I will, Aunt Nell," and away he ran. I think he must have hidden it very carefully, for it hasn't been found yet.—Our Little Ones.

GIRLS' DEPARTMENT

THE WINTER QUEEN.

Oh, have you seen the Winter Queen
In her robe of filmy lace,
With her shining crown and her cloak of down
And her gentle dreaming face?

The flowers love her, for a snow-white cover
To keep them warm she brings;
She tucks them around, with a crooning sound,
And they fall asleep as she sings.

—Lucy Fitch Perkins.

A PLAN FOR YOU TO TRY.

Sunday school was over and Elizabeth came slowly into the house, wondering what she should do in the next long hour while mother was at church. Baby brother was asleep and there was nobody to play with; it was so hard to be good and to keep quiet. But mother had thought about that lonesome time and had a cure already for it. On Elizabeth's little table were a pair of scissors, a dish of paste, two old dry-goods catalogues full of pictures, and a sheet of gray cardboard. This is what she was to do with them: She was to make a story about a little girl and her mother who went down-town shopping; she was to find their pictures in the catalogue, cut them out, and paste them at the top of the sheet of cardboard; then she was to find pictures of all the things that they bought for everybody and paste them on, too.

Such a busy time as she had, and how the minutes flew! And would you believe it? Mother came home before the story was quite finished, and enjoyed hearing and seeing it as much as the little girl had enjoyed making it.—Louise M. Oglevee.

HOLIDAY CANDIES.

Home-made candies are always pure. The best of material is used, and the cost is much less than is paid for the same grade of confectionery at the shops.

Somehow the real genuine candy frolic is at its best in the kitchen of a big country house. Any one who has had the fun of a vacation in a New England farmhouse knows this. What in the world there is about a big farm kitchen that makes the candy-making so much better nobody can tell. But it is.

BUTTER-SCOTCH.—This is an old-fashioned candy, wholesome and good. I never saw any one, child or grown-up, who didn't like it. It is, too, one of the most harmless of all the numerous confections.

You will use two cupfuls of sugar, one rounded tablespoonful of butter, four tablespoonfuls of vinegar and one cupful of water. Boil all together until it will harden in cold water. Test it after it has boiled a while by dropping a little in a glassful of cold water. When it becomes hard and almost brittle it is boiled enough. Pour it into well-buttered pans, cut into squares with a sharp knife, and set aside to cool.

CREAMED WANUTS.—Beat the white of an egg to a stiff froth, add gradually eight tablespoonsfuls of sifted powdered sugar, beat well together, and flavor with vanilla. Halve English walnuts, and put the cream between them. Press them together, and set away to harden. This amount is sufficient to cream fifty nuts.

WALNUT CANDY.—Here is walnut candy which is made without molasses, but with sugar: Use one pound of brown sugar—this is one of the places where another grade of sugar than granulated is called for—one fourth of a pound of butter and half a pint of walnut-kernels, either the English walnut or the hickory-nut. Put the sugar in the saucepan with half a gill of boiling water, and boil hard for twenty minutes; add the butter, and boil five minutes longer, then add the nuts, and stir them well in; when it boils up once more take from the fire, stir it for a minute, then pour into buttered saucers; when it is cold it will be brittle, and may be broken into irregular pieces.—Sally Joy White.

NUT AND FRUIT CANDIES.—Here are some nut and fruit candies which may be considered. These are very good, and certainly add variety to the box you are making up or the bonbon-dish you are filling. One of the simplest of these is the peanut candy. To every half pint of shelled and blanched peanuts use one cupful each of molasses and sugar. Boil the molasses and sugar together until the mixture is brittle when dropped into cold water, then stir in the half pint of peanuts before taking from the fire. Pour into buttered pans, and mark off into squares or lengths before it cools. Hickory-nuts, English walnuts or almonds may be used in place of peanuts.

TAFFY.—Use two large cupfuls of the best New Orleans molasses, three cupfuls of the best light "coffee crush" sugar, one cupful of butter and two teaspoonfuls of vanilla. Boil until the mixture will "rope" in water—that is, make fine, brittle threads as it drops—then pour into well-buttered pans, and cut into squares. This is the genuine old-fashioned "Everton taffy," which English children regard as one of the very nicest in the list of home-made candies.

PEPPERMINT.—To every cupful of fine granulated sugar add one fourth of a cupful of hot water. Boil for five minutes, flavor to the taste with peppermint extract, stir until thick, then drop on paper and se away to cool. Make the drops large or small, as you fancy, but the smaller ones seem the most delicate.

BOYS' DEPARTMENT

SKATING.

Most boys learn to skate in about the same way that young birds learn to fly; they tumble and flop around until they are able to glide as well as the best of them.

Some boys, on the other hand, are naturally timid and dread to appear ridiculous before their mates or to receive the hard bumps which many falls upon the ice necessitate.

A little more "gumption" on the part of the boys who cannot skate and a little more kindliness on the part of the boys who can skate will produce a friendlier spirit and more happiness on any pond.

Assistance can best be rendered a young skater by a hand placed below his elbow whereby guidance as well as support is afforded.

The shoes of the skater should be in perfect condition and with soles of extra thickness.

Where the ankles are weak, avoid as much as possible the use of the metal brace; straps may be passed around the heel to the instep and beneath the ball of the foot. The best way is to strengthen the ankles by exercises intended especially for them.

The beginner should learn how to fasten his skates to his shoes as

When once upon his feet the beginner may first attempt to walk slowly and firmly upon the ice. He will find that in order to take each step, a gliding motion will be imparted to the forward foot. This is the beginning of the "stroke."

In these initial attempts a kitchen chair pushed in front will greatly assist the learner to acquire poise and confidence.

Do not look down more than is necessary to avoid cracks or obstacles upon the ice.

Whenever possible follow a good skater, keeping close behind him and observing every movement of his body, arms and legs; endeavor to take as long strokes as he does.

To make a hot spurt the first day on the ice is the part of foolishness; be content for the first three or four days with a moderate "working in" of the muscles.

The boy who aims to out-strip all competitors on the ice must get the notion well founded in his mind that speed skating consists in going straight ahead at the highest possible rate. The graceful sweep

from one side to another must be abandoned. On the forward stroke one foot is kept straight and rigid with the propelling foot at right angles when at point of contact.

The forward stroke is made on the outer edge of the skate and the push made on the inner edge.

The eyes should always be kept upon some point straight ahead; the body bent well forward; the arms swinging across the chest.

IF I WERE A BOY, I WOULD—

If I were a boy and wished to succeed with the man for whom I worked, wished to earn more wages, and to be regularly promoted until I had a business of my own, I would—

See to it that my hat, clothes, and gloves, even though they might be inexpensive, were kept brushed, pressed and in trim appearance, and if I could not pay for having this done, I would learn how to do it myself.

See to it that I never came into his presence with my breath scented with liquor or tobacco. Don't use either and you will have no trouble.

See to it that he should know I had started a bank account and was adding to it every day.

See to it that I always had a helpful book to read and some helpful study on hand; some study the result of which would help me in future work.

See to it that he understood I was trying to learn every detail of his business, so that each year I necessarily would become more valuable to him, for employers do not let men go who are constantly growing mentally.

See to it that my word was as good as a bond; that I kept out of debt; that I could be depended upon under all circumstances. Now the boy who cannot understand "what is the use" of doing all these little things, can come into our great cities and he can go into the great stores, the big banks, the most important institutions, and inquire as to the heads of them.

He will find that a majority of them started life just as I have outlined. They paid attention to the little things, they kept their own best foot forward, and their reward has been great. There are few of the important men in the country today who did not start life on a farm, who were not poor in their youth, who did not on leaving the farm become messenger or office boys.—Exchange.

PARTIES AND GAMES

THE BUNDLE GAME.

The bundle game never fails to keep a room in a roar of laughter. It can be made particularly appropriate to Christmas-time by tucking away at the core of each bundle a five-cent holiday gift. Make half a dozen bundles by wrapping quantities of paper around some inexpensive trinket, and tie loosely with string. Place the bundles upon the floor at one end of the room, and distribute teaspoons among the players. Announce that each person who succeeds in picking a bundle in his spoon and running across the room with it so poised is entitled to the Christmas present contained in the bundle. If the bundle rolls off the spoon the prize inside is lost to the contestant. If the little gifts are not at hand, make the bundles of paper only, and have each player who drops his bundle in running pay a forfeit.

FUN WITH PICTURE POSTALS.

The ever-increasing interest in postal card collecting has resulted in a very novel little plan for a home frolic.

The idea originated with a clever high school girl. She had been collecting the cards for a number of months, and gaining quite a little good, general information through the pastime, when it occurred to her that the wide range of subjects represented on the picture postals of the present day could be used as the basis of some lively contests.

The subject proved to have unsuspected possibilities and at the end of a week invitations were scurrying around the neighborhood to other young folks interested in collecting. They were, of course, written on postal cards.

For the first game of the evening the hostess provided twelve picture postals, each of which was stamped with a photograph or lithograph of some subject of interest in some city of the United States.

Only one object was selected from a single city. Thus Philadelphia gave the state house; New York, Grant's tomb; Boston, Harvard College, and so on.

Each card was numbered. The players received pencils and paper. They were asked to write down the name of each celebrated object as they believed it to be, identifying it with the number of the card.

The player answering the most names correctly won a pretty postal card case in brown linen, having the word "Postals" worked upon it in colored silks.

If desired, this good game could be played in another way. Prominent views around and about the city or town in which the entertainment is given can be substituted for the general views. Street corners, public buildings, objects of historic interest in one's own town can be collected as a taste for eye and memory.—Selected.

PARENTS' DEPARTMENT

MUTUAL CONFIDENCE IN THE HOME.

How many a mother, sorrowing over her child overtaken in some disgraceful act, exclaims, "If I'd only known Mary had ever spoken to that creature!" or "If Joe had only told me where he was going last night!"

Alas! Poor mother! But she forgets the evening, years ago, when her little child put a soft arm about her neck, and whispered, "Mamma, I want to tell you something the boys did today;" or "Mamma, which do you think was right?"—and she pushed off that arm, and said, "Oh! don't bother me! It's too hot to talk."

Or, perhaps, upon the confession of some childish fault, she fell into a passion of stormy denunciation and punished the child severely, when a gentle advice and warning would have corrected the error and kept open the door of her child's soul.

We forget that we as well as our children are the offspring of the All-Father; we exaggerate our parental authority, and minimize the fraternal relation, the companionship which ought to exist between parents and children. Through fear of punishment and adverse criticism, our children grow away from us—seek other confidants, evade our questions, learn to tell us lies (always the defense of a weak nature against oppression)—and fall into irreparable evil.

We should respect a child's self-reserve, just as we must abstain from discussing some things before little children; but we can do much to help them to grow in honesty and clean-mindedness by encouraging them to tell us everything which interests and puzzles them.

What, however, will be the influence of that mother whose children hear her deceive her husband; who sends the maid to the door to put off an unwelcome guest or a bill collector by saying that she is not at home; who writes a lying excuse for her child's absence from school?

We ourselves must be upright as well as amiable, truthful as well as tolerant, good as well as gentle, if we hope to make our children so.—G. E. Reilly, in The Interior.

OFFICERS' DEPARTMENT

NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS AND THE LIBRARY FOR THE PRIMARY ASSOCIATIONS.

The Children's Friend feels very much encouraged about the new plan of increasing the number of subscribers to The Children's Friend. Reports that are reaching this office indicate that there will be considerable enthusiasm and successful efforts made in all the wards that will result in the establishing of Children's Libraries in all the Primary associations throughout the Church.

Do not let your association get behind.

WILFORD WOODRUFF.

Matthias F. Cowley has prepared for publication a history of the life and labors of President Wilford Woodruff. President Woodruff kept a wonderful record of the events which transpired during his long and interesting life and as a very large share of his experiences were in connection with the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints there are to be found in this record many incidents which are most valuable to a student of Church history.

Brother Cowley has compiled the records into a large volume, beautifully printed and bound and containing as a frontispiece a fine picture of President Woodruff with his autograph.

We take pleasure in recommending that every Primary association library be supplied with a copy of this excellent book. It will be a help in teaching the history of the Church and the many wonderful testimonies which it contains will assist the development of greater faith in the gospel of Christ.

THE PROPHET JOSEPH SMITH.

December twenty-third is the anniversary of the birth of the Prophet Joseph Smith. In each Primary Association some effort must be made to celebrate this important date in the history of the Church. A special program should be prepared and given in honor of the Prophet and the great work which he established in the earth.

CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENT.

The celebration of Christmas has grown to be an important factor of each year's work, and to the children it is undoubtedly the most eagerly looked forward to and the longest remembered of any of the social gatherings of the year. In many of our Primaries during the past years the social features of the Christmas celebration have been planned with the sole purpos in view of entertaining the members of the association. We should never lose sight of the fact that everything that is done in connection with the Primary Associations and under the auspices of its teachers and officers has an influence upon the training of the children, and since the Christmas celebration is of such an intense interest it probably has more influence than the lessons that are taught in the regular course.

Where the Christmas has been made a time when all the emphasis has been placed on giving of presents, many evils have resulted. Selfishness is

always fostered by such a course, and, where individual teachers have given independently to their own classes, jealousies and heart-burnings have been awakened, and the exact opposite of what is intended has been actually inculcated. Some teachers have money and can afford to give their children presents, and enjoy doing so, but for the sake of all concerned they should deny themeslves this pleasure. Other teachers cannot really afford to give anything, but are forced by such a system to try at least to keep pace with the others; but their children see the difference between their gifts and those of some other classes and are accordingly dissatisfied. In every association there should be a rule that no individual teacher should give presents to her class. If the association is not in a position to give anything to the children at Christmas and the teachers wish to make the Christmas happy for them in that way, each teacher should give what she can afford to a general fund and then the whole amount can be spent to buy for all the members, an equal amount being expended for each.

But at Christmas all else should be subordinated to training the children in unselfish giving. The boys and girls should be told of some poor boy or girl or family for whom they may work, and they should be encouraged to make some things to give away, and to earn money to buy things that they cannot make. It is very easy to awaken such an interest among boys and girls that they will forget themselves in their unselfish planning for others, and this spirit is the ideal on the anniversary of the coming to the earth of the Christ who "came not to be ministered unto but to minister," and who has said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

It has been found that the Christmas celebration was much more happy for all concerned when the different grades each held their own socials.

The older children plan a surprise for the younger ones, who, in turn, plan a surprise for the older children. A bright program of Christmas recitations and songs could be prepared and given by one grade; another could give a social where games, suitable to the season were played; or refreshments of a simple nature could be prepared and passed around. One very successful party was given called a "Snow Party." A small Christmas tree trimmed all in white, with glass icicles, cotton snow and white candies made a fine showing. Games were played with snowballs made of cotton, one of which was to throw the ball through a wreath of holly, another to knock the cap from a snowman's head, and other games where the cotton snowballs were used like bean bags.

The effect of such a Christmas in the lives of boys and girls who are in the formative, and one might also say determinative, period of life, can scarcely be overestimated.

The plea that we make, therefore, is for an emphasis upon giving rather than getting in the Christmas entertainment, and that Jesus Christ shall be given the first place in every celebration of His birthday in connection with His Church.

LESSON DEPARTMENT

LESSONS FOR THE MONTH OF JANUARY.

FIRST GRADE.

(Children four and five years of age.)

Suggestions:

The children in the First grade have not begun to attend school and, therefore, have not learned to keep still or pay attention for any length of time. It is bad physically as well as mentally for small children to keep still for any protracted period. Teachers in this grade must be careful to plan their work so as to give movement and variety during the lesson period.

This grade should be supplied with kindergarten chairs, wherever possible arranged in a circle. The space in the center will give opportunity for movement, for rest exercises, motion songs, and simple games, or if the teacher desires a child to come and stand by her for prayer, recitation, or to repeat some story that may need assistance, it is possible to reach the teacher without causing any confusion among the children.

The best work will be accomplished where a teacher is supplied with outside materials such as pictures, supplementary stories, motion songs, games, and simple rest exercises.

The following materials are recommended:

New Testament Pictures.
Finger Plays by Miss Poulsson.
Motion Songs by Miss Bordman.
Children's Old and New Singing Games.

In teaching the memory gem care must be taken not to weary the children with too much repetition. If there is difficulty in getting the children to memorize be satisfied with the development of the thought in the lesson.

In relating any of the talks or stories the teachers must simplify words and incidents and adapt them to the age and understanding of the children.

LESSON ONE.

Aim—Gratitude.

Memory Gem:

Father, we thank Thee for the night!
And for the pleasant morning light;
For rest and food and loving care,
And all that makes the world so fair.
—From Kindergarten Chimes.

Review of Lesson 40.

Recitation of memory gem. Review story of Christmas and give time to the children to tell of their gifts and happy times.

Development of Lesson One.

Talk by teacher to help the children understand the thought in the memory gem:

The earthly father: How he manifests his love for us by working to provide homes, food, clothing, pleasures, etc.

The Heavenly Father: How He manifests His love through the forces of nature, day, night, sun, moon, stars, the seasons and fruits thereof, etc.

The benefits of rest; the pleasures of the day; the value of food; the beauties of nature and art, etc.

Repeat the memory gem:

Singing, rest exercises or games.

Story, "Mr. Broderick:"

Raymond thought that there was very little fun left in life when he was laid up with a broken leg, just when he had been counting on going out to grandmother's for his New Year's holidays. And one really could not blame him for being somewhat of a bear, as he thought of all the coasting and skating he must miss while he had to sit with his foot up for ever so long.

"Well, Raymond, I am sorry to hear that you have been so unfortunate," said Mr. Broderick, stopping outside Raymond's open window. Now Mr. Broderick was a cripple who had to go around on a tricycle, and he lived by himself and did all his own housework. He always wore a smile, too, and the neighbors used to say that they never missed the birds when they stopped singing, for they had Mr. Broderick's cheerful whistle.

"Yes, I should say I have!" answered Raymond. "I don't see how you stand it, Mr. Broderick; it makes me as cross as two sticks."

"Well, it was hard enough at first, I must confess, but after a time I began to see that heaven had given me other things to make up for two feet—two good strong arms, two eyes, a sound mind and plenty of friends, so what more could I want? When you really find out that God cares enough for you to help you bear your troubles, why then they do not seem half so hard after all."

"Yes, but you see you can get around, while I have to sit still all day; it is awfully hard," argued Raymond.

"I'll tell you what, suppose I bring over my rags and get you to help me tie them, will you?"

"Oh, yes, but I don't know how!" Raymond replied, eager to do something.

So that afternoon Mr. Broderick trundled himself over, and soon he was showing Raymond how to cut and tie the strips of silk, while he promised that he might keep all he tied, to be woven into a rug for his own room.

"Mother, can't I invite Mr. Brokerick to dinner with me on New Year's day?" asked Raymond. 'I should like to do something for him, because ever since he stopped to speak to me that first day, he has shown me that a fellow never is so badly off but what he can bear it and still smile. Really I haven't been quite such a bear lately, have I, mother?"

And as Raymond's mother patted his thin, white hand she answered: "No, you haven't son; and mother has noticed it more than you think. I am sure we all can learn many a lesson from Mr. Broderick."—Margaret Warren.

LESSON TWO.

Aim—Helpfulness.

Memory Gem:

"Here are two little hands, what can they do—
Good things or bad things the whole day through?
Helping or hindering—which of the two?"

Review of Lesson One.

The memory gem should be repeated by the teacher and simple questions asked on the talk to impress upon the children the care wnich is given by our Heavenly Father.

Singing, rest exercise or game.

Development of Lesson Two.

If possible have some pictures which illustrate some activities of children. Let the children examine them and tell you what is being done in the picture.

Recitation of new memory gem.

Talk by teacher which will develop desire on the part of the children to be helpful.

Everybody hold up his hands. Shake hands with our neighbors. Shake our own hands. See how high we can reach. How low.

How many things can we do with our hands?

Make a noise (clapping). Carry things. Open and close doors. Get a drink. Lift good things to eat to our mouths, dress and undress, etc.

Our hands are very strong; they help us in a number of ways. Let us see how many things they can do that will be helping others? Review as many as possible of the home activities.

Singing, rest exercise or game.

Story, "Grace's Quilt:"

"I must hurry up with my quilt," said Grandmother Stone, looking out at the tiny snowflakes that were whirling to the ground. "The winter is unusually cold and this quilt ought to be done."

"There are lots of done ones, and blankets and comforts, too, all piled up in the big closet," said Grace, wonderingly. 'I don't believe you'll use them all, grandmother."

Grandmother laughed.

"I'm not afraid of being cold, dearie, I'm making them for people who haven't so many. I always send off a boxful each winter."

"People who haven't so many!" Grace looked soberly out of the window, and wondered how it would seem not to be tucked warmly and comfortably into a little bed when the nights were cold. Of course there must be children, too, who had not clothing enough to keep them warm, only she had never thought about them. She crept back to her playhouse in the corner, but shook her head at the big doll that was patiently waiting for her.

"No, no, Angelina; I'm not going to play. You and I ought to be ashamed of ourselves," she whispered. "Just look at all these pretty pieces to make you dresses, when you don't need dresses one bit! I'm going to cut them into patchwork to keep poor children warm. I'm going to make quilts, just as grandmother does, and give them to poor people.

The next time grandmother looked round, wondering what had become of the little chatterbox, there was a dear, funny little figure putting the queerest stitches into the crookedest sort of work.

"Bless my darling!" cried grandmother when she found what Grace was trying to do. "Come and sit by me and I'll show you how. You shall make a covering for some cradle or crib that will help to keep some little one warm. We will work together."

That was the way Grace learned to sew, and the prettiest dress Angelina ever had did not look so pretty to Grace as that soft, warm little quilt when it was finished. She and grandmother packed it in a box, and pinned this note to it before they sent it away:

"A little girl sewed for many a day
On this quilt so soft and warm.
She hopes it will tuck some baby away
Out of reach of Jack Frost and storm."

I wish there were time to tell what a nice, thankful letter a baby's mother sent back one day.—Kate W. Hamilton.

LESSON THREE.

Aim—Politeness.

Memory Gem:

"Politeness is to do and say
The kindest thing in the kindest way."

Review of Lesson Two.

Repetition by teacher of memory gem on Helpfulness.

Questions to find out if the children are learning to appreciate the power in their hands. Also if they have done any of the helpful things suggested in the last lesson.

Singing, rest exercise or game.

Development of Lesson Three.

Use pictures which will illustrate politeness on the part of small children. Let the children examine and talk about them.

Suggestions for talk by teacher: I would like to know about the mothers and fathers, brothers and sisters, in your homes. (If the class is small enough, let each child name the members of his family.) What do our fathers do for us every day? What do our mothers do for us? Do fathers do anything for us besides work for us and buy us clothes and food? I once heard a father say to his little boy, "Albert, you should raise your hat and say, 'Good afternoon,' when you meet your teacher." What was that father doing? He was teaching his little boy to be polite. I heard a mother say to her little girl, 'Mary, bring your ribbon to me. I will show you how to tie a bowknot.' What was that mother doing? Teaching her little girl to be useful and to take care of herself. Fathers and mothers do so many things for their children! They work for them, take care of them, and teach them.

"Let us think of some of the things children need to be taught. Let us begin with little baby children. They need to be taught to walk, to eat nicely, to play, to talk (and so on). Older children need to be taught to be polite, to take care of themselves, to put on their hats and coats, to play games, to work, to go to the store, to school, and to Sunday school, alone. They need also to be taught what is right and wrong. We cannot begin to tell all the things boys and girls need to know.

Think how wise your fathers and mothers are to know how to take care of you and to teach you! They do not have time to teach you all that you ought to learn, so they send you to Primary and to Sunday School that your teachers there may help you to grow wise and good. If we do as our parents tell us, we shall grow wiser and wiser, and stronger and stronger, until, the first thing we know, we shall be big boys and big girls, almost as big as father and mother. Every little child who is born on this earth needs to be taken care of and needs to be taught, so that he may grow strong in body and wise in mind, and know the right things to do.—Selected.

Recitation of new memory gem.

Review some of the ways in which we should be polite. What should we do when we meet some one whom we know? (A little time could be given to exercising the proper manner of greeting by having the children—two at a time—take turns in walking across the circle, and when they meet in the center, make a little bow, shake hands, and say, "How do you do." The boys could have their hats or caps on and raise them when they meet a little friend in the circle.) If a little boy or girl is sitting down and someone comes in, what should they do? (Always get up and offer the chair.) In serving candy, cake, drink, etc., what should we do? etc.

Singing, rest exercise or games.

Story, "How Elizabeth Was Caught:"

Elizabeth was always happy when there was company and she was allowed to stay up to dinner.

One time mother's friend, Miss Day, came out to spend the afternoon, and Elizabeth thought that she was the nicest company that ever had come there, because she knew such lovely games for just two people to play, built such beautiful castles in the sand box, and could tell stories about the princesses who lived in them.

When father came nome and invited Miss Day and mother to go for a ride, Elizabeth had to wink very fast in order to keep back the tears, for father said it was too cold for little girls to go out, and she did not want to give up her playmate.

But she forgot her disappointment when Miss Day said, "Never mind, dear, we will not be gone long, and as mother has asked me to stay to dinner we will have time for another story, you see."

"Oh, goody!" cried Elizabeth, clapping her hands; "and may I stay up for dinner and sit beside Miss Day, mother dear?"

"Yes, if you will promise to be very good and remember your manners at table," replied mother.

It seemed a long time indeed to Elizabeth, as she watched with her nose pressed flat against the hall window, before she saw the carriage come up the driveway.

Elizabeth knew she must remember her promise to be good, so she just sat on rather's knee and never once asked for a story before dinner was announced.

"Let me think," thought Elizabeth on her way out to the dining room: "I must hold my spoon the right way; take little bits on my fork; and, oh, yes, I must be sure to fold my hands and shut my eyes when father asks the blessing. I wonder if Miss Day does all those things? I am going to watch her."

When they all were seated at the table and father began the "Bless, O Lord, this food to our use," Elizabeth squinted one eye tight shut, but with the other she looked out at Miss Day and saw that while her head was bowed her eyes were wide open, and that wasn't right at all, she knew.

So with the very same breath that she said "Amen!" she continued, "Miss Day, you must shut your eyes when father asks the blessing; he always says I must."

And what do you suppose Miss Day replied? She smiled and said, "How did you know mine were open if yours were shut?"

Elizabeth saw that she was caught, too, and merrily joined in the laugh as she answered, "I guess I must have peeped a little bit!"—Mary Richards Berry.

LESSON FOUR.

Aim—Unselfishness.

Memory Gem:

"How many deeds of kindness a little child may do,
Although it has so little strength and little wisdom too!"

Review of Lesson Three.

Repetition by teacher of memory gem on "Politeness."

Questions to find out if the children have remembered any of the last lesson or story. Have a few of the children repeat the greeting exercise. How should children be polite in their homes? At Primary? At Sunday School? If you have candy or cake, what should you do with it? Do you take some for yourselt first? etc.

Singing, rest exercise or games.

Development of Lesson Four.

Recitation of memory gem.

Suggestions for talk by teacher: Let us think for a little while how many people there are who love us and care for us. (Father in Heaven, members of our family, friends, teachers, etc.)

"Do you love anyone? Whom do you love? If I were to go into your house, do you think I could tell whether you really loved your mother? How could I tell? Yes; by what you do. Suppose I should go to a little girl's home and should hear her mother say, "I wish, daughter, you would go upstairs and take care of baby for a little while," and should hear the little girl say, "Yes, mother," and should see her go upstairs and obey her mother gladly, do you know what I should think? I should think, "That little girl loves her mother and shows her love by what she does." Suppose I should go to a boy's home and should hear his mother say, "I wish you would leave your play and go to the store for me," and should see that, even though he did not wish to stop playing, he did it willingly for his mother's sake, do yon know what I would think? I should think, "That little boy loves his mother and shows his love by what he does." Every day you show by what you do whether you love father or mother just a little bit or whether you love them very much. Every day you show your love for father, mother, brothers, sisters, teachers, and friends, by what you do."

Singing, rest exercise or games.

Story, "His Mother's Sleigh Ride:"

Father was coming in a few minutes to take somebody for a sleigh ride. Uncle James, who was there on a visit, naturally would have been the one expected to go, but the postman had just brought him several important letters that must be answered at once, and he was already getting out his pen and paper.

"If I go, this will make four sleigh rides that I have had this winter," said Jamie.

"How many has your mother had?" asked Uncle James.

"Why—not any, I guess," said Jamie, slowly. 'I cannot remember any, now."

"I think she needs one," said Uncle James, quietly. "I've noticed how white and tired she looks, and it doesn't seem to me that she gets much time for rest or good times."

Then he began to write busily, and Jamie stood still, thinking. He was thinking of Robert Ross, whose mother was sick in the hospital, and of poor Dick Brown, who had no mother at all. He would better take care of his.

"Mother," he called, running out into the sitting room, "get your things on, quick! I'll take care of tne baby, and you may go for the sleigh ride."

"Why, dear, that is very thoughtful," said mother, looking up in surprise, "but I'm afraid that an hour would be a long time to leave baby, and there is so much work to do, too."

Uncle James stopped writing to call: "Never mind the work. Let us eat bread and milk for supper, and you go for the ride. You need it, and doing something for his mother will help Jamie more than the ride will help you."

So it happened that when the sleigh bells jingled at the door, a few minutes later, it was mother, and not Jamie, who ran down the steps, and father looked as pleased as could be as he tucked her into the sleigh.

The hour was a pretty long one to Jamie, but with his top and his jumping jack he kept babv happy and contented until mother came back.

"How much better you look!" said Uncle James, looking at her across the supper table.

"The ride was just what you needed," said father.

Mother gave Jamie a loving look, and the proud, happy smile that he flashed back at her said plainly: "I helped to do it, didn't I? I'm so glad! It's lots better than to have gone myself."—L. M. O.

SECOND GRADE.

(Children six and seven years of age.)

Suggestions:

The teachers will please read carefully all instructions given for the First Grade. The boys and girls in the Second Grade are beginning to get acquainted with the world outside the home and are all ears and eyes for the reception of new ideas. They are trying to fit themselves into a new condition of life. They must now learn to be independent, to go and come with but little if any assistance. But they are not ready for any continued mental effort. Lessons to be healthful and helpful must be short and definite, and with opportunities of movement such as are suggested for First Grade children. Whenever possible the same arrangement of kindergarten chairs should be used. A separate room in which to meet, where singing, rest exercises and games may be used without interfering with other grades is best; but where this is impossible curtains should be used to keep the attention of the class from the exercises which may be going on at the same time in other grades. Where it is inconvenient to have singing or games, make opportunities for changes in the positions of the children, for example: At the beginning of the lesson, the children are all seated in a circle, at the end of the review let the children pick up their chairs quietly and come to the teacher, sitting as closely together as possible. After the lesson and recitation of the memory gem, let the children get up quietly, pick up their chairs, and go back to their places in the circle. The teacher then proceeds with the rest of the lesson.

The Lord's Prayer will form the basis of the work in this grade. The result hoped for is that the children will realize the value and power of prayer, and will form a firm and lasting habit of appealing to the Father above. That when they pray they will think, and understand at least a part of the words they use.

The exercises must always begin with the Lord's Prayer in concert or individually. Each child should be given an opportunity of repeating the prayer.

Subject for the Year—The Lord's Prayer.
Topic for the Month—Prayer.

Divisions:

1. Talking to Our Heavenly Father.
2. The Father talks to His children.
3. Listening to our Heavenly Father's voice.
4. Answers to prayer.

LESSON ONE.

Talking to Our Heavenly Father

Aim—To arouse faith and help the children to understand the personality of God.

Result Desired—That the children will trust in God, remember Him in their sorrows and thank Him for their pleasures.

Suggestions:

Develop the thought that we can speak to people, even though we do not even hear them; for instance:

Calling from one place to another, as from downstairs, upstairs; from indoors, outdoors, etc. We hear the voice but perhaps cannot see the speaker. Why do we call? Usually we are asking for something.

Telephone, we can hear and know a voice when we use the telephone. Why is the telephone of such service? Saves time, trouble, etc.

Letters, we learn to know the writing and so can be sure who sends us word through the mail. This point may be illustrated by reference to missionaries, nearly every family in the Church having had some experience that will help the children to understand that communication may be had without personal meeting. Letters carry and bring information, sometimes gifts; sometimes we send for articles which will come to us through the mail.

Telegraph, by wire and by wireless: The wireless telegraph system is a wonderful illustration of the possibilities of communication. Explain some of the wonderful benefits which are the result of asking for help by the wireless telegraph.

All these wonderful things are blessings which God gives to His children.

Memory Gem:

"The Lord loves and blesses His children."

Singing, rest exercise or games.

Story, "A Prayer and Its Answer:"

Brother Hendri was a hard-working man, and his wife did her best to help him. But they were poor, very poor, and, though they tried to be happy and contented, there were times when they felt unhappy because they could not give their children nice things to eat and good clothes to wear.

Bertha, the oldest girl, cried because she did not have shoes to wear. She did not mind having to go barefoot on week-days, but she did want to go to Sunday School. And how could she go without shoes? All the other girls wore shoes on Sunday.

"Papa," she said one day to her father, "can't I have a pair of shoes that I may go to Sunday School?"

Her father answered, with a heart heavy and sad:

"My dear Bertha, papa would most gladly give his little daughter shoes if he could."

"But why can't you?" Mary Jones has shoes and her father is not a good man like you are."

"Well, dear, it is all mamma and I can do to get you all enough to eat, and we cannot always do that, besides getting you a home and some clothes. The good Master knows I am not idle and lazy, and He knows how willingly and hard I would work if I could always get something to do. I would do any honest work for my children." Bertha turned away with a sob, her little head unable to unravel the problem.

Then Sister Hendri spoke:

"I am going to ask God for shoes for Bertha. We cannot get them any other way, and He can give them to us and I believe He will if we ask Him."

Then the good mother kneeled down and told the kind Father in heaven all about the trouble.

The next day the Relief Society was visiting around the block where Bertha lived and of course when they reached the Hendri home they went in. After talking for some time one of the sisters said as she laid a bundle on the table:

"Sister Hendri, a few days ago we had some clothes and shoes given to us and when we were starting on our visits today we thought, maybe, you

could use them for your children. We know how hard you work and how difficult it is for Brother Hendri to get enough work to earn money to buy all you need for your large family. So we brought them along and you can do with them as you please."

After the sisters had gone the bundle was opened and the children had a fine time trying the things on.

Bertha found a pair of shoes that just fitted her small feet.

She went to Sunday School after that, and soon better times came so that the father got more work and more money, and they were all quite sure that the Lord had heard when the mother talked to Him.—Adapted.

LESSON TWO.

Our Heavenly Father Talks to His Children.

Aim:—To teach the children to understand how and why God speaks to His people.

Result Desired—Increased desire on part of children to be obedient to God. That the children will feel the necessity for good deeds on their part if they ask for good deeds from others.

Suggestions:

Review last lesson by asking questions. Let the children tell you in how many ways people can talk to each other. Develop the value of the wonderful inventions of the telephone, telegraph, etc.

All great inventions are works of the Lord and are only a small demonstration of His power. They help us to understand how it is possible for the Lord to hear us when we pray.

Talk of the many other ways in which God talks to His people. The sun, moon, stars, etc., the seasons, nature, with her bounty, beauty, etc. All these great forces belong to God and they do as God commands. He speaks and they obey.

Then there are times when the Lord comes and people see His face and hear His voice. Give instances as: Joseph, the Prophet; Adam and Eve; Noah, etc. Every time the Lord speaks it is to ask that something shall be done for the good of all people. We must learn to know when God speaks to us and be ready to obey.

So our memory gem today is one that is in the Bible. The Bible is God's book. This is what it says:

"Speak Lord, for thy servant heareth."

Let us all say it together.

Singing, rest exercise or games.

Story, "The Boy Samuel:"

Night, with its starry eyes, looked down upon the earth. It looked down upon Bethlehem-Judah and the fields where Ruth had gleaned. It looked down upon the place where Samson had lived. It looked down upon all the homes where Israelites slept and dreamed.

In one home slept a mother named Hannah. If Hannah dreamed she must have dreamed about her son. Her son was Samuel, whom she had given to the Lord.

When Samuel was very little Hannah had taken him to Eli at Shiloh. Eli was a high priest or minister. Shiloh was the place where the Israelites had placed their church or tabernacle.

To Eli, Hannah had said: "I am the woman that stood by thee here praying unto Jehovah. For this child I prayed; and Jehovah hath given to me my answer. He hath given me this child: therefore also I have given him to Jehovah." Then Hannah asked Eli to teach Samuel how to serve the Lord.

Once each year Hannah went to visit her son. She went to see how big he had grown. She went to find out what lessons he had learned. She went to give him the new coat she had made. She went to take him in her arms and love him.

In the Bible we read: "And the child Samuel grew on, and increased in favor both with Jehovah, and also with men."

Would you hear why Samuel pleased both God and men? He was loving, obedient, and faithful. He did each day in the very best way whatever he had to do. He opened and closed the doors of the tabernacle. He trimmed the lamps and kept them burning. He waited upon Eli, who was growing old. He ran on errands, learned his lessons, loved God, and was just a boy.

The stars in the sky and the lamps which Samuel had lighted in the temple glowed at one another, for it was night. In his room Eli lay fast asleep. In his own little room near Eli's and in his own little bed, slept Samuel.

As Samuel slept there came a sound, and through the darkness and stillness of the night a voice. The voice spoke one word, called one name. The word and name was "Samuel." Samuel heard and ran to Eli, saying, 'Here am I; for thou calledst me."

Eli said: "I called not. Lie down again." Samuel lay down again; but he heard the voice call him the second and the third time. Each time he ran to Eli saying: "Here am I; for thou calledst me."

The third time Eli answered: "Go, lie down; and it shall be, if He call thee, that thou shalt say, Speak Jehovah, for Thy servant heareth."

How anxiously Samuel must have waited! How he must have hoped that God would speak again! How he must have wondered what God might have to say to just a boy!

As Samuel wondered he heard the voice for which he waited. He heard God's voice calling, "Samuel, Samuel." When Samuel answered, "Speak, for thy servant heareth," God talked with him.

God told Samuel whom he had chosen to be his priest and the leader of the people in Eli's place.

Samuel was just a boy, but he loved God and was obedient and faithful. Because this was so God knew the kind of man that Samuel would grow to be. God knew that Samuel would be strong, true, and faithful. God knew that Samuel would all his life do as God would have him, and God chose Samuel to be His prophet and His priest and the leader of the people when he had grown to be a man.—Selected.

LESSON THREE.

Listening to Our Heavenly Father's Voice.

Aim—The awakening of the child's conscience.

Result Desired—The deepening of the child's knowledge, first, that God does speak and second, how He speaks to the people on the earth. Increased desire and determination to be obedient to God.

Suggestions:

Review last lesson by asking questions that will develop the knowledge that God speaks to His people in many ways. Sometimes in just the same way that we speak to each other. Refer briefly to incidents used in last two lessons. What kind of a boy was Samuel? Why did the Lord choose to speak to him? How many ways may we speak to God? Explain about public prayer and private prayer, by doing what. God wishes us to do Sometimes we talk with God but do not say a word. We think about something that we want, and we say it to ourselves and nobody hears us but God. Perhaps mother is ill and we want God to make her well, and all the time we are saying, without anybody hearing us, "Please, God, make mamma

well." And God can listen and give us what we want, if it is right for us to have it.

God talks to us sometimes and nobody but ourselves hears what He says. (Let the children tell you of incidents when they wanted to do something that mother did not like them to do and of the little voice inside that told them not to do it. Also add personal experiences.)

Memory Gem:

"God is good, He cares for me."

Singing, rest exercises or games.

Story, "The Friend Inside:"

There is a true friend in every child's heart. Who is it that tells us how to be good? (Repeat memory gem.) Sometimes we call it our conscience or the "voice inside." It tells us when we do wrong and makes us feel very unhappy. It tells us how to do right and when we listen and obey, we are happy. It is the best friend for boys and girls because it helps when there is no one else near us. I will tell you a story about a little girl named Minnie that will help you to understand what I mean:

Minnie sat up in bed. The curtain was drawn up, and she saw the moon, and it looked as if it were laughing at her.

"You need not look at me, Moon," she said. "You don't know about it; you can't see in the day time. Besides, I am going to sleep."

She lay down and tried to go to sleep. Her clock on the mantel went "tick-tock, tick-tock." She generally liked to hear it, but tonight it sounded just as if it said, "I know, I know, I know."

"You don't know, either," said Minnie, opening her eyes wide. "You weren't there, you old thing; you were upstairs.'

Then Minnie tried to go to sleep again. But there was a big lump in her throat. "Oh, I wish I hadn't.'

Pretty soon pussy jumped up on the bed, kissed Minnie's cheek, and then began to "pur-r-r-r-r, pur-r-r-r-r." It was very queer, but that, too, sounded as if pussy said, "I know, I know."

"Yes, you do know, Kitty," said Minnie, and then she threw her arms around kitty's neck and cried bitterly. "And—I guess—I want—to see—my—mamma!"

Mamma opened her arms when she saw the little weeping girl coming, and then Minnie told her story.

"I was awfully naughty, mamma, but I did want the custard pie so bad, and so I ate it up, 'most a whole pie, and then—I—I—oh, I don't want to tell, but I 'spect I must—I shut kitty in the pantry to make you think she did it. But I'm truly sorry, mamma."

Then mamma told Minnie that she had known all about it but she had hoped that her little daughter would be brave enough to tell her all about it herself.

"But, mamma," she asked, "how did you know it wasn't kitty?"

"Because kitty would never have left a spoon in the pie," replied mamma, smiling.

The little voice inside had made Minnie very unhappy until she told the truth to her mamma. It kept her from going from bad to worse.—Selected.

LESSON FOUR.

Answer to Prayer.

Aim—To establish faith, and make clear in the mind of the child the truth that God does hear the prayers of His children but, because He is so much wiser than we, he sometimes grants and sometimes refuses.

Result Desired—An increased reverence for God's wisdom and authority. That the children will go more often and more freely to God in prayer.

Suggestions:

Father and mother are asked many times every day to give to their children, make lists of ordinary requests, good and bad, why some are granted and some refused. Talk it over with the children. Let them in turn tell of their personal experiences. It would be a good thing for the teacher to relate personal experiences of incidents which proved that father or mother knew best.

The Bible tells us that when Jesus prayed to His Heavenly Father, He talked to Him like you would talk to your mother. He told all His troubles to His Father, and what He wished to have and wished to do, for He knew that when He talked to Him, God heard His prayers. When Jesus prayed He remembered that His Father would not always give him what He asked for and would not always let him do what he wished to do, but would give him what was right and best and would let him do what was best for him to do.

Memory Gem:

"Not my will, Lord, but thine be done."

The stories of how David and Elisha prayed for the restoration of the two children may be related to show how God grants or refuses a request.

The story of David's prayer is found in II Samuel, 12th chapter; of Elisha's prayer, II Kings, 4th chapter.

Singing, rest exercises or games.

Story, "The Faith of a Little Girl:"

I have decided to tell the children of the Primary Association about the faith of a little Mormon girl, and of a great blessing which she received from the Lord because of her faith. We read in the New Testament that in the days of the Savior and His Apostles many people were greatly blessed through exercising faith in the power of God and of His Son Jesus Christ. The sick were healed, the blind received their sight, the deaf their hearing, the dumb their speech, the lame were made to walk and the dead were raised to life again. All these blessings were, as I have said, obtained through faith.

I wish to impress this fact upon your minds that God is just the same, and possesses as great power today as in days of old and that faith is just as powerful and can gain for us just as great blessings in this age as it procured for those who exercised it in former ages. What I am about to relate is evidence of the truth of what I have just said.

About three years ago an elder of the Church was called to go on a mission to Great Britain. In the afternoon of the day of his departure for England he called his family together and blessed each of them. While his hands were upon the head of one of his little girls who had been sickly for years, and he was praying the Lord to bless her, he told her that she would not die while he was away, but that she would live to see him in the flesh. Some months after the missionary had left home the little daughter referred to above was seized with a serious illness. The services of a skilled physician were engaged, and notwithstanding the medical gentleman did all in his power to relieve the sufferer, she grew worse, until her life was despaired of.

One afternoon, as the mother sat by the bedside of her rapidly sinking child, she felt that the end had almost come. Unable to witness the death of her little one, she ran into an adjoining room, and falling down upon her knees she cried to the Lord to give her strength to bear up under the great affliction which she believed had come to her, even the death of her daughter.

After a short absence, she returned to the sick chamber expecting to find her child dead. As she knelt by the bedside to her great surprise the

little one opened her eyes and seeing the distress of her mother, said to her: "Mamma, what is the matter with you?" The mother replied,

"My darling, I am afraid you are going to leave me?"

"What do you mean?" was the child's next question; "do you mean that I am going to die."

"Yes, my darling," the mother answered, "I fear you are going to die."

Looking straight into her mother's face the little girl said in a firm, convincing voice," I am not going to die; I am going to live, for my papa told me I would live to see him again in the flesh."

As the child spoke these words a change for the better came over her, and she improved each day until she was in as good health as before.

At the end of nearly three years her father returned from his mission and had the pleasure of folding to his bosom his little daughter who, through her exceeding great faith had been restored almost from death to life.—W. A. M.

THIRD GRADE.

(Children eight and nine years of age).

Suggestions to Teachers:

The lessons for the years 1910 will be based on the Ten Commandments.

It is hoped that from these lessons the children will learn to know and understand that the Lord gives commandments to His children for their good. That it is only through obedience to God's laws that the best that either mortal or immortal life offers may be obtained and enjoyed. The necessity for law must be established clearly before we are able to get willing obedience.

"All obedience worth the name,
Must be prompt and ready."

Such obedience comes from habit and a right understanding of the reasons why some must lead and some must obey.

The children in this grade have reached the age where they should be recognized as reasoning, thinking individuals. They are ready now to obey, not only from habit but because they may be convinced that obedience to divine law is a necessity and a blessing.

The necessity for the establishment of Ten Ten Commandments is plainly shown in the history of the Israelites in their sojourn in Egypt, their deliverance from the cruel tyranny not only of the Pharaohs, but the bad habits of life which resulted from the daily living amongst an idolatrous people.

The world has grown much older since Moses gave to his people the Ten Commandments on the tablets of stone. Mortal weakness still exists, we are still doing deeds of wrong; we have not yet learned the "Golden Rule" and, therefore, it is necessary for us and for our children to know, to understand and to obey The Ten Commandments.

It is desirable that each child shall be able to repeat from memory the Ten Commandments, but it is still more important that they shall recognize their value and importance; therefore, teachers are requested not to tire the class with a too constant repetition of the words used in the ten laws. Where it is necessary, the particular commandment that is being studied should be recited, once either in concert or by the teacher or by a member of the class. Do not take time during the class period for a drill on the words for the purpose of committing to memory.

Subject for the Year—The Ten Commandments.
Topic for Month of January—Commandment 1.

Divisions:

1. The Greatest Ruler.
2. The Wisest Ruler.
3. The Kindest Ruler.
4. The Merciful Ruler.

LESSON ONE.

The Greatest Ruler.

Aim.—To teach the children to recognize God as the Supreme Power which rules the world.

Result Desired.—That the children will understand that when God said, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me" He meant that it was right to worship and obey Him, because He is the Ruler of the earth and the Divine Father of all mankind.

Suggestions for Development of Lesson One:

The children must be led to recognize the truth that the earth and all it contains belongs to our Father in Heaven; that He created it, and because it belongs to Him, He loves it and desires to bless it.

Begin the lesson by taking the materials in the room and by asking questions, tracing them back to the great Creator; for instance:

Of what use are chairs and benches?
Who makes them?
Of what did the carpenter make them?
Where did he get the wood?
How did the wood come into the lumber yard?
What forces of nature assisted the tree in its growth?
Who regulates the sun and rain so that they assist the tree to grow?
Other materials in the room may be traced to their Creator.

Let the children suggest other things that they recognize as coming from God until you get them to see that the earth and all it contains was made by Him.

Relate briefly the order of the creation.

Recitation of the First Commandment: "Thou shalt have no other gods before me."

There is only one God and that is our Father in heaven; but sometimes people will think about something and like it so much they will forget to keep the commands of the Lord.

If you love and obey your fathers and mothers you will be happy.

If you do not mind what they say to you, you will be unhappy. (Illustrate by personal experience, and if possible get the children to relate incidents where disobedience brought trouble).

What are "other gods?"
Wanting to have our own way.
Love of money, dress, houses, etc.
Improper love of any earthly thing brings unhappiness.
Who really owns everything on the earth?
Who is the Only One who can give or take away?
What is the first of the Ten Commandments? (All repeat it).

There is a little verse which I think you all know. Let us say it together.

"All things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all."

If a supplementary story is desired we suggest "King Midas or the Golden Touch." Any school-teacher will be able to assist you in finding the story.

LESSON TWO.

The Wisest Ruler.

Aim.—A development of the thought that God is not only the Greatest Ruler but the Ruler who governs because He can and does make the best Ruler.

Result Desired.—That the children will recognize the power and justice of God, and be able to give more ready and intelligent obedience to the commandments of our Father in heaven.

Review of Lesson One.

Recitation of "All things," etc.

Let the children tell of some of the creations of God.

Suggestions for Development of Lesson Two.

The children must be helped to understand that, after our Father made the earth and all that lives in it, He continued to rule over it by making laws which would help the world with all its people to grow better and wiser and happier.

Illustrate this by showing the Divine wisdom in the divisions of time; the value of days for work and nights for rest; the wonderful system which keeps the sun, moon and stars in their order; the delightful variety of the four seasons. Show how the earth has a day and a night as we have, the growing and harvesting season which is the working day, the long winter or night when the earth rests.

How many things can we think of that grows?

Grass, wheat, trees, potatoes, corn, etc.

What lives in the water? What lives in the air? on the land?

Review the order of the creation to develop the thought that our Heavenly Father made man last, because man is greater than animals, birds, fishes or plants.

Man is made like God. What can a man do? Walk, run, jump, eat, drink, sleep, work, speak, think, etc. You can do all these things and so can I.

Now, after man was made, his Heavenly Father told him he was to be the ruler over the animals, birds, fishes, plants, etc. He was to have a wife and children. How was he to treat his family? Work for them, so they would have plenty to eat and drink and a home to live in. The children must learn to obey their father just as the father must obey God.

What do our fathers do for us? Let the children go into details to develop the loving care of fathers for their children in the home, school and church.

Was father always a grown up man? Was his father always a grown up man? If we could keep on going back we would come to the first man who lived on this earth, Adam.

Who was Adam's Father?

Who made everything so well and so beautifully?

Let us say the verse which tells us about the Wisest Ruler of all.

"All things bright, etc." What is the first commandment?

LESSON THREE.

The Kindest Ruler.

Aim.—To increase the knowledge that God is great, wise, and good.

Result Desired.—A respect for proper authority; a deepening sense of

reverence for God and an appreciation of the intelligence of the human mind.

Review of Lesson Two.

Ask questions which will develop thought of the greatness and wonderful power of the Heavenly Father; also how this authority is used for the protection and happiness of His children.

Suggestions for Development of Lesson Three.

In this lesson the thought of how our Father in heaven gives His children opportunities for being strong, wise, and kind should be developed.

Illustrate by explaining the difference between the human family and other forms of life.

Animals, birds, etc., have power to care for themselves; but we can also think and work not only to give us homes and clothes and food, but many other things which give pleasure and happiness as well as comfort.

How do animals, birds, etc., keep warm and get plenty to eat? Let us think of a cow; what does it eat? drink? How does it keep warm in winter? How much can a cow do to get these things for herself? Who gives her care and protection? Why does man take such care of his cow? Why cannot a cow do it herself? Why is a man more able to do this than a cow? (Impress the value of intelligence). If necessary this thought may be continued by using other animals or birds to illustrate the same point.

In the home the father and mother are the leaders. Why? Develop the thought that knowledge and experience give people the right to lead and when necessary to have others, especially children, obey them.

This lesson may be further developed by illustrations of the way in which man, through the power which God has given him, has found out and put to use the elements as in steam, electricity, the telephone, the telegraph, X-rays, phonograph, etc.

All these things belong to God, and He is willing that we shall use them or any other blessing which may be discovered. But how did man find out any of these wonderful things? He had to think and work. What must our fathers and mothers do if they want a telephone or a phonograph? Yes, but how do they get the money to buy them? We must all work. The Lord arranges so that animals, birds, etc., will get what they need without thinking about it. And the Lord says to your father and mother, "I love you and will give you many things; but it will make you stronger and wiser if you work; and so there are some very good things you can have if you will work for them. Fathers and mothers love their children, and while they are small and cannot think or work very much, they give them many good things; but as soon as we get big and strong we must work, too.

God thinks about everybody and everything, and is the good Ruler over all, and so we can say we do not want any other Heavenly Father. We love Him because He first loved us.

Memory Gem:

"Our Father's love is sure,
And very wise His care;
He gives us what He knows is best,
And hears our every prayer."

LESSON FOUR.

The Merciful Ruler.

Aim.—To increase love and confidence in the Heavenly Father's power, goodness and mercy.

Result Desired.—Greater freedom in prayer. Development of faith

and a deepened impression that God knows best and that He is always willing to help and to forgive when there is true repentance for wrong-doing.

Review of Lesson Three.

What is the first commandment?

"Thou shalt have no other gods before me." What do we like to say? We do not want any other God.

Why?

Because He is the greatest, the wisest and the kindest.

How do we know He is great? (Use questions that will make definite the thought that, "All the earth and the fullness thereof" was created and is therefore owned by God.)

How do we know that He is wise? (Use questions that will impress the children with the idea that after God created the earth and all it contains, He did not leave it to manage itself, but made rules and laws which must be obeyed if we would all be happy and comfortable. Illustrate by reference to sun, moon, the seasons, etc., order in the home where children must obey, etc.)

How do we know that He is kind? (Use questions that will help the children to realize that God gave us strength of body and mind, and He expects us to develop this strength for the benefit of others as well as for ourselves).

Development of Lesson Four.

God is all-powerful but is kind, merciful, and forgiving. Illustrate by incidents from the home, school and church.

Father and mother try to establish good habits, such as being clean, neat, orderly, honest, truthful, kind, etc. (Each of these habits may be taken up in detail, by asking questions which will develop the meaning of being clean, etc. The value of each good habit may also be enlarged upon).

Do we always obey our parents? If we do not, what usually happens? Of what use is punishment?

If we do something that is really wrong and we are sorry we have been disobedient, what usually happens then?

How many times do fathers or mothers need to forgive their children?

Why do we go to school? We learn many things about ourselves and the wonderful world which our Heavenly Father made. Sometimes boys and girls need to be punished in school. Why do they need to be punished? To be strong and wise we need to go to school to learn about many things; and, if we do not obey the rules of the school, we must be made to mind or the school would soon be a very poor one. All schools must be orderly. If we do wrong in school and are truly sorry about it, will the teacher forgive us? How many times?

We go to meeting, to Sunday-school and to Primary. How should we behave in these places? If we forget and are rude or noisy, who will help us to do better? If we are sorry and try to be good what usually happens?

Our Heavenly Father is always ready to forgive any of His children when they try to be better. Peter asked the Lord how many times he should forgive and he was told seventy times seven, which would be a great many times, more than you could count or remember.

Now let us see why we should love our Heavenly Father. Because He is great, wise, kind and good, and merciful, ready to help us and be sorry for us if we should make mistakes. Let us say the first commandment: "Thou shalt have no other gods before me."

Now let us say the words which help us to know that we are ready to love and obey our Heavenly Father.

"Our Father's love is sure,
And very wise His care;
He gives us what He knows is best,
And hears our every prayer."

If supplementary story is desired, relate "The unforgiving servant." Matthew 18: 23-35.

FOURTH GRADE.

(Children ten and eleven years of age.)

Suggestions to Teachers:

The Word of Wisdom will be used as the basis for the lessons for the year 1910.

It is very desirable that the members of the class take an active part in each lesson, but, as the children usually have considerable studying to do during the school year, it is not considered advisable to require any home preparation. The method of presenting the lessons will be in talks given by the teacher and questions on it to be answered by the class. The success of this plan will depend largely on the manner in which the talk is given. The teacher will be expected to read it carefully, get the subject thoroughly, in her mind, add to or take from it, as desired, to make it as interesting as possible and then present it to the class in her own words. Personal interest and enthusiasm in the lesson will add much to the success of its teaching.

The value of the work done should be found in the efforts made by the class to improve their health through the daily care of the body, and in an increased desire to know what is right and best, and to regulate their lives by the commandments of the Lord.

The use of the memory gem is left to the discretion of the teacher. It is suggested, however, that a discussion of the thought in the memory gem will be of value to teacher and class.

Subject for the Year—The Word of Wisdom.
Topic for the Month of January—Health.

Divisions:

1. Health of Body.
2. Health of Mind.
3. Moral Health.
4. Healthy Religion.

LESSON ONE.

Health of Body.

Aim—"Health is a blessing that money cannot buy."

Result Desired—An increased appreciation of the value of health. Ambition aroused to care for the body. A recognition of God's goodness in giving the Word of Wisdom.

Memory Gem:

"Blessed be the Lord who daily loadeth us with benefits." Psalms 68; 19.

Suggestive Talk:

Medical practitioners say that very few people, young or old, take care of their health as they ought. It is true, especially with the young. The latter class scarcely think of the value of health—that it is necessary in order

to be eminently successful in their pursuits. They eat what they want, if they can get it. Cake, confectionery, and sweetmeats in great variety constitute a portion of their diet. They do not admit that milk or pure water is better for them than coffee or tea; they insist upon having the latter. Of course, there are exceptions, but we speak of the young as a class; they think and plan very little for health.

In consequence, our school system has been unjustly blamed. Pupils break down in health, and parents charge it to the pressure at school—a false charge in nine cases out of ten. Improper food, excitement in social customs, methods of dress, late hours and consequent curtailment of sleep, and reading extravagant fiction are the real causes in a majority of cases. If habits out of school were in harmony with the laws of health, the application required in the school room would prove harmless.

Isaac Walton said: "Look to your health, and if you have it, praise God, and value it next to a good conscience; for health is a blessing that money cannot buy; therefore, value it, and be thankful for it."

The great Apostle wrote to his brethren, "Beloved, I wish above all things that thou mayest prosper and be in health, even as thy soul prospereth." He wanted their bodies to be as healthy as their souls; and so they must care for the former as for the latter. To young men he said, "I have written unto you because ye are strong." Health was one of the blessings included in being "strong."

The late President Lincoln was born in a log cabin in Kentucky, and was obliged to work for a living as soon as he could turn his hand to any job. His food was coarse, but healthful; and he lived in the air most of the time, even when he was in the house; for his father's cabin was rickety, with plenty of crevices for the air to enter. He slept on the floor, too, until he was twenty-one years old.

In his manhood, Lincoln was the strongest man in the region. He could lift more pounds, perform more labor, and endure larger drafts upon his strength than any man he knew. His mind, also, was bright and active, and he could study half the night, and continue the practice for weeks, without fatigue.

Now, Mr. Lincoln always claimed that in his youth he accumulated a reserve of health upon which he drew in later life as naturally as he breathed. He held that work, pure air, wholesome food, without indulgence in luxuries of any sort, in his early life explained his physical condition in manhood. For this reason, after he was so situated that he could command luxuries and ease to some extent, he continued to work hard, eating plain food, securing sufficient sleep, and keeping in mind the old maxim, "Health is wealth."

Such has been the experience of successful men with few exceptions. The Garibaldis, Gladstones, Washingtons, Adams, Franklins, Vanderbilts have been men of lusty health. Among women, Joan of Arc, Florence Nightingale, Martha Washington, Margaret Fuller, and a host of others of like eminence laid up a store of strength in their youth.

The young should not overlook the fact that they can lay up strength in reserve for the future, as they can lay up money. It is not only their privilege, but their duty to do it. They are under moral obligations to observe the laws of health. In this way they prepare for manhood and womanhood. In the future struggle of life, there will be times when they must perform the labor of two days in one, perhaps go without sleep, and even fast for a day; and then reserved strength, accumulated in youth, is more valuable than money. Shakespeare taught this, as follows:

"Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty:
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors to my blood;
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo

The means of weakness and debility;
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty but kindly."

Skill, industry, ability, tact, and knowledge are not half as useful to feeble men and women as they are to the healthy. True, Pascal, Robert Hall, Pitt, William of Orange, Channing, and many other noted men were feeble; but they are exceptions to the rule.

With robust health, they might have accomplished twice as much as they did, and with far more enjoyment to themselves. Moral and intellectual forces are greater when supplemented by physical vigor.

Colton said: "Money is the most envied, but the least enjoyed; health is the most enjoyed, but the least envied. The poorest man would not part with health for money; the richest man would part with all his money for health."—Selected.

Questions on the Lesson:

How do we know when we are well?
How do we know when we are ill?
What are the most common causes of poor health?
What is the value of saving money?
What is the value of storing up health?
Give a description of the physical appearance of President Lincoln?
What do you know about his physical strength?
What reason did President Lincoln give for his great powers of endurance?
Which is of the greater value, health or wealth?
What reason did the Lord have in giving the Word of Wisdom?

Recitation of memory gem.

If supplementary story is desired one of the following is suggested :
Joseph Smith as an Athlete. (The Children's Friend, Volume 4, December number, page 373.
Story of Samson. (Judges 13 to 16 chapters.) Read story carefully, tell only main points that will interest the children. Emphasize the instructions given to Samson's mother about food and drink.

LESSON TWO.

Health of Mind.

Aim—A sound mind in a sound body.

Result Desired—That through knowledge the children will have respect for the strength and powers of healthy bodies and minds and a desire to be careful of them and use them wisely and well.

Memory Gem:

"Whoso is wise, and will observe these things, even they shall understand the loving kindness of the Lord."—Psalms 107: 43.

Review—Use questions from previous lesson.

Suggestive Talk:

A body for a soul is not more indispensable than a sound body for a sound mind. To develop the latter at the expense of the former is unfavorable to success. Mind and matter are so dependent upon each other, that disease of one interrupts the functions of the other. Not that a strong mind is never found in a frail body; but that is the exception.

Johnson was in feeble health most of his life; Dr. Channing never knew the happy experience of having a strong body for his great mind; Caesar was subject to epileptic fits, and usually celebrated the planning of a battle by going into one; Amos Lawrence was a confirmed dyspeptic many years,

and only lived by carefully weighing his food; Pascal was always "sickly," and Pope was an invalid when he did his best work.

After citing all the exceptional examples possible, it is still true that brain power has a strong ally in muscular vigor. The Broughams, Peels, Palmerstons, Gladstones, Washingtons, Franklins, Websters, Lincolns, Garfields, and Grants were as renowned for muscle as for brain.

Nevertheless, there is a large amount of ignorance, even among educated people, concerning the laws of health; and there is more disobedience than there is ignorance. Here most men and women, including youth of both sexes, know better than they do. They violate physical laws knowingly and deliberately; they indulge in excesses, against which they know that Nature remonstrates; they neglect their bodies, and overwork their brains, with Nature's signals of distress flying before their eyes. Every day they disregard known laws of health, all the while knowing just what they do, and having an inkling, at least, that sure penalties will follow.

The late Dr. Edward Jarvis of Boston, wrote:

"If a weaver, when he has woven his web, should put into his loom a parcel of sticks and wire, and then set the loom in motion, just for the pleasure of seeing it move; or, perhaps, in the hope that the loom would, out of these hard materials, make cloth as well as out of the cotton and wool, he would do a very foolish act; but not more foolish than when he has eaten enough for nutrition to eat indigestible and innutritious matters just for the pleasure of eating. No engineer would pour upon the gudgeons and pistons of his engine acids instead of oils, just for change, because this would be in opposition to his knowledge of the laws of mechanics, and spoil his machine. Yet he will pour wine, and brandy, and tobacco juice into his stomach, and tobacco smoke into his lungs, which are infinitely more delicate organs than anything of wood or iron."

Both ignorance and defiance of physical laws create this state of things, especially among the young. The latter class are too apt to undervalue health, and even to treat it with indifference, as if it had little or no claim upon their intelligence.

There can be few graver errors than this. What though they can repeat the names and number of the bones of the hand or foot, and not know how to take care of them; what though they can enumerate the functions of the stomach, and not know what they put into it; what though they can repeat all the text-books say about the lobes of the lungs, and still persist in denying them fresh air and full play; what though they can rehearse all physiological rules in respect to exercise and sleep, and then pursue their studies so as wholly to neglect the first, and scrimp the last; their knowledge is of no practical value whatever.

What is still more unaccountable is the fact that young persons of both sexes—and the same is largely true of older persons—appear to think that there is no moral obligation resting upon them to be healthy, when they are as really bound to observe physical as moral laws. We are in duty bound to do all we can for health, as we are to do all we can for honesty. There is no more excuse for neglecting the body than the soul. Spiritual laws have no better claim upon our regard than physical laws.

Mrs. Cheney, writing of schoolgirls, says: "Health is the holiness of the body, and every girl should have a high standard of perfect health set before her, and be made to feel that she has no more right to trifle with and disobey hygienic laws than those of morality or civil society. She should be as much ashamed of illness brought on by her own folly as of being punished at school for disobedience to her teacher."

Matthews says: "We are discovering that though the pale, sickly student may win the most prizes in college, it is the tough, sinewy one who will win the most prizes in life; and that in every calling, other things being equal, the most successful man will be the one who has slept the soundest and digested the most dinners with the least difficulty."

Horace Mann declared that "the spendthrift of health was the guiltiest of spendthrifts;" and he went on to say: "I am certain that I could have performed twice the labor, both better and with greater east to myself, had I known as much of the laws of health and life at twenty-one as I do now. In college I was taught all about the motions of the planets as carefully as though they would have been in danger of getting off the track if I had not known how to trace their orbits; but about my own organization, and the conditions indispensable to the healthful functions of my own body, I was left in profound ignorance. Nothing could be more preposterous; I ought to have begun at home, and taken the stars when it should become their turn."

"The laws of physical health are fixed and uniform; just as inexorable as any laws by which planets move, or plants grow."

"If we wish to be useful, happy, and capable of mental progress, we need a physical system well cared for, working without friction or disturbance."

Lord Palmerston, for fifty-seven years England's popular premier, may well be cited as an illustration of a sound mind in a sound body.

He entered Parliament at twenty-one years of age, with a vow in his heart to serve his country well. For sixty years he was identified with the nation's welfare, and performed an amount of work that would have utterly exhausted ordinary men. He was secretary of war when Napoleon was overthrown at the battle of Waterloo, and assisted in the vast operations of that conflict. When he died he was the most popular man in the British realm.

It was always a subject of inquiry how Lord Palmerston maintained a sound body under the burden of such enormous labors. The only explanation is that he took excellent care of his body. Exercise with him was a religious duty. He rode horseback, walked, hunted, fished, and studied in every way to preserve his health. It was a common thing for him to ride off thirty miles on the back of a fleet horse. In a word, he adopted such a course of living as he thought would maintain a sound body, and rejected all others.—From "Ethics of Success."

Questions on the Lesson.

Of what is the body composed?

Of what value is the mind?

How does the mind control the body?

How would the mind be affected if any part of the body were in pain? (As toothache, headache, pains in the stomach, coughs, colds, etc.)

What usually gives us such pains?

How do parents and teachers try to help us to allow our minds to control our bodies?

How about studying lessons when we are in bodily pain?

If you are ill today in school and can not get your lesson, will you have the same lesson tomorrow?

If you missed something in your lessons yesterday, when can you go back and get what you lost?

Why do you go to school and Primary and Sunday School?

Who makes it possible for you to go to these places that you may gain knowledge and wisdom?

What feeling prompts parents to go to all the trouble and expense necessary to give you a good education?

What is the Word of Wisdom?

What promise does the Lord make in the Word of Wisdom to all who will take heed to His advice?

What feeling prompts the Lord to send such instructions to His children?

Recitation of memory gem.

For supplementary stories relate incidents of Latter-day Saints who are healthy and strong in mind and body as a direct result of hard work and observance of the Word of Wisdom.

LESSON THREE.

Moral Health.

Aim—To preserve health is a moral and religious duty, for health is the basis of all social virtues.—Johnson.

Result Desired—That the children may get the feeling that healthy conditions of body and mind produce better and kinder actions.

Memory Gem:

"All these gifts cometh from God, for the benefit of the children of God."—Doc. and Coc., section 46.

Review of last lesson.

Suggestive Talk:

Who wins in the race of life? Who is the really successful one? Is it he who accumulates a fortune only? No. Is it he who gains the world's honors alone? No. Is it he even who acquires the most learning? No. Rather, it is he who builds the noblest character, in the circumstances. The person who improves all his powers the best he can is the one who wins, whether riches, honor, and learning are acquired or not. The highest manhood and womanhood is success. Evidently Shakespeare believed this, for he wrote:

"Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he who filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor, indeed."

Money is "trash" compared with those virtues which are a richer "ornament" than "chains about thy neck." All who accept this truth heartily and devote themselves to their pursuits under this conviction become winners in the best sense. They see that real triumph does not depend upon the business, but upon the boy or girl. The business is only the opportunity for the doer to prove his mettle.

Of course, one person may be eminently successful on one line and not on others. One may be a distinguished financier, another a renowned orator or artist, another a statesman or clergyman, and so on to the end. But this is not the highest success. Achievement on a single line, or even on several lines, is not the highest attainment by any means, especially if spotless character does not crown all.

John Bromfield was a school-boy in Newburyport, Massachusetts, at fifteen years of age, studious but not brilliant, resolved to do his best. His father lost his property just then, by some turn of fortune, which cast a shadow over the prospects of the son for a liberal education. His two worthy aunts came to his relief, and kindly offered to pay his bills through college; but he promptly declined the offer, determined to work his own way to fortune on another line.

"Let me be apprenticed to a merchant, and I will look out for the rest," he said.

There was the ring of manly resolve in this conclusion, which both parents and aunts recognized; and he was accordingly permitted to enter mercantile business. He possessed a fair education, was not afraid of work, was honest, frugal, and aspiring, and believed thoroughly in self-help, which is the best kind of help for everybody. More and better than that, he was ac-

tuated by Christian principle, believing that he was accountable to God for his manner of life.

He proved himself master of his business, and continued with the firm until a financial panic broke it up. Unwilling to be idle during the paralysis of business, he donned the carpenter's apron, and proceeded to learn the trade. But soon Providence opened the door to what proved his future and profitable occupation. He went out to China as supercargo, and continued to visit that part of the world from time to time, on trading trips, until he retired from business.

Once, on a winter passage to Europe, he witnessed the suffering of the sailors from handling frozen ropes, and his great heart sprang to their relief. He took one of his thick overcoats, cut it up, and wrought it into mittens with his own hands. Every sailor was supplied with a durable pair of mittens, handsome enough for use on a winter-driven ship.

This incident was typical of the man. All through his life he was doing such things for his fellow-men. He made money, and he used it to bless his race. He did not live for himself, but for others. "Merit makes the man," he thought; and he was a striking illustration of its truth. He often repeated this couplet:

"The good must merit God's peculiar care,
And none but God can tell us who they are."

At his death, nearly all his estate was given to benevolent and philanthropic societies, together with ten thousand dollars to his native town for planting and preserving trees and keeping sidewalks in repair. That was over forty years ago; and today Newburyport sits upon the banks of the Merrimac, a gem of beauty, her thriving population enjoying the thoughtful munificence of John Bromfield, that has lined their streets with shade trees, and invested the town with the charm of rural simplicity. The memory of their departed townsman continues as fresh and green as the leaves upon the maples and elms that embower their habitations in summer.

Antony Ashley Cooper was a London lad, whose manly bearing, at twelve years of age, attracted the attention of observers. He was not only talented, but the noblest impulses controlled him. He improved every opportunity at school and elsewhere to fit himself for manhood. "I will do right, whatever may come of it," he said in his youth, and in meridian life this was still his motto.

He was promoted to public life at an early age, and interested himself in every legislative measure that was destined to aid the poor and unfortunate. His purse was open to every call for charity, and time would fail to tell of all the legislative acts he advised or aided to benefit the working classes. "The Factory and Workshop Act," the "Mining Act," to aid miners, "The Lunatic Commission," "The Children and Employment Commission," "The Print Works Act," "Lodging House Act," 'Ragged School Act," and others of similar intent enlisted his best efforts. In addition, every benevolent society having in view the uplifting of humanity everywhere received his heartiest support. His pen, voice, and purse were enlisted in behalf of the Missionary Enterprise, home and foreign, the Bible Society, the Education Society, and every other institution that was known to assist suffering humanity.

With all his influence and honors, he was unassuming and humble. No pride of birth or position was in his heart. He was just as much at home in the hall of the costermongers, whose condition was greatly benefited by his efforts, as he was in the queen's palace at Windsor, where he was often an invited guest.

At one time he was invited to meet a thousand of his friends at their hall, and there he found a handsome donkey, decorated with ribbons of all colors. The donkey was the costermonger's beast of burden, and, through

Lord Shaftesbury's influence, the useful animal was treated far better than formerly; and this prominence of the long-eared guest was a recognition of the statesman's proverbial kindness. The donkey was led upon the platform and presented to him as a gift, whereupon Lord Shaftesbury vacated the chair, and, putting his arm around the animal's neck, thanked the givers for the welcome present.

"When I have passed away," he said, "I desire no more said of me than that I have done my duty, as the poor donkey has done his, with patience and unmurmuring resignation." The donkey was then led down the steps of the platform, when the great man remarked, "I hope the reporters will observe that the donkey having vacated the chair, the place was taken by Lord Shaftesbury."

These two men were truly successful. Neither of them acquired princely fortunes, such as are accumulated in our day; nor were they inducted into the highest offices within the gift of the people; yet their success was of the highest type. They became uncrowned kings, and received the golden honors that character always commands.

"This book of the law snall not depart out of thy mouth; but thou shalt meditate therein day and night that thou mayest observe to do all that is written therein, for then thou shalt have good success."—Selected.

Questions:

How do people get and save money?

What is the "Golden Rule?"

Do you tnink that every person knows the Golden Rule and keeps it? Why?

Is there any other way to earn money than by using the muscles of the body?

Of what benefit is exercise to the muscles of the body?

Of what benent is exercise to the mind?

How about the exercise of bad habits?

What good will it do to you to keep repeating good habits?

If exercise and proper care in youth stores up strength and endurance for a time of need, what will exercise of kindness and patience do?

Do people ever get cross and irritable?

What do you tnink might be the cause?

When do you feel the most inclined to be good to other people. When you are well in body or when you are in pain?

What do you think would be the result if everybody in the world had perfectly healthy bodies and minds?

What has the Lord given to us that will help us to be well and strong?

Who can repeat the "Word of Wisdom" from memory. Or any part of it?

Memory gem.

For supplementary work relate instances, of prominent people in the Church who have used strength of body and mind for the benefit of all the members of the Church; as missions, officers who preside and labor for the Church without any apparent reward; Relief Society, teachers in organizations, etc.

LESSON FOUR.

Healthy Religion.

Aim—"If we make religion our business, God will make it our blessedness."

Result Desired—A growing desire on the part of the children to know more about the commandments of our Heavenly Father.

Memory Gem:

The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart: the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes.—Psalms 19: 8.

Review last lesson. Use the memory gem to develop the thought in the aim.

Suggestive Talk:

Religion is absolutely necessary to the highest success. Many a youth will be surprised by this statement, because they do not stop to think what religion is. They have connected it in their thoughts with sickness and sorrow, death and funerals, but never with the common things of every-day life. Religion is for the latter experiences more than the former. "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come;" just as "profitable" for this life as it is for the next.

Religion elevates and purifies traffic, makes honest manufacturers, stimulates invention, approves of art, science, and learning, and directs the accumulation of wealth and the use of it. Take religion out of our world life, and there would be little in it to attract or bless. It is a bad business that religion hinders. It helps every pursuit that is necessary and good.

Some years ago, a great lawyer died—Jeremiah Mason—and Daniel Webster was called upon to make remarks at his funeral. Among other things he said:

"Religion is a necessary and indispensable element in any great human character. There is no living without it. Religion is the tie that binds man with his Creator, and holds him to His throne. If that tie be all sundered, all broken, he floats away—a worthless atom in the universe; its porper attractions all gone, its destiny thwarted, and its whole future nothing but darkness, desolation, and death. A man with no sense of religious duty is he whom the scriptures describe, in such terse but terriffic language, as living 'without God in the world.' Such a man is out of his proper being, out of the circle of all his duties, out of the circle of all his happiness, and away, far, far away from the purposes of his creation."

Webster meant that all the talents, training, and opportunities in the world could not bring true success without they were under the conrol of religion. In his friend, Jeremiah Mason, he saw a model man in this respect. He believed that Mason made great achievements because his intellectual powers, as well as his moral and spiritual, were subject to religion.

All nations have some sort of religion. They recognize a superior intelligence that guides the affairs of men. In this they agree; and so all derive from the thought of a superior being the highest motive to action in the circumstances. The lowest and most brutish of the human family are those in whom this idea of a superior intelligence is developed in the smallest degree. If there be a man without this recognition of a greater Being, he is a brute in human form. Plato lived before the Christian religion, and yet he possessed some of its best sentiments. On being told that he had many enemies who spoke ill of him, he answered, "Then I will live so that no one will believe them." That is a prominent lesson of Christianity, uttered before Christianity was born.

No one can be successful who does not know what life is for; and religion alone can teach that. Many people devote their time to amusement, pleasure, thinking of self, and no one else. Others make life a race for riches of office and fame. Others still concentrate their whole being to shine in the temple of learning. It is because they have no correct idea of what life is for. Religion would teach them.

There are evil opinions and practices, bad associations and habits, improprieties and vices that directly block the way to success. Religion forestalls the very existence of these things; it makes their reign impossible. And then it insists upon the cultivation of those virtues that are universally

recognized as indispensable to a successful career—industry, economy, honesty, fidelity, purity, and all the rest of the divine group.

A gentleman's attention was called to a large English mercantile warehouse that was conducted strictly upon religious principles, having a chapel for devotional exercises.

"Of what use is it all?" he said to an employe who had been twenty years in the service of the firm.

"Of what use! Just see for yourself," answered the employee.

"I mean of what use is religion in a great business, like Budgett's?" continued the man.

"I understand you," replied the employee. "You must believe what you see. No such mercantile house as this in England for principle, order, harmony, industry, and success. Religion has done it."

Samuel Budgett believed that religion is one of the most practical agencies in common life. He brought his six hundred clerks under its influence to promote their best interests as well as his own; and he realized his highest expectations.

"Practicing law on a religious plan!" remarked a gentleman, in a sarcastic way, of Charles Chauncey, Esq., of Philadelphia. "Not much of a chance for religion in the legal practice, I should say."

"But you don't understand what religion is for," replied Dr. Boardman. "It is just the thing needed in all pursuits of life, if men would only think so. Mr. Chauncey has proved that it is wonderfully helpful and elevating in the law."

When Mr. Chauncey died, Dr. Boardman preached his funeral sermon, in which he said of him:

"He was ready to employ his great powers for the relief of the poor, the injured, the helpless; to extend to them the charity of time, labor, and attention; protection of those whose resources are feeble, and the information of those whose knowledge is small. This was so well understood that there probably was no man in this community who was so much resorted to for counsel. Distinguished counsellors, young lawyers, and possibly grave judges with their vexed questions, capitalists seeking investments, embarrassed merchants, guardians, perplexed to know what to do with their wards, parents to consult him about their children, widows anxious to secure their little property, together with suitors of various kinds,—such were the groups that met at his office." Religion increased and dignified his worldly business.

This spirit, permeating common life, makes it uncommon. Controlling the humblest lot, it exalts it with the highest purpose. Guiding the ignorant and obscure, they find positions of trust and honor. Under its beneficient direction young people are diligent, thoughtful, truthful, faithful, kind, affectionate, studious, and reliable, at home, abroad, in school and out, everywhere.

"Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world." There is nothing greater than this.—Selected.

Questions:

What do you think is meant by religion? (The children may have various ideas about religion. The teacher should help them to understand that it is belief in God.)

Tell me of someone whom you think religious? Why?

What is the value of knowing how to do right?

What is the value of knowing that if you do wrong you will be punished?

What development does exercise in right doing produce?

What is the result of right thinking?

How about wrong thoughts?

If you keep on thinking unkind thoughts you will want to do unkind things. If you keep on thinking kind thoughts you will want to do kind things. What sort of a man or woman will you grow to be if you think right thoughts? Bad tnoughts? Is it possible to control our thoughts? How? What will be the result if you use the muscles of your body? Of your mind?

Who has told us what is right and what is wrong?

There are two great commandments given to us; they are, "Thou shalt love the Lord, thy God, with all thy might, mind and strength, and thy neighbor as thyself." Tell me what you think about them?

Tell me some of the things we will want to do if we are religious and obey these commandments? (A review of all the virtues as honesty, truthfulness, etc.)

For supplementary work have the class bear testimony of blessings which they have received as members of God's Church and by obedience to any of its commands which they may understand, especially the Word of Wisdom.

FIFTH GRADE.

(Children twelve and thirteen years of age.)

Suggestions:

The boys and girls who come to the Primary Association are usually in attendance at the public schools and it has been found inadvisable to requfre from them home preparation for Primary lessons, Therefore the plan for presenting the lessons in the fifth grade will include a talk, to be given by the teacher, which will contain the thought in the lesson. The talk is to be followed by questions which will give the class opportunities to discuss and develop the thought and aim of the lesson.

In preparing the talks for the teachers, references will be given from Church works which should be read carefully and only such explanations given from them as are suitable to the children in the class. To relate the lesson to the child's life suggestions and incidents of interest will be given in detail. The teachers are requested to add to or take away from these lessons as seems to them advisable, especially should this be done in the questions. If in answering any of the questions others come up which are not given here, follow the lead of the class, as long as the questions are to the point. Encourage free conversation among the boys and girls, permit them to ask questions, always, however, insisting on good order.

It is suggested that wherever possible Bibles be used by the class. Encourage them to read it at home. When necessary and advisable portions may be read in the class.

Subject for the Year—The Articles of Faith.
Topic for the Month of January—Faith.

Divisions:

1. Faith in one's self.
2. Faith in Home and Parents.
3. Faith in Others.
4. Faith in God.

LESSON ONE.

Faith in One's Self.

Aim—"This above all, to thine own self be true; and it will follow as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man."

Development of the Lesson.

Talk by teacher on the truth that we are all the children of our Father in heaven. That He has blessed us with talents and it is our duty to find out what they are and use them for the benefit of others. For this purpose explain the character of our Heavenly Father as found in The Articles of Faith, by Talmage, Lecture 5, paragraphs 6-18.

Faith in One's Self.

Faith in one's self and one's life-pursuit is indispensable, for it rallies all the faculties to endeavor. He who thinks he can, can; he who thinks he can't, cant. These are the two classes of persons we meet; one successful, the other a failure. A man must confide in his own ability to fulfill his calling, if he would win. He need not indulge in egotism, or be over confident; but he must believe that he can do what he undertakes, else he will fail.

When Edison conceived the idea of the phonograph, he grew elated over the possibility. Further thought and study culminated in tne belief that he was able to produce the wonder. He undertook the task under the settled conviction that he could make the instrument, and that conviction never wavered, though his progress was slow. Year after year he studied, experimented, and labored, sometimes encouraged, sometimes disappointed, but never despairing. It can be done! I can do it! This confidence in himself to achieve did not suffer his energies to flag, nor his expectations to waver. At the end of seven years, his phonograph would talk, but it would not talk as he desired. It would say pecie instead of specie. But it "shall say specie," he resolved; and in three months more it spoke the word plainly and loudly as he wished. Faith in himself conquered, for it kept his courage alive and caused his faculties to do their best. Without it there would have been no phonograph.

Mr. Edison's phenomenal success with his electric light is known the world over. When scientists, editors, and scholars doubted, his faith never wavered. He was confident that electric science was in its infancy, and that he could evolve from its hidden resources what would startle the world. Through faitn he wrought mightily, adding patent to patent, until more than a thousand separate patents were involved in the production of his electric light. We now put it to a great many uses for which we are indebted to Edison, though we are only beginning to know its priceless value. It performs errands for us, carrying messages, closing bargains, and making business hum; it puts life and power into locomotives, and sets ponderous machinery in motion; it runs cars, lights streets and houses, rings door and table bells, writes letters, makes fires, and even cures and kills people: for we take it as a medicine, and with it execute criminals. What more can be done with it remains to be seen.

For the present development and use of the electric light, we are more indebted to Edison than to any other inventor. His faith in himself and electrical science has wrought mightily. An editor says: "His improvements in telegraphic apparatus, and in the working of the telephone, seem almost to have exhausted the possibilities of electricity. While Huxley, Tyndal, Spencer, and other theorists talk and speculate, he quietly produces accomplished facts, and, with his marvelous inventions, is pushing the whole world ahead in its march to tne highest civilization, making life more and more enjoyable."

When Edison had labored two years in his own laboratory, he said, "Two years of experience proves, beyond a doubt, that the electric light, for household purposes, can be produced and sold," for which he was severely criticised, and even ridiculed. But long since he fulfilled his own prophecy, as the increased convenience and comfort of families bear witness.

Charles Goodyear purchased an India rubber life-preserver as a curiosity. He was told that rubber would be of great value for a thousand things, if cold did not make it hard as a stone, and heat reduce it to a

liquid. "I can remedy that,' 'he said to himself. Experiment after experiment failed. The money he put into the research was sunk. His last dollar was spent. His best efforts were baffled, and his best friends forsook him, because they thought he was partially insane. A gentleman inquired after him, and he was told, "If you see a man with an India-rubber cap, an India-rubber coat, India-rubber shoes, and an India-rubber purse in his pocket, with not a cent in it—that is Charles Goodyear." But Goodyear was not a lunatic. It was faith in his ability to do that caused him to pursue the idea of vulcanized rubber with such persistency, and his efforts were crowned with success. Faith did it.

Columbus believed that there was a new world beyond the untraversed sea, and that he himself was able to find it. Year after year he sought in vain the patronage that would make his project possible. Though opposed, thwarted, ridiculed, and even persecuted, he pressed his suit over and over. Adverse circumstances seemed to strengthen his purpose, and make him invincible. In the darkest hour he never lost heart. Faith in himself and his great enterprise finally triumphed.

Franklin believed that lightning and electricity were identical. More famous scientific men than himself believed otherwise, but this fact did not modify his own opinion. His conviction deepened as he pondered the matter. He proceeded to prove what he believed, by the aid of a kite. He disclosed his purpose only to his son, lest he should be made the butt of ridicule. But he succeeded. Faith in himself overcame obstacles, adverse opinions, and current theories, and he won immortal fame. The same has been true of great statesmen, explorers, discoverers, inventors, and the world's best workers generally. Faith in their own ability and purpose made them persistent, and finally victorious. Our own land is a fruitful illustration of this truth, from the time the Pilgrims sought freedom to worship God on these shores. The eleventh chapter of Hebrews is a good record of the facts.

By faith the Pilgrim fathers, warned of God of things not seen as yet, prepared the Mayflower to the saving of their households, and set sail for a place which they should receive for an inheritance. By faith they took up their abode in the land of promise, which was a strange country, inhabited only by savages and wild beasts, and here they laid the foundations of the great republic. By faith they endured privations and hardships, not counting their lives dear unto themselves, if they could possess a country of their own. By faith they passed through the Red Sea of difficulties, in tilling the soil, establishing a government, planting churches and schools, until, out of their weakness being made strong, they waxed valiant and mighty, turning to flight the armies of the aliens. By faith Washington led the American army and achieved independence, whereby he became known as the "Father of his Country," securing for himself and his posterity the unexampled thrift of a free nation. By faith Lincoln came to his reign in a time of great darkness and peril, when slavery threatened to destroy the government: and he broke the chains of oppression and saved the land from overthrow, whereby he became known as the "Savior of his Country." But time would fail me to tell of all those who, through faith, have builded a great nation, whose material, intellectual, and moral resources are without parallel. Without faith such an outcome was impossible.

Without faith in men and means, not one day of a true life can be lived. "I have no faith in editors," says the faithless citizen, as he takes up the morning paper, only to lay it down again, for he cannot believe the news. "I have no faith in cooks; whole families have been poisoned by them," and he cannot eat his breakfast. "I have no faith in men," and so he declines to do business with them, lest he be cheated. "I have no faith in engineers; they are a drunken class," and he refuses to take the train for the city lest his life be sacrificed by a reckless engineer. Before nine o'clock in the

morning, it is proven that a single day of real life cannot be lived without faith in men and enterprises.—Selected.

Questions:

How was this earth created?

Tell about some of the great forces which are controlled by their Creator and the order and system by which they are regulated? (The sun, moon, and stars; the divisions of time, seasons and harvests, etc.)

Tell of some of the wonderful inventions of modern times? (Uses of electricity, etc.)

Where did the inventors find the materials to use in perfecting their ideas?

What do you think about other discoveries?

What is your opinion of the Mind that created the earth and all it contains, some of which we know about and some of which we are still in ignorance?

Did you ever see boys or girls who looked very much like their parents? How? (Draw out from the class resemblances in shape, color, habits, etc.)

What kind of a being is our Heavenly Father? In body? Mind? Loving kindness?

How do we resemble Him?

In all the works of our Heavenly Father do you think of anything which is not for our benefit and blessing? (The class may bring up the question of Satan, sin, weeds, temptations, etc. Such questions may be used to prove that they are blessings, because they are here to develop and strengthen. Without them there would be nothing to overcome.)

Faith is belief. If we believe we are God's children and have within us great powers and talents; what is our duty to ourselves?

LESSON TWO.

Faith in Parents.

Aim—To increase faith in our Heavenly Father and in an immortal home.

Review of lesson one.

Development of lesson two.

Talk on faith to bring out the fact that God established the first home on the earth with a father and a mother and children. References: Story of Adam and Eve as found in Genesis. The Articles of Faith, by Talmage, Lecture 2, paragraphs 4 to 6. Lecture 3, paragraphs 28-31. Notes to Lecture 3, 5-6.)

Faith in Parents:

We never heard or read of a successful man or woman who was destitute of filial love. Somehow, there seems to be a connection between this noble virtue and true success. The Fifth Commandment implies this: "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.' ' This is filial love; there is no such thing as honoring father and mother without it. And it contains the idea of a successful career in the promise "that thy days may be long." It is, indeed, a command with promise; especially when we place in contrast with it, "Cursed be he that setteth light by his father or his mother; and all the people shall say amen.' There is but one opinion of disobedient, ungrateful children. "All the people" condemn them.

Alexander was a heartless military hero, bent on conquest and thirsting for glory. But one redeeming quality is recorded of him—that he loved his

mother, notwithstanding that she was a woman of ungovernable temper. Antipater, Alexander's deputy in Europe, once wrote a letter to him, complaining of her conduct, to whom Alexander replied: "Knowest thou not that one tear of my mother's will blot out a thousand such letters?"

On the other hand Napoleon sacrificed filial love to his unholy ambition. After ascending the throne, dazed by the splendors of royalty, he treated his mother very much as he did his other subjects. One day he met her in the garden of St. Cloud, as he was walking with his courtiers, and, instead of regarding her as a son, he extended his hand for her to kiss. She immediately presented her own hand, replying: "Not so, my son; it is your duty to kiss the hand of her who gave you life." "All the people" array themselves on the side of the mother.

Generations have paid a grateful tribute of respect to the memory of the boy who stood upon the burning deck of a warship, in the battle of the Nile. A thousand voices cried to the faithful son to come away, and all the response they heard was his call, "Father, shall I come?" But his father, who was commander of the ship, was already wrapped in the flames, and the dear, loving son waited for his bidding until he himself was wrapped in a winding sheet of fire. Poets have sung his praise and orators have eulogized his deed.

Robert Fulton, inventor of the steamboat, was the son of poor parents, and when he was only three years old his father died. At six he appeared to realize the lonely and dependent condition of his mother, whom he loved as he did his own life. He cast about for something to do that he might help her. He was a born artist, and, at that early age, could draw and paint with wonderful skill. By the improvement of his spare time, he was enabled to open a studio in Philadelphia at seventeen years of age, where he had all he could do at portrait painting. At twenty-one he was able to purchase a home for himself and mother in Washington County, Pennsylvania. He lived for her; never so happy as when contributing to her comfort. His whole life was permeated by his filial love, ennobling and inspiring it. Even when the worthy woman passed away, the memory of her was an uplifting power because of his filial devotion.

John Quincy Adams once wrote, "It is due to gratitude and nature that I should acknowledge and avow that such as I have been, whatever it was, such as I am, whatever it is, and such as I hope to be in all futurity, must be ascribed, under Providence, to the precepts and example of my mother."

Perhaps there is no more tender and affecting illustration of filial love than that which is recorded of Joseph in the Old Testament. He was a true son. His father loved him with all his heart, and Joseph loved his father with equal devotion. Through the treachery of his unnatural brothers he became a slave in Egypt. After a very checkered and trying experience, however, he became governor of that country; and then it was. through the pressure of famine, his brothers came to Egypt for corn. To their surprise, the governor whom they sought was no other than Joseph. The result was that the latter insisted upon their returning home to bring his aged father. Though occupying a throne and loaded with honor, his filial love had not abated. When the infirm old man was brought to him, Joseph forgot all the honors of royalty in his joy to look once more into the face of his father. He fell upon his neck and kised him—a nobler son and ruler for the act!

God has given us the highest approval of filial love possible in the life and death of His Son. Christ was a perfect example of this virtue. No blemish marred the beauty of His filial character. No scenes in His checkered, suffering life caused Him to neglect His duties as a son. Until He was thirty years of age, He was subject to His parents—a dutiful son of the family, never weary of toiling for their good, never reluctant to obey parental counsels. The last filial act of His life was on the cross, when He committed the care of His mother to a beloved disciple.

Questions.

What kind of a place was the Garden of Eden? (If necessary have a Bible and let one of the class read Genesis 2: 8-10.)

The garden must have been a very beautiful place. We can believe that everything growing there was perfect. In the Bible we are told that Adam and Eve were created in the image of God. How would you describe them? (Let class give their ideals of strength and beauty of body and mind.)

After the "Fall" in the Garden of Eden we find the first family. Who were they? (Adam, Eve and two children.)

What was Adam's duty? (Genesis 4: 19.)

Adam was the father, Eve was the mother. If Adam must provide the food for the family what do you think were the duties given to Eve, the mother?

Adam and Eve could remember about the beautiful garden from which they had been driven. They knew that they must die. They also knew that if they repented and obeyed the commands of God they would be permitted to go back to the Garden of Eden. Would they want their children to go there? What would they tell about their first beautiful home?

What would they want their children to do about the commandments?

What does your father and mother know about heaven?

What kind of boys and girls do they wish you to be?

Tell a few of the things that prove to you the love of your heavenly Father?

Tell a few of the things that prove to you the love of your earthly father and mother?

How do you expect to prove your love to your heavenly Father?

How do your expect to prove your love for your earthly father and mother?

LESSON THREE.

Faith in Others.

Aim—"Do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you."

Review of lesson two.

Development of lesson three.

Talk on the "Golden Rule" as shown in the great sacrifice of the Father who sent His Son to live and die upon the earth that every person may have an opportunity to do their very best not only for themselves but for others. References: The Gospel, by Roberts, chapter 3. The Articles of Faith, by Talmage, Lecture 4, paragraphs 10-11.

Faith in Others.

No person can be truly successful who thinks of no one but himself. A benevolent spirit broadens human character wonderfully. Faith and hope lift it into a higher life, but charity is greater than these; and in a world like ours it is an indispensable virtue. A quaint writer says, "There is not much use in asking God to bless the whole world as long as we are not willing to stand our share of the expense."

Sir William Napier met a little girl in his walk toward Frechford one day, crying at the top of her voice over a broken bowl. She was but five years old, and had taken her father's dinner to him in the bowl, and was returning from the field when she dropped and broke it. "I shall be beaten for it when I get home," she said, and the tears rolled down her cheeks afresh. And then a happier thought arose, and she looked up imploringly, saying, "But you can mend it, can't you?"

The kind-hearted man replied, "No, my dear child, I cannot mend the bowl, but I can do better than that; I can give you a sixpence to buy another."

The child's surprise was manifest. Her sorrow was turned into joy in a twinkling. But on opening his purse Sir William found it empty of silver.

"But you shall have it, my little maid," he said; "I will meet you right here tomorrow, at this time of day, and bring the sixpence to you. So, you can run home and tell your mother that you met a gentleman who will bring you the money tomorrow to buy another bowl."

On reaching home he found an invitation to meet some friends whom he desired to meet above all others, at a dinner-party, in Bath, on the next day. He could not meet the little girl and the friends in Bath, too, because he could not be in two places at the same time. So he pondered the matter, and finally decided to decline the invitation from Bath and meet the child on the street. "I cannot disappoint her, she trusted me so implicitly," he said.

Here was the true spirit of doing good. Kindness before pleasure was his rule. "Small affair." thoughtless observers might say; but, small or otherwise, it magnifies character remarkably before the world. The spirit that will sacrifice pleasure to relieve the sorrows of a child is noble and grand. It lifts mannood to a high plane of honor.

The philanthropic work of Miss D. L. Dix in the prisons and hospitals of our country is known everywhere. She spent her life in ameliorating the condition of prisoners in our land, influencing legislatures to erect buildings, adopt rules and regulations, and provide instructions with direct reference to the reformation of their criminal wards. In her labors she included relief for the insane, and was the originator of the lunatic asylum, that has proved so great a blessing to this class.

In the late Civil War she had charge of hospital nurses, instructing and training them for the service they must render to sick and wounded soldiers. And all this at her own expense! A wealthy friend left her quite a legacy in her early womanhood, and this she used freely and gladly in her benevolent work as long as she lived. She was a great success in womanly endeavor, her devotion to charity largely contributing to her force and symmetry of character.

We behold in the efforts of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union to girt the world with their benevolence an illustration of our theme on a grand scale. They are organized in every country on the face of the earth. Their membership includes women, not only in civilized and Christianized nations, but also in the barbarous and savage. Their aim is not only to save men, women, and children from the curse of intemperance, but from every other vice and crime that destroys humanity; and, over and above all, to carry the Christian religion to sinful and wretched hearts and homes throughout the world, as the only true panacea for the ills that flesh is heir to.

But doing good is not limited to these public spheres. Opportunities crowd every day, everywhere. The sick and the afflicted, the poor and unfortunate, the erring and reckless, the infirm and tried are found in every hamlet; and their necessities appeal to the feelings of every citizen. There is not a neighborhood, even the smallest, in which there is not flung wide open a door to some way of doing good. It may be only the cup of water that can be furnished, but even that is in the way to success.

Girls and boys, even, cannot plead want of opportunity. To be kind, thoughtful of others, ready to assist companions, sympathetic, helpful—there is opportunity for this anywhere, any time; and there is no better part of life in which to begin this work of doing good than boyhood and girlhood.

Questions:

What is the "Golden Rule?"

Who gave it?

How did the Savior live the "Golden Rule?"

Give some incidents from the life of the Savior to prove that He lived the "Golden Rule." (Raising the widow's son, Luke 7: 11-15. Healing the crooked woman, Luke 13, 11-13. Feeding the five thousand, Matthew 14: 15-21, etc.)

These things were wonderful lessons to us of the loving kindness of the Savior. They helped the people who lived in the world at the same time that Jesus did. In what way do they help us?

The Savior did things. What is your opinion of a person who talks a lot and does very little?

When the Savior was upon the earth He lived every day so that we can safely follow His example and He also left many valuable instructions, especially in His stories or parables. Who can tell the story of the Unmerciful Servant? Matthew 18: 23-34. (If none of the class can remember these parables have them ready to be related either by yourself or assistant. Tell as briefly as possible.)

What is the lesson to us in this parable? Use as many as advisable of the following parables: The Ten Virgins, Matthew 25: 1-13. The Talents, Matthew 25: 14-30. The Good Samaritan, Luke 10: 30-35. The Prodigal Son, Luke 15: 11-32. House on the Rock, Matthew 7: 24-27.

How many of these parables are indicated in the "Golden Rule?"

Joseph Smith the Prophet was chosen by the Lord to restore to the people on the earth the wonderful gospel of Jesus Christ. He suffered and gave his life for the service which was required of him. How did he live the "Golden Rule?"

If we know about the Savior and the commandments of the Father, we will understand how we should try to live day by day. But, we forget and sometimes it is difficult for us to understand all about the gospel or our religion as it is called, but we can remember the "Golden Rule."

LESSON FOUR.

Faith in God.

Aim—Faith in God will help in the understanding of the power of the Creator and develop reverence and obedience for His commandments.

Review of lesson three.

Development of lesson four.

Talk on the benefits of belief in the Heavenly Father and how His gospel should enter into every-day life. References: The Gospel, by Roberts, chapter 13. The Articles of Faith, by Talmage, Lecture 2. Notes 1-5.

Faith in God.

Many think that religion belongs to the church and its work. They concede that it is very well for the Sabbath, but rather hinders than helps the work of the other six days. "Keep it where it belongs," they say; and turn to their farms, shops, and stores, to run their affairs upon worldly principles, and leave God out of secular bargains. A greater mistake was never made, for religion requires the following very reasonable things in secular affairs, namely: that man should make the most of himself possible; that he should watch and improve his opportunities; that he should be industrious, upright, faithful, and prompt; that he should task his talents, whether one or ten, to the utmost; that he should waste neither time nor money; that duty, and not pleasure or ease, should be his watchword. And this is precisely what is demanded of employers and employed in shops and stores. Religion employs all the just motives of worldly wisdom, and adds thereto those higher motives that immortality creates. Indeed, religion demands success.

God's plan of spreading Christianity over the earth necessarily embraces both worlds. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." What things? What

we shall eat, what we shall drink and wherewithal we shall be clothed, are the necessary things of life. Christianity must use science, learning, commerce, skill, discovery, invention, labor, and capital—things that constitute the business of life, in order that it may go to the "uttermost parts of the earth." Men and women for preachers and teachers in every land, constitute but one in a multitude of agencies brought into requisition. Editors, authors, printers, manufacturers, scholars, engravers, merchants, binders, book-keepers, salesmen, porters, draymen, carpenters, sailors, warehouses, schools, colleges, and universities; the printing-press, railroad, telegraph, telephone, Atlantic cable, ships, and steamers; and thus on, until contribution is laid upon the mechanic arts, manufactures, and traffic, as well as upon the mental resources of society—all are used in the great plan of Providence to make the reign of Christianity universal. The printer, author, telegraph operator, railroad builder, and all workers in shop and field, are really doing their work more for God than man, for all that they plan and do is made subservient to His purpose throughout the world.

So that religion is really in business, and has been from the start. Indeed, it creates business, rapidly increases its magnitude, and demands that it be prosecuted with enterprise. "Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." Hence it is that traffic, commerce, mechanical and industrial enterprise are the most prosperous and thrifty where the Christian religion is. Religion cannot perform its heavenly mission without impressing earthly business into its service.

The great warehouse of Samuel Budgett, of England, was conducted structly upon religious principles. One large room of his mercantile building was a chapel, where "master and men" assembled for prayers morning and evening. A religious atmosphere invested the establishment, as much so as a Christian family was ever invested by it. The men realized that they were under an exalted influence that demanded thoughtfulness, diligence, and fidelity. It was an illustration of religion in business of the highest type. If religion in a mercantile house would interfere with its prosperity, it must have interfered there. If daily prayers could ever be an interruption to pressing business, it must have been there. But the reverse was true. "Of what use is it?" said a visitor to an employe of twenty years' experience with the firm. "The good of it! See for yourself; no such establishment for harmony, labor, and sucess, in England." Another employe was asked, "What is the secret of Mr. Budgett's success? and he replied, "His true religion." When religion creates discontent and disorder among employes, and prayers make them lazy and unreliable, then, and not till then, will religion hinder business. Mr. Budgett pursued this course that order, peace, enterprise, efficiency, and fidelity might be secured, and he was not disappointed. There was not in all England another warehouse to compare with it in this regard.

Religion is often the primary cause of true self-knowledge, and the only impulse to self-culture. Dr. Jonas King was the son of a farmer in Hawley, Massachusetts, a steady, though not precocious lad. As soon as he became a Christian, a longing for an education sprang up in his soul. He was fifteen years of age, with little education and no money, and no friends to render him assistance. On foot and alone, with an invincible determination to qualify himself for the ministry, he started for the Academy in Plainfield. The teacher inquired who he was. His answer was short and direct:

"My parents live in Hawley, seven miles away from here; I am fifteen years old, and want an education, and I have come to see you about it." "Have you any acquaintances in town?" "No, sir." "Can your parents help you any?" "No, sir." " Have you any friends or relatives who can assist you?" "No, sir." "How, then, can you expect an education?" "That is what I came to see you about. I don't know how it can be done. As soon as I know, I will do it."

From that time young King went forward. He had no more idea that

religion could make a man of himself than his father had. He was appointed professor of language in his alma mater, but he declined the appointment, and subsequently became the renowned missionary of Greece. But for religion, neither this country nor Greece would have known such a man as Dr. Jonas King. John Foster said, "This that you call divine grace, whatever it may realy be, is the strangest awakener of faculties after all."

It is a bad business that religion hinders. It facilitates a good one. If its elevating and transforming power could be thus concentrated upon every wicked business, converting its supporters and turning them against it, the world would soon be rid of enormous burdens of guilt.

When misfortune overtakes the religious man, and he is compelled to retreat from the marts of traffic, he faces every tempter of deceit and fraud, parts with his mony, residence, style, and servants, and, laying aside every weight of sin that doth beset him, comes out of the perilous contest without a strain upon his character, or the smell of battle upon his reputation.

Questions:

Have you a father and a mother?

Did each of them have a father and a mother?

If you should keep on tracing back the fathers and mothers of all who ever lived on the earth whom would you finally reach?

What can you tell me about Adam and Eve?

Whose children were they?

If they were sent away from their heavenly Father, did they have any means of getting back? If so, what were they?

How could Adam and Eve help their children so they would be worthy to return to heaven?

What could Adam and Eve tell their children about God and the Garden of Eden?

Whom did our Heavenly Father send to the earth to teach us how to live?

Who told Mary the mother of Jesus that she would have a son?

When Jesus was baptized in the river Jordan, whose voice was heard proclaiming that Jesus was His beloved Son?

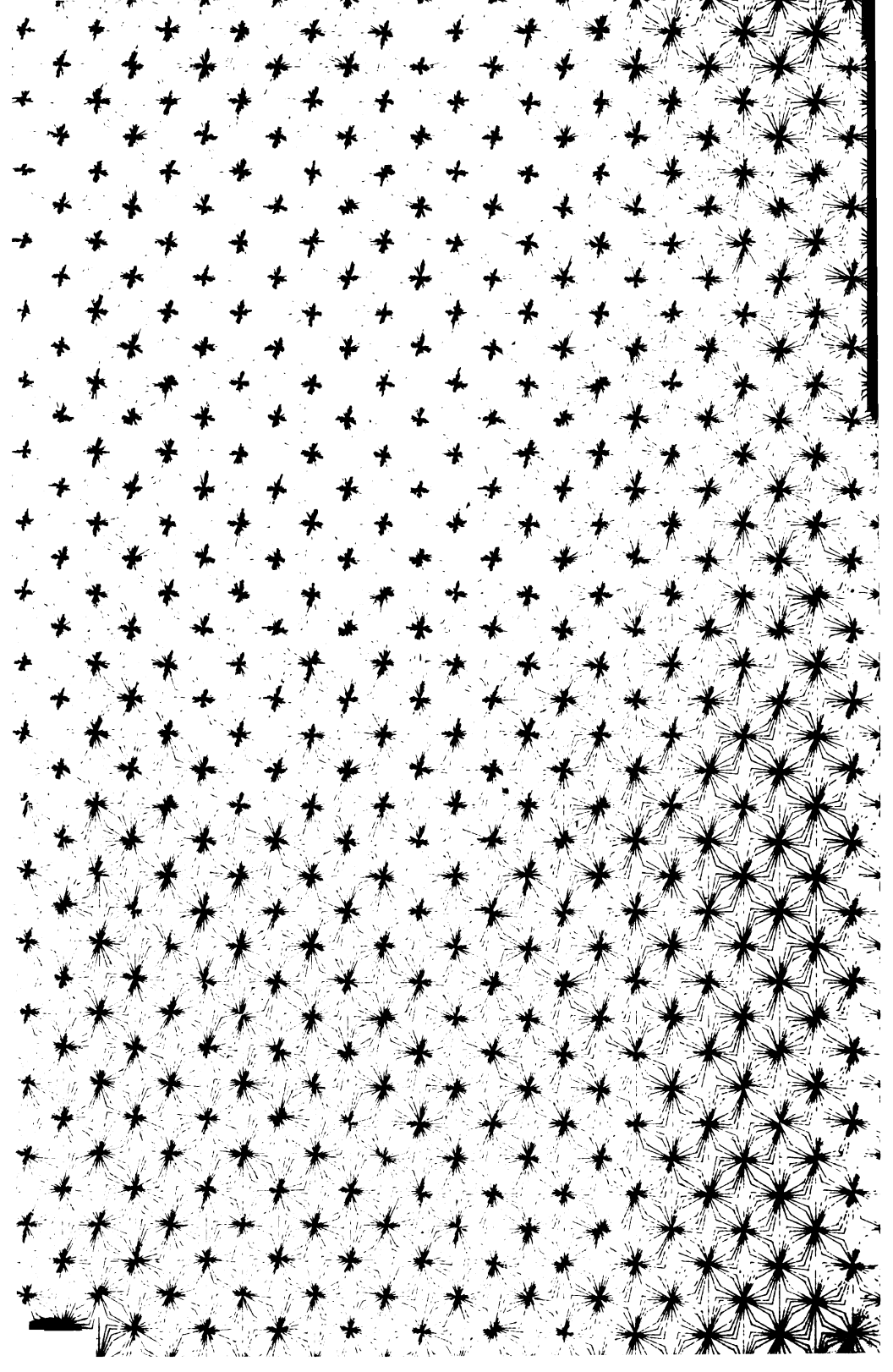
There are many instances in the Bible which tell about the appearance and the voice of our Heavenly Father. Adam and Eve could tell their children because they had seen and talked to God. Moses and others that we can read about could tell their children. Tell me about some people who are living now who know what our Father in heaven looks like and how He speaks to His people?

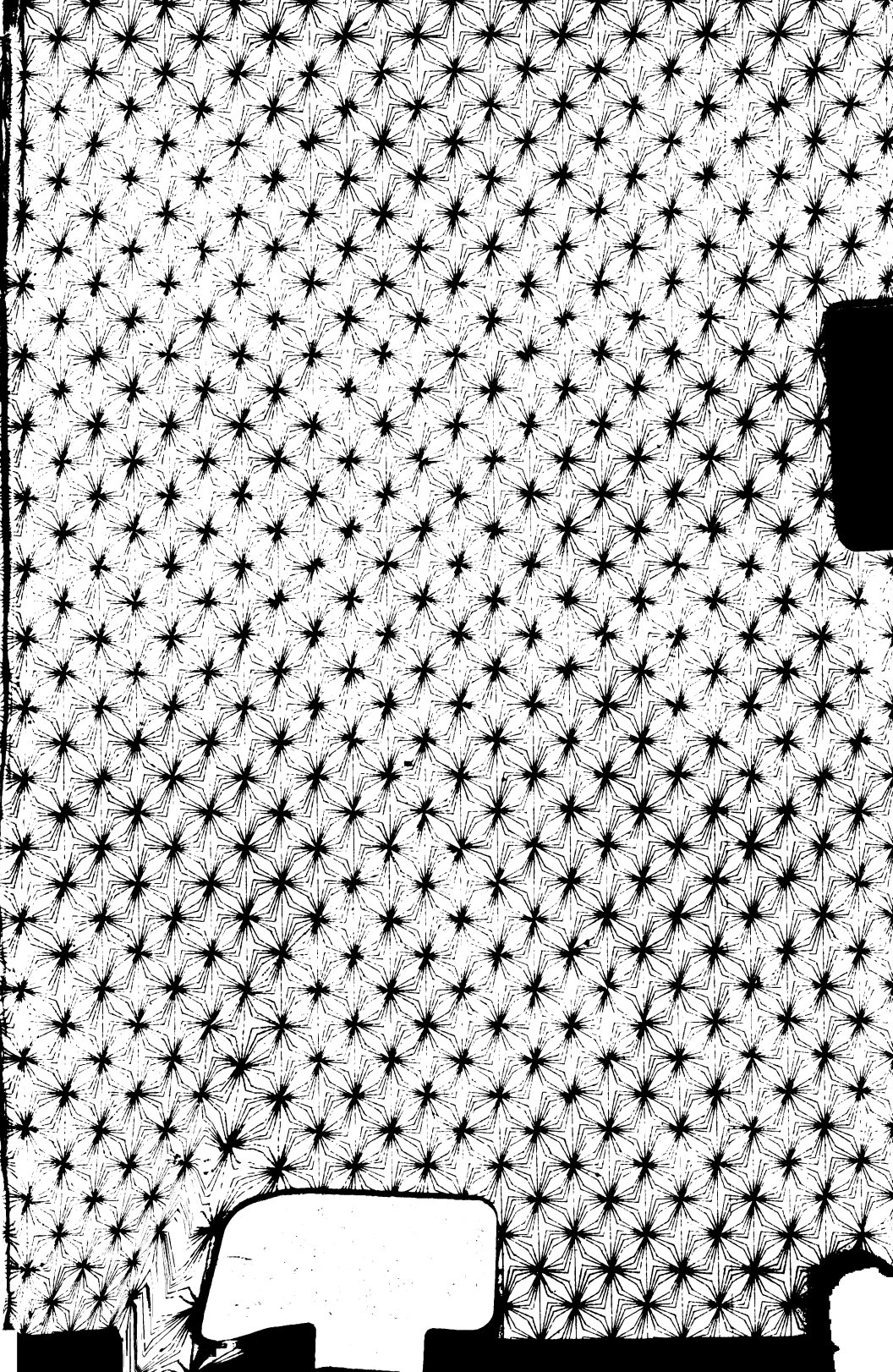
There was a very good reason why the Prophet Joseph should receive revelations. It was to restore the gospel. What is the gospel? (Probably none of the class can answer this question so the teacher should explain that obedience to commandments and the living of the religion of a Latter-day Saint is the gospel.)

Joseph Smith prepared for our use some statements which explain what we mean when we talk about the gospel or our religion. There are thirteen statements, what are they called?

Who can recite Article One?

If we believe in this statement what shall we try to do to prove to other people that we are the children of our Heavenly Father and that it is our intention to grow as much like Him in our actions as we can?





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